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REV. ARNOLD DAMEN, S. J.  
Founder of Holy Family Parish and St. Ignatius College.

# The St. Ignatius Collegian

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## The Jesuits in Chicago.

**A History of Holy Family Church  
and St. Ignatius College.**

**T**O go back to the earliest appearance of the Jesuit in Chicago is to go back to the days of the wilderness when the site of the city was a dreary waste of swamp and sand-dune through which the river made its way sluggishly to the lake. There was little in Chicago in those days to tempt the missionary or discoverer to rest from his labors; there was still less which gave promise of the great city which should one day gather to itself the peoples of the Old World to build there their fortunes and their homes.

Yet it was in this inhospitable region that Father James Marquette, with two attendants, spent the severe winter of 1674-75, the last winter in his broken life, "where," to use the striking words of the Honorable Franklin MacVeagh, "he had nothing to live for but duty and nothing to hope for but death." It was here that he rested after his historic voyage of discovery on the great Waterway of the West. It was here that he concluded for his superiors in Canada the story of his travels and, what was dearer to him, the story of savage tribes made gentle by the preaching of the Gospel and the Christlike kindness of the man of God.

When this great missionary laid down his life in the following May, his body was borne by the devoted Indians to the Mission of St. Ignace where it was laid to rest among his religious brethren. In the following year the Superiors at Montreal appointed Father Claude Allouez as his successor to the Mission of the Illinois. Of the labors and lives of these pioneers among the Indian Tribes. of

Buisson and Pinet and Bineteau, we cannot pause to speak. No doubt their lives were full of incident and adventure worthy of a place in History—but History retains little record of them beyond their names and the few, brief glimpses afforded by the diaries of travelers who came upon the rude churches in the wilderness and have recorded “with what cordiality and marks of esteem these reverend Jesuit Fathers received and caressed us during the time we had the consolation of staying with them.”

The deeds of peace have little place in the turbulent history of frontier times and these missionaries spent their days and laid down their lives well content that History should pass them by; desiring only that the Trader should leave undisturbed the little flocks who received the “black robes” in the simplicity of their hearts, and strove to lead lives that the Great Father would deem worthy, in the life to come, of continued companionship with their guides and friends.

Organized Catholicity in Chicago had its beginning in the spring of 1833 when Bishop Rosatti of St. Louis sent Father John St. Cyr to the new settlement. Father St. Cyr was succeeded five years later by Father Michael O’Meara and the place was visited from time to time by Father Maurice de St. Palais of the Diocese of Vincennes. Finally in May of 1844, the first Bishop of Chicago, the Rt. Rev. William Quarter was consecrated, and during the four brief years of his episcopacy, Catholicism grew and flourished. When Bishop Quarter reached his Diocese in 1844 there were less than twenty priests and but thirty-eight churches; at the time of his sudden and lamented death in 1848 there were no fewer than sixty-eight churches attended by fifty-three priests.

The death of Bishop Quarter brought to Chicago the first Jesuit whose name is identified with the religious work of the diocese, the Rev. James Oliver Van De Velde, second Bishop of Chicago.

James Van de Velde, a young student at Mechlin in Belgium, had been moved by the earnest words of the saintly Father Nerinckx to consecrate his life to missionary work in the New World. Filled with the apostolic spirit, he left his native land and entered the Society of Jesus, where he was raised to the priesthood in 1827 and sent to St. Louis. His talents and ability marked him for positions of command and Father Van de Velde filled successively the offices of Vice-President and President of St. Louis University, and finally in the year 1843 became Superior of the Vice Province of Missouri.

It was while occupying this latter post that word came from Rome bidding him receive the necessary consecration and proceed at once to Chicago to rule the Diocese left vacant by the death of Bishop Quarter.

This command filled the good father with dismay. The office was one for which he felt himself incapable; its acceptance would cut him off at once from the society of his brethren and the religious life of a Jesuit. He therefore sent back to Rome the Papal Bulls of appointment and with them an earnest petition that some one more willing and capable be chosen in his stead. But the papal command was found to be imperative and with many misgivings Father Van de Velde was consecrated at St. Louis in the University Church, February 11, 1849, and after taking leave of his brethren, passed to his new charge in the young and thriving city on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Difficulties in the Diocese and enfeebled health caused the new Bishop to beg of the Holy Father in his first visitation "*ad limina*" that the heavy burden might be taken from him and placed on younger and stronger shoulders. The Bishop's request was granted some years later when he was transferred to the See of Natchez. His shattered constitution grew strong in a more congenial climate and he labored zealously in his new diocese for the space of two years, until he passed away, almost the last victim of the yellow fever which ravaged the South in the summer and fall of 1855.

The missionary fathers of the Society during the years that followed, occasionally visited the city, if indeed it could be called a city in these early days. At length, in the year 1855, the Rev. Arnold Damen, who was then in the prime of his life and the fullness of his power, appeared in the pulpit of the old St. Mary's Church on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Madison Street—at that time the pro-cathedral. Here, during the space of a week he conducted the exercises of a mission.

Those who best remember Father Damen recall his powerful voice, his splendid presence and the rugged strength and earnestness of his appeals. Polished and elegant he was not, and his printed sermons when read to-day suggest little of the powerful and lasting impression produced in the minds and hearts of his hearers. So great was the fruit of this mission, and so great too, the need of priests in the growing diocese that the Bishop of Chicago, the Rt. Rev. Anthony O'Reagan, sent an earnest petition to Father J. B.

Druyts, the Superior of the Society of Jesus in this part of the country, to found a house of the Order in his Diocese.

The request met with a favorable reception in St. Louis. The spiritual needs of the community as well as the prospects of a large Catholic population in the near future, particularly appealed to superiors. Accordingly, Father Arnold Damen and Father Charles Truyens were ordered to Chicago. They arrived here on the 4th of May, 1857, and presented themselves to the Right Rev. Bishop, who received them with gratitude and fatherly kindness.

Bishop O'Reagan immediately exerted himself to provide the new fathers with a suitable parish. He first offered to turn over to them the Holy Name Church, with the understanding that the University of St. Mary of the Lake should pass under the control of their Order as soon as the necessary faculty could be provided. This offer was a generous one, but Father Damen, in whom zeal and piety were singularly united with prudence and a far-seeing business capacity, after careful investigation, declined. To begin with a church already built and a congregation already established, did not appeal to the missionary spirit of the zealous priest. He wished, as he expressed it, "to begin from the bottom," to select a site, to build his own church, to open his own schools and to gather around him a congregation of his own choosing.

When his purpose was made known, dealers in real estate, who saw the financial advantage which would accrue to themselves from the erection of a new church, were instant with offers of land at a low figure. A site on the North Side and another in the vicinity of Union Park were for some time under advisement, but these neighborhoods even then seemed likely to attract the wealthy and crowd out the homes of the workingman. It was to the poor that Father Damen, like his Divine Master, wished the gospel to be preached. Finally, toward the end of May the present location in the southwestern portion of the city was purchased for the sum of \$17,900, and Father Damen began at once to arrange for a church and residence.

When the fact of the purchase became known, it met with universal astonishment and disapprobation. The land was at least a mile distant from the houses which made up the city, there were few homes and fewer Catholic families in the neighborhood and, of course, there were none of the modern means of transportation which could induce those who labored in the city to make their

homes in the suburbs. That so many excellent locations should be passed over in favor of one which seemed so poor, was considered by many a disastrous beginning for the Jesuits in Chicago. Many said to him: "There are no people there, there will be none for many years to come. You cannot possibly support a church in the midst of the prairie. You will be very soon compelled to sell at a loss and follow wiser counsel."

Father Damen's answer to all was the same, "I shall not go to the people; I shall draw the people to me," and in an incredibly short time these words were verified. Living himself in a rented house, Father Damen proceeded at once to lay the foundations of the parish which was in after years to be his monument. At the cost of \$1,600 a small wooden church was erected at the corner of May and Eleventh Streets, under the title of The Holy Family. On the 12th day of July the little church was solemnly dedicated by the Bishop in the presence of many of the clergy, and, during the solemn mass which followed, the Rt. Rev. Bishop, in an eloquent sermon, called down the blessings of Heaven on the work which had been begun.

Then, as if in verification of Father Damen's words, the people came. A city seemed to spring up from the prairie around the poor church of The Holy Family, and, two months later, at the end of August, the structure was found altogether too small to accommodate the number of the faithful, and a temporary addition was made.

On the 2nd day of August, 1857, Father Damen organized the first of the many pious societies with which his name is connected, which have been fostered by the piety of the people and which have united them together in works of zeal and prayer for the honor and service of God. It is significant that Father Damen should have selected as the first of these the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whose great object is prayer for the conversion of sinners. The conversion of sinners was indeed the work to which Father Damen devoted all his powers, all his strength and all the days of his life. For thirty years of apostolic and unwearied labor, he traveled from Maine to California and from the Lakes to the Rio Grande—a distance computed to average six thousand miles a year. In all these journeyings his purpose was "to seek and to save that which was lost." It is not strange then, that his first desire was to unite his people in one chorus of prayer to Mary, the Refuge of Sinners. Since the foundation of this Confraternity, the number of

members enrolled in the Holy Family parish has reached over twelve thousand.

It had been Father Damen's purpose in purchasing a large piece of ground, to erect at some future day a magnificent church to the service and glory of God. But the time he had looked upon as distant seemed already at hand, and the growth of the new congregation outran even his own high hopes and plans. Within three months of the day he had settled in the wilderness, on the Feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which fell that year on Sunday, August 23, the corner-stone of the new church was laid by the Reverend Bishop in the presence of a large concourse of people gathered under the open sky of a perfect summer day. The Heavens seemed to give visible token of their joy at the great work undertaken for God.

(To be continued.)

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## Ad Mariam.

(AN IMITATION OF THE "STABAT MATER.")



ALVE mater et regina,  
Pie te ad nos inclina.  
Vide nos pro te certantes  
Hostes tuos depugnantes.

Stella clara naufragorum.  
Mediatrix peccatorum,  
Consolatrix afflictorum,  
Audi preces filiorum.

Pura virgo, mater vera,  
Honor tibi sit in terra;  
Esto nobis advocata,  
Mater bona et amata.

JOHN STOESSER.



## A Desperate Chance.

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**I**T was a cold winter's night in the city of L——. The firemen in Engine House No. 4 were quietly slumbering while the cutting wind waged war with itself around the sharp corners of the building and the snow fell in large white flakes, covering the whole city with a white mantle of crystal texture. Chief Sexton, leaning lazily over his books, looked idly out into the blustering night. "No one is as comfortable and as happy as my darling wife and child are to-night." And with a loving smile towards the picture of the Sacred Heart, which was hung in his office, he humbly knelt and prayed the rosary to his King.

Presently he heard a noise like the sound of footsteps. "Surely," he thought, "no one is so foolish as to adventure out a night like this." He strode to the door, opened it, and looked hurriedly up the deserted street. Yes, it was a little waif crying bitterly as if his very heart would break. Without a moment's hesitation, he ushered the little lad into his office and sat him down near the red, crackling embers.

"Well, my little man, I'm sorry to see you out such a night as this. What can be the trouble? Why don't you go home?" he asked.

"Well, sir," sobbed the lad, "I had a home, but the 'rent man'—he—he put us out yesterday and I'm nearly frozen to death."

"Too bad! Too bad!" said the chief; "but, see here: just jump right into my bed and go to sleep. Cover up tight and dream that you always had a home and then to-morrow I'll see that your are taken care of. So, good night. The little urchin was soon fast asleep, and Chief Sexton stole over to his bedside and printed a kiss on his feverish brow.

"That," he said, "is for my child," and with a stretch and a yawn, he threw himself into the very uncomfortable office chair and soon joined the lad in sleep.

No one saw this kind act. No one? Ah yes. He saw it, who said of old: "As you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it unto me."

Chief Sexton soon fell to dreaming, and dreamt a fearful dream. His own house was enveloped in a mass of flames and his

wife and child were slumbering deeply. Yes, he could see it all plainly, but for some reason or another, he was powerless to aid his dear ones. His wife arose. Hysterical with fear she ran one way and then another seeking for aid. Then, unable to withstand the suffocating smoke, she fell unconscious across the bed of her babe.

Clang! clang! rang out the noisy bells in Engine House No. 4. The men leaped from their cots, hurriedly dressed and slid down the brass poles. The horses were already in their places, panting and pawing in eager expectation. The harness is buckled around their glossy necks, and with a crack of the whip they dash out of the barn and down the icy pavement. Chief Sexton leaps into his buggy and urges on his horse with words of encouragement. It was now in the gray of the early morn. D— Street was crowded with hastening worshippers, attendants of early mass. The fire engines rounded the corner and the people ran to and fro from out the way of the hissing, puffing, engines. Soon Captain Sexton came in sight of his own house and there he saw little jets of black smoke bursting suddenly out into the clear morning air. Then came a flash like the lightning's glare, through the frame of the little gable window, and then another, brighter and ghastlier. Captain Sexton leaped from his buggy and in a loud voice shouted for the men to place the ladders against the walls. This done, he leaped to the ladder and ignoring the many shouts to turn back from death, he hastened to the top and with his fire axe broke through the heavy window. He entered, and there before him lay his unconscious wife and babe with flames of fire raging all around them. Handing his babe into the arms of a fellow fireman, he carefully raised his senseless wife and slowly descended with his precious burdens. They were hastened with all possible speed into the house of one of the neighbors and there the wife and child were placed in a comfortable bed and carefully nursed to consciousness.

The following Sunday the Sextons attended Holy Mass, with the addition of one curly-haired urchin who looked on in wide-eyed wonder at the lights and flowers. And the strong man and his wife bent their heads in thanksgiving to the God of all mercies, and Baby Sexton lisped the prayer his mother taught him, and in the Gospel of the day they heard the words: "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to me."

J. F. QUINN, '09.

## Knights of Kazam.

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Kazam, a mapless country, inhabited by a merry band of rhymesters, and bounded on the North by Freshman Lane, on the South by Philosophy Blvd., on the East by Sophomore Park, and on the West by an uncivilized country known as the "Land of the Preps."

The King of Kazam, his knights, nobles and courtiers are assembled in secret session, for the first time since vacation. The poet laureate is seen writing industriously on the wall.

*King:*—



HAT! ho! Our poet great has found a novel occupation.

And changed his knack for mixing words to mural decoration,

Methinks, o'ercome by fancy's spell,

I wot 'twas great temptation,

To idly scribble on the wall

Some red-hot inspiration.

He still writes on.—He hears me not.

Command the guards to shake him.

From bonny dreams of golden streams,

It seems a shame to wake him.

Aha! he wakes—Stand forth sirrah!

How dare you sleep at all, sir?

And, pray consider, rhyiming scamp

You've used up half the wall, sir.

*Poet-Laureate:*—

This sweet melodic verse of mine,

Will far improve the calcimine.

*King:*—

Some noble verses read to me,

Our critics here before us,

Will make their choice opinions sound

Like some grand "anvil chorus."

*Poet-Laureate:*—

(reads) Oh! Highness noble, good and wise,

Upon whose pate there are no flies,

Who knows more than I do myself,

Who does not care for worldly pelf,

Te Salutamus.

Oh! beauteous countenance divine!  
 For whom alone the Sun doth shine,  
 Whose cranium doth show no cracks,  
 Whose wit is sharp as keen edged tacks,  
 Te Salutamus.

Oh! beaming smile! Effulgence rare!  
 Oh, kingly grace? Majestic air!  
 With power to shake the world at will,  
 As if it suffered from a chill,  
 Te Salutamus.

*Dr. Venn:*— “It were improved by far I guess,  
 To make the thing three stanzas less.”

*Chames O' Regan:*— “A lack of brains the poet shows,  
 Indeed the verse reflects it,  
 He'll make no hit as Laureate,  
 He ought to make an exit.”

*Doctor Venn:*— “To me the poem sounds insane,  
 Its joints are all rheumatic;  
 I fear there's water on his brain.  
 The verses are pneumatic.  
 And now! Grand Knights, I do propose  
 To cure our poor word-mixer  
 If he will take but one large dose  
 Of my compound elixir.”

*Sir Binkus Murray:*— “With Doctor Venn I must agree,  
 Come now, poor scribbling brother,  
 And if you'll take but one large dose,  
 You'll never need another.”

*Poet-Laureate:*— “O! cruel fate, no more I'll write,  
 I'll cross the mighty chasm,  
 But ne'er was I e'er guilty of  
 Such merciless sarcasm.”

*King:*— My hearty Knights! Kazam's bright lights!  
 I'm tickled to address you.  
 Howe'er with oratory's flights  
 Don't think that I'll distress you.  
 Your smiling faces to behold,  
 Fills me with high elation.

I tell you, its a fine thing to  
 Be Father of a nation.  
 So merry be with minstrelsy,  
 We'll sing away all sorrow,  
 But still one thing we can't forget—  
 Our lessons for to-morrow."

*Chorus:*— "O! Horrors."

*King:*— "I have heard long tales  
 Of exploits great and gory,  
 But one they tell of Sir Magee,  
 A most exciting story,  
 How all alone one Summer's day,  
 'Tis told in clever rhyme,  
 He fought three thousand minutes,  
 For the sake of killing time."

*Chorus:*— "Great Scott."

*King:*— "How Sir McGovern thought he heard  
 Somebody loudly screaming,  
 And hurried thence unto a brook  
 'Midst rushes idly streaming!  
 Said he: 'I'll make a rescue bold;  
 But Murphy said: 'You can't sir.'  
 Off went his coat, he dove and yelled:  
 'I've saved—a drowning ant, sir.'"

*Chorus:*— "The gist sounds quite sophistical!"

*King:*— "Engaged in battle fierce one night,  
 Though practically defenceless,  
 O'Grady's was a noble deed,  
 He knocked a foeman senseless.  
 The program lasted twenty rounds,  
 I wish he could repeat it though,  
 And show us just how strong he was  
 To fight a game mosquito."

*Chorus:*— "Our joy would be complete, oh!

*King:*— "And how Sir Foley, sad and wise  
 Went searching perfumed flowers  
 And lived right close to Nature  
 For about a dozen hours.

In deep abstraction he was lost  
With all his books around him,  
He disappeared completely, till,  
A park policeman found him."

*Chorus:*—

"Chickens and roosters."

*King:*—

"Sir Binkus told the tales to me  
I didn't wish to grieve him  
And though I was quite skeptical  
Declared that I'd believe him.  
But Bink you know in early life  
Once wintered at the College  
And learned to get there late enough  
To lose some surplus knowledge.  
Some causes oft have bad effects  
From riding Union Traction  
The truthfulness of Binkus great  
Was lessened quite a fraction.  
My speech is done. Grand Knights salaam  
The Greatest Ruler of Kazam."

CHARLES E. BYRNE, '06.



## A St. Ignatius Boy at West Point.

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[*Mr. Franz A. Doniat has written us the following entertaining account of his first experiences at the West Point Academy. Mr. Doniat it will be recalled was a student at St. Ignatius until two years ago and was appointed last June to represent the Ninth Congressional District of Illinois at the United States Military Academy.*]

At ten minutes before twelve, on the 15th of June, I stepped off of the boat from New York and started up the steep embankment which leads to the small plateau upon which the grounds of the military academy are situated. When I had gotten about half way up I met a tall strapping fellow in a gray uniform, who carried himself just about as well as I had ever seen any one carry himself before. I, with two young men whom I had met on the boat and who were bound for the same place I was, stopped and asked him where the adjutant's office was.

"Are you going to report for duty?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, supposing you stand up straight, draw in your chins, don't stare at me that way, keep you eyes straight to the front," etc., etc., and then, "the adjutant's office is in that first building there."

We reported there and shortly after were taken in hand by some of the old cadets, who for the first three weeks, with the supervision of one or two army officers, had complete charge of us.

The first three weeks we *plebes* (for that is what they call the fourth classmen here) lived in the barracks away from the older cadets, who a few days before our arrival had gone into camp about a quarter of a mile away from the barracks. During that time we had nothing but drills all day long, and at night were so tired it was all we could do to tumble into bed.

Perhaps you can obtain some idea of how straight they make us stand when I tell you that the cadet officers put their fingers on the middle of our backs and require us to get our shoulders back so far as actually to pinch their fingers with them. This may sound like an exaggeration, but it is a fact.

After three weeks we moved to camp, where we remained until August 28. During the summer the cadets are engaged in practical military work. During this time our programme is as follows :

At five fifteen we rise, at five thirty follows roll call from which no one may be absent. Breakfast at six, infantry drill at seven thirty, field gun, siege gun drill or target practice (alternating daily) at eight thirty, dancing instruction at ten, swimming at eleven, dinner at one, dress parade at five thirty, guard mounting at six fifteen and supper at six fifty.

All the classes are together for infantry drill and parade, but the upper classmen have different drills at the other times.

In the afternoon we have to spend nearly all of our time cleaning our guns and various equipments, which must always be in the best possible condition, or else we will receive a certain number of demerits, and if we receive more than one hundred demerits before Christmas we will be discharged. In fact, we receive demerits for every imaginable offense, e. g., for not having our tents in perfect order, for not going through the drills properly, for being even as much as half a minute late at any formation, etc. At ten o'clock all lights must be out and the cadet in bed.

On Saturday, August 19th, we started on a six days' march. At 8 a. m., clad in heavy marching order, we assembled for a review, just prior to our departure. This over, we marched down to the wharf of the ferry, which runs to Garrison, a little town on the other side of the Hudson. Ahead of us marched the fife and drum detachment, for our band did not accompany us on the march. The camp wagons, about twenty in number, carrying the rations for the journey, the officers' tents and feed for the horses crossed the river first, the artillery and cavalry next, and last but not least, the infantry.

We marched about ten or twelve miles every day, and somewhere near the spot which had been selected for a camp, we always engaged in a miniature battle.

Each day the men who were to act on the defensive would start about half an hour earlier than the others, to assume a strong defensive position and get their artillery into an advantageous place, for the attacking party always greatly outnumbered those on the defense.

After these battles, which were always over at about one thirty o'clock, we erected our tents on some previously selected



ground. This done we prepared for dinner, which our keen appetites made doubly acceptable.

During the afternoon we would rest or engage in various games or, if near a body of water, enjoy a delightful plunge.

On September 1st we started the regular routine in barracks. Our work now is somewhat as follows:

6:00—Reveille.

6:30—Breakfast

7:55 to 9:20—Mathematics

11:10 to 12:00—Gymnasium.

12:15—Dinner

1:25—English.

3:40 to 4:40—Drill.

6:00—Supper.

10:00—Taps.

Our classes are divided into sections of about ten men each. The highest ranking cadet in each section is the section marcher. He forms his men, marches then to the recitation room and reports "All present" or "So and so is absent," and then all take seats. After the recitations are over he marches his section back again.

There is a beautiful little Catholic chapel here, which the Catholic cadets attend. The other cadets must attend the post chapel in a body.

FRANZ A. DONIAT.

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There was a chap in our class  
 Who was so wondrous wise,  
 He burned a lot of midnight oil  
 And won a lovely prize.

J. P. R.



## An Outwitted Sleuth.

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**I**N my varied career in search of news, I have had many adventures. Some of these were exceedingly ludicrous, while others bordered almost on the tragic. There have been few, however, which contained in them more of interest than the one I am about to relate.

A daring forgery had been committed in one of our southern cities, by a young bank clerk. The amount involved was not very large, but the trick had been so cleverly turned that the police of the South were hot on his trail. Of course, with my eyes ever on the lookout for a "beat," I haunted the police headquarters, eagerly awaiting developments. It was for this purpose that I entered the office of the chief of police about two weeks after the forgery.

"Anything new?" I inquired.

"Nothing," answered the chief, shortly.

Coolness has no effect upon a reporter in search of news, so I calmly sat down to await any stray piece of information that might come my way. Suddenly I was brought to my feet by a cry from the chief.

"Here's luck!" he cried, dancing about in glee. "Here's an anonymous letter telling the present location of our forger!"

Instantly my pencil was poised, ready to write this unexpected news.

"No you don't!" forbade the chief. "This is to be kept secret."

"But," I objected, "I have you in my power now. I'll use this information for the benefit of the public unless you consent to let me act as press representative when you set out to capture the forger."

There was considerable argumentation on both sides, but at last the chief consented. So when night drew near, a party, consisting of the chief, two detectives and myself, drove through the city and thence into the country. The place designated in the letter was an old colonial mansion, long since deserted, which stood about five miles from the city.

None of our party had ever seen the object of our search, but we were armed with a good description, and we deemed that sufficient. I have since decided that the ordinary description is rather

indefinite. "Medium height, slight built, smooth face, light hair, blue eyes, etc.," will fit about three out of every five men one meets.

It was about eleven o'clock when we reached our destination, and tying our horse to a gate post, we cautiously moved down the road that led to the house. Like most old-fashioned homes, this was built far back from the road, and, owing to a lack of care, the grounds had become overgrown with weeds and grass. Time and time again we fell over some hidden stump or tangled vine, and, owing to the intense darkness, it was impossible to judge where was good walking, and where bad.

The heavy foliage above and the damp ground under foot lent a scarcely cheerful aspect to an already gloomy place, and we were glad enough to reach the open space in which stood the mansion. It was built in the old colonial fashion, with a low porch, massive pillars, and heavy shutters. But time had destroyed its former beauty; the porch had fallen to ruin, the shutters hung on the windows by a single hinge, and the paint, cracked and dried by the sun, had fallen from the building in masses.

Little time, however, was left for reflection, for we suddenly discovered that there was a lighted lamp in one of the rooms. And seated at a table was a man, reading.

"We've got him," whispered one of the detectives.

Cautiously we surrounded the house, and our chief, having mounted the steps, rapped loudly. After a pause of a moment or two, the man whom we had seen through the window, answered the summons.

Then the chief said:

"You are our prisoner; resistance is useless, for the house is surrounded."

Contrary to our expectation, the man showed neither surprise nor alarm, but calmly bade us enter. Before we had an opportunity to question the prisoner, he said, in a gruff, unnatural voice:

"I guess I'm caught, and I may as well surrender. But if I may ask one favor, I would like to write my confession before you take me away."

The chief readily agreed, and the man sat at a table with his back to the light, and began writing. Meanwhile the detectives were congratulating one another, and I heard the chief remark:

"When it comes to real Sherlock Holmes ability, your beloved leader is all the goods."

We had been seated thus about fifteen minutes, when I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I looked up and saw it was Quinn, one of the detectives. He was strangely excited, and whispered:

"Did you ever in your life see such a hair-cut?"

I gazed at the back of the prisoner's head, and, for the first time, noticed that the hair, instead of being evenly cut, appeared to have been chopped off, one lock was long, another short.

I would have answered the man, but just then our captive arose, and handed the chief a paper, which he asked him to read.

The chief took the paper, drew near to the light, and read, "I am not the person you are seeking."

I have seen many surprised persons in my life, but never one that acted as the chief did. He gasped and stared; he turned three colors in rapid succession, and then sprang from his chair, only to fall back before the calm words of our prisoner.

"It is useless to disturb yourself further," he said, "for the man you seek left by the back door as you entered the front. He took your buggy, and is now a number of miles from here, and well on his way to freedom, I hope."

Then a sudden light dawned upon Quinn, and he gasped:

"Why, you're—you're a woman!"

The prisoner smiled faintly and answered:

"I am the sister of the man who forged those checks. I had been ill, and we needed money badly, as we are without relations or friends. So, to save my life, though without my knowledge, he signed the checks. When he was discovered he fled and as soon as I learned of his trouble I followed him. Never in my life have I seen one so stricken with grief. The enormity of his crime had suddenly been forced upon him, and, when I came to him he thrust the money, which he had obtained on the checks, into my hands, begging me for God's sake to return it.

"But I, fearing that to return the money would lead to his discovery, have kept it hidden in that desk. He would have given himself up, but I realized that that would only make matters worse, for he is good at heart, and, with new surroundings, will begin life anew.

"How you came to discover our whereabouts, I know not; but when we heard your carriage on the road we feared the worst had come. So I sent him away and taking advantage of a strong family resemblance, cut my hair and donned these clothes. My pretense

of writing a confession was but a pretext to gain time for him. God help him, and keep him, my poor brother."

As she finished speaking, she burst into tears, and, though we knew it was our duty, not one of us made a move to arrest her. At last the chief, whose air of supreme self-satisfaction had completely vanished, said:

"Boys, we've been nicely fooled, and we're not going to let the blame rest on this poor girl, who only tried to save her brother. And"—here he paused a moment—"boys, I'm going to start on that walk home."

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.

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## Meditation.

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O walk in tranquil peace, God's hills and ways,  
 Beneath the sun-kissed clouds and endless sky,  
 With mind becalmed in reverential mood,  
 Away from mortal strife and sorrows cry,  
 With opened heart to speak to Him alone,  
 Life's vanities forgot,—it is my choice  
 To feel His presence and—sweet benison,  
 To hear His voice.

Blest sanctuary, hallowed, flow'ring vale,  
 In days of splendor oft thy depths I trod,  
 With anguish—bitter heart and wearied hands,  
 To lay my burden at the feet of God.  
 Like gentle dews that leave the earth at dawn  
 The quiet benediction filled my soul,  
 And nearer brought me to that distant home,  
 Eternal goal.

CHARLES E. BYRNE.

## Farewell to Summer.

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**F**AREWELL!—To the gay  
 Happy summer day,  
 To the skies of sunlit azure,  
 To the days of life, of pleasure,  
 Sing this farewell lay.

When the bloom of earth  
 In its primal birth  
 Draped in riches all creation  
 Stirred the mind to admiration  
 Moved the heart to mirth.

Then the constant moil,  
 In the summer broil,  
 Yielding frequent wholesome pleasures,  
 Faithful toil repayed with treasures  
 Of the bounteous soil.

Oft the golden gleam  
 Of the whispering stream,  
 Joyful minstrelsy inspiring,  
 Filled with bliss a soul untiring,  
 'Twas a happy dream!

In the forest shades  
 In the sunny glades,  
 Caroled songsters silver throated,—  
 Sweetest music upward floated,  
 Now the memory fades.

Now the star of day  
 In mischievous play  
 Fervent, lavish with caresses  
 Blends all verdure with its tresses  
 Burn and wither they.

So farewell to thee  
 Time of joyous glee;  
 In autumnal dress Fantastic  
 Earth is solemn and majestic  
 Solemn too are we.

JOHN A. MIELCAREK, '06.

## Causes of the American Revolution.

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**B**EFORE beginning the study of the causes which led to the American Revolution we must take a rapid glance at the country and the social conditions which led to its settlement.

When the news of the discovery of America reached England, two sailors, John and Sebastian Cabot, under the British flag, explored the coast of America from Newfoundland to Florida. Though this was England's first claim to America, it was not until 1607 that the first permanent English colony was established at Jamestown. Thirteen years afterwards the Pilgrim Fathers, driven from home by religious persecution, landed in Massachusetts and founded a settlement at Plymouth. Other colonies formed rapidly in Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and Carolina, and the assertion of England's title to the whole of Long Island and the North River region, coupled with the aggressiveness of the English Colonies, precipitated a war with the Dutch which resulted in the acquisition by the English of New Amsterdam, or New York.

At first these settlements encountered many difficulties. The forests had to be cleared, the land broken and cultivated, and the outbreaks of the Indians watched. But notwithstanding these impediments; notwithstanding the many bloody wars with the Indians which brought terror and suffering to all, the colonies prospered and the population increased. New Colonies were planted until a narrow strip along the Atlantic was settled. They had their own government, each state being under the authority of a governor appointed by the king. They had their vessels which were principally engaged in carrying the tobacco, potatoes, and cotton of America to Europe. They also had their fishing fleets which supplied the markets of Britain.

On the other hand, England's trade with the colonies increased with rapid strides for, according to the statements of Burke the famous defender of American liberty, the exports to America in the year 1704 amounted to £483,265, but in 1772 they had increased to £6,024,000. Consequently one can see the magnitude of the trade that was carried on between England and America, and can also understand the loss that would ensue if the British merchants would be deprived of this source of profit.

Such was the state of affairs when, in 1755, England began a war which proved to be an indirect cause of the American Revolution. Fearful of the encroachments of the French upon the western limits of the provinces and disturbed because that nation had built a chain of forts from Quebec to Fort Duquesne, England declared war upon France. The beginning of the war was favorable to the French. The expedition under General Braddock which was sent against Fort Duquesne, was defeated and the remnants saved only by the courage and thoughtfulness of the afterwards famous George Washington.

But as the war progressed, the French lost ground and England, through the assistance of the American Provincials, was able to take Louisburg and Fort Ticonderoga. Then Quebec, the Gibraltar of the West, was besieged by an army under the brave General Wolfe. After a brilliant assault in which Wolfe was killed, the city was taken, and the power of France in America, east of the Mississippi, ceased. England was now the unquestioned possessor of a vast amount of country and of thirteen valuable and prosperous colonies.

But the expenses of the past war had been very great; England in pursuing her victorious career, had been forced to hire mercenaries to fill the vacant places in her armies. Large expenditures of money were entailed, while her many previous wars had already raised the national debt to a point that threatened bankruptcy. Yet her numerous enemies compelled her to maintain a large army and navy. Where was the money to be raised which would relieve the disordered condition of her finances? At home the English people were already heavily burdened with taxes, to add more would be only to seek new troubles. At this stage the question was proposed in Parliament: "Why not tax the American Colonies? They surely are in a prosperous condition and could bear a tax. What if a small tax were placed on paper, glass, sugar, etc.? The Americans could easily pay it and it would bring in considerable revenue."

This was true, America could have paid the tax, but the advocates of this policy forgot that the American Colonies had also suffered greatly in the past war; that thousands of their able-bodied citizens had been slaughtered by the Indians or killed and wounded in battle; that the colonies in most cases were compelled to incur great expense during the progress of the war in order to support the troops they had raised. Above all they forgot that the American



colonist was a man not to be trodden upon at the will of the English king or parliament; that he was jealous of his rights and liberties and that he was ready to guard them even at the cost of his life.

For the priceless boon of civil and religious liberty his ancestors had left their homes in England and crossed almost unknown seas. Amid dangers, toils and hardships they had cleared the forests, cultivated the fields and established new colonies. Yet, though British subjects, they had never been allowed representation in parliament. Why then should they, without having any voice in the making of the laws, be taxed by England? "We are loyal subjects of the king and should have representation. If not we are slaves." This was their claim, and the words of Otis, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," became their slogan.

Heedless, however, of the wishes of her colonies and blinded by a vain conceit, England determined to tax America. On the 22nd of March, 1765, the Stamp Act was introduced into parliament. It was debated hotly and was opposed earnestly in a full house, but was carried by a large majority. By this act every business document was declared illegal and void unless written on paper bearing the government stamp varying in price from one shilling upward.

The colonies at once rose in protest against the unjust tax, resolutions opposed to the measure were offered by the colonial legislatures and letters of appeal were sent among the provinces. In consequence the First Continental Congress was convened in New York in October, 1765. It drew up a petition for the repeal of the act and sent it to England.

Meanwhile it was soon discovered that though the refusal to use stamped paper suspended the whole business of the country, it would be impossible to enforce its usage. In many places the stamps were seized and burned and the stamp agents forced to resign. Mobs broke into the strongholds and burned the stamps in the public squares.

When the news of these disturbances reached England it created great consternation. Pitt and Burke led the opposition party and by heroic efforts the bill was repealed in February, 1766. When the news of the repeal arrived in America the joy of the populace was unbounded. Statues were erected in honor of George III and the assemblies voted resolutions of thanks to the English parliament. For the time being all hatred and opposition were laid aside.

But Parliament soon reasserted its right to tax the Americans, and to enforce it quartered troops upon them. The assemblies of each colony were instructed to provide for the expenses of the soldiers. The assembly of New York refused to comply and was sustained by the other colonies. They afterward yielded, but not without much hesitation and delay.

The troops arrived and were stationed in the principal strongholds. In Boston the feeling against them was increased by the many conflicts with the soldiers. The citizens ridiculed the daily parade and drills of the regiments and worst of all, quarrels, more and more frequent, occurred between the ignorant and brutal privates and the people of the lowest class of the town, equally ignorant and equally brutal. They reached a climax on the fifth of March, 1770. A party of young men fell in with a body of soldiers and a struggle ensued. The soldiers were hard pressed and were losing ground when suddenly a soldier discharged his musket by accident and the others, thinking a command had been given, also fired. Three were killed and eight injured. The church bells were rung and a large crowd gathering from all directions, the soldiers with difficulty reached their barracks. After this affair the people again demanded the removal of the troops and so strong was public feeling that they were transferred.

But England, notwithstanding the continental opposition in the colonies, persisted in putting a tax upon tea. By this measure tea was taxed sixpence a pound, and the money derived placed in the British exchequer, which had loaned a million and a half pounds to the East India Company, then on the verge of bankruptcy.

When the ships bearing the tea appeared in the harbor of Boston meetings were held to protest against the sending of the tea. At one of these gatherings, while the committee was deliberating on the course of action to be pursued, a man dressed as an Indian cried out, "Ho, for the tea ships." In a short time a number of men, likewise disguised, were gathered at the wharf throwing the tea into the water. This has been called the Boston Tea Party. In the other towns the tea was burned, refused a landing or stored in damp cellars where it quickly spoiled.

To punish Boston for its disobedience the port was closed to commerce and no ships allowed to enter or sail. This act influenced the other provinces to aid Massachusetts, and really hastened the Revolution.

About this time General Gage, governor of Massachusetts, heard that stores were being gathered at Concord by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. On the 18th of April, 1775, he sent a detachment of about 800 men to seize and destroy the guns, ammunition and stores. But the country was roused on all sides by fleet riders and although, after dispersing and killing a few minute men at Lexington, they destroyed the stores, still upon their return they were harassed on all sides by the patriots, who fired from behind rocks and trees or any other objects that would afford protection. The British lost heavily and retired into Boston.

All that night the march of the minute men from every town in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Hampshire kept the country towns awake and before morning on the 20th, before Gage's tired troops were ferried back from Charlestown to their barracks, an American army was at Cambridge. The news of the battle spread through every village and farm, the cry of liberty was raised by every true patriot and the great revolutionary war had begun.

C. M. DARGAN, '07.

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## Franklin's Farewell.

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I HAVE always held that the man, whose duty it is to choose the reading-matter for a nation, in his official capacity, should be uninfluenced by emotion, and, instead of being carried away by a tale as his readers are, should judge it according to its true worth from the stand-point of literature.

My friend Franklin has always argued otherwise, and looking at the matter from the average layman's standpoint, claims that the editor is as much liable to be carried away by the tender or the thrilling in a story as the most susceptible of his readers. He has said that the editor is just as likely to be caught turning the leaves to the last page "just to see if it is going to turn out all right."

I don't know what it was that brought these thoughts into my head the day after Franklin left for California, unless in thinking of his departure my mind naturally wandered back to the subject we had spent so many happy hours debating.

It may have been merely a touch of spring fever then prevalent, but I believe it was pure loneliness which oppressed me. The

morning was one of May's fairest, when the sun shone in all its beauty, as if reminding one that he ought to give thanks for the mere pleasure of living. Yet my heart was sad, and my thoughts far away in a happier clime, distant thousands of miles from the busy scenes about me.

Franklin was a jolly companion, a good "chum," and the truest friend man ever claimed. He was a bright scholar, and a pleasant conversationalist; but his hobby, likewise his only fault, was practical joking.

We had been college mates at Garthmoor, and had played, "plugged," and pinched together during our whole course. Since leaving college we had still stuck together, although business affairs carried us far apart. I thought it strange that he did not follow literature, as he always had a passion for writing stories of a weird sort, but he had yielded to his parents' wishes, and had chosen the bar, while my own tastes led toward journalism. We had, however, taken rooms in the same house, and all our evenings were spent discussing old times, until Franklin was called west, and I was left alone.

I was sitting in my private sanctum in the International Magazine offices, apparently sorting the pile of "literary offspring" which the morning's mail had brought.

I am afraid, however, that my wandering thoughts did not do full justice to the majority of the "strugglers," for the "Accepted" pile on the desk was still woefully small, while the waste-basket was shedding its burden on the carpet.

Only three now remained of the dozens of manuscripts which had come in, and of these, two were tossed to the floor with a very cursory examination, and the third bid fair to share their fate.

It was certainly not promising from an artistic point of view, written in a straggly unfamiliar hand on half-size paper, and with every known rule of journalism flagrantly violated, but long before I turned the last leaf my wandering thoughts had left college days, bachelordom, and California far behind, and had fled deep into the mysteries of:

#### "THE YELLOW HAND.

"The drinking room of the Blue Unicorn Inn was wrapped in the early gloom of coming night. The lengthening shadows now crept far up the tapestried walls, leaving but a flickering crimson

light upon the low ceiling. The corners had already receded into the darkness which, in its intensity magnified the small proportions of the room, and threw the tables and queer-carved oaken chairs into a hazy indistinctness.

"I had crept into this quiet spot to spend in peace the early hours of night, seeking to relieve the strange depression which had settled on me. I was afflicted with a queer melancholy; even an apprehension of coming evil, and that sickness more mental than bodily, which comes from an over-worked and troubled mind.

"There was a sort of cheerless rest in that quiet tavern, among its storied walls, whose soft shadows were, as yet, unscattered by a single starry candle. It was, therefore, with a grateful relief that I sank into an aged arm chair, twisted my feet carelessly among its rungs, dropped my head unconsciously upon my breast, giving up spirit and body to the necessity of nature—and slept.

"When I awoke I did not immediately notice any other presence in the room, but in the first sense of returning consciousness, I heard the chimes ring out the midnight hour onto the still air, from a neighboring belfry.

"The echoes died away, and all was silence.

"Then I saw that the opposite table was occupied. Two yellow candles, fanned by a sportive gust, sputtered and flared upon the board, and threw their rays upon the mugs of 'alf an' 'alf. The two men at the table sat opposite each other, regardless of their beverage, and engrossed in earnest conversation.

"On the table between them lay scattered a roll of yellow script, and a few golden coins winked gaily in the half light. Piles and bags of the precious metal were stacked on the table-edge, and were apparently the subject of their conversation.

"The elder man was tall and stooped, bending with miserly, cruel grin over the wealth-strewn board, his naked claws nervously half advancing toward the yellow metal, while his weather-burned face cracked into a narrow smile before the bronzed skin faded into a straggly beard which swept his chest. His clothes were thread-bare, yet bore marks of one-time gentle tailoring when they were in their prime, and a heavy metal chain dangled from the low cut vest from which the watch had been unsnapped and lay open before him.

"I have called him the elder of the twain, yet no man might truly say: 'This one hath seen the more summers pass over his head.'

For the other, altho' small, almost deformed in build, raised such an aged face into the yellow candle light, that it appeared he must once have died and again arisen.

"His frame was no larger than a child's, apparently frail, but still bearing token of that hidden strength of which some native Africans are possessed. His hands were long and slender, his tapering nails almost Chinese in their shape, his face was small, his nose being almost lost in the fierce gleam of his fiery black eyes, while over his entire frame, like a grave-worn winding sheet, was stretched his yellow skin, dry and thick, and cracked by the suns of many climes.

"Yet his eyes alone gleamed with the light of youth, and the proud curl of his slender lip proved his not yet departed manhood.

"Together they truly formed a pair the like of which had never before been seen in the quiet English tavern, and the lateness of the hour and the solemn stillness of the night, in which the very mice were plainly audible as they held their midnight gambols in the hollow walls, gave the scene a most uncanny look.

"The old clock above the dead fireplace ticked the seconds away, and still I could not move. The two opposite were talking in low and earnest tones; now amicably conversing over their treasure; now their voices raised high in angry dispute, the little fellow apparently protesting the other's plans; and now sinking in low mutterings, like the wash of the sea wave against the rocks. I could not catch the words, save here and there when a chance phrase in good English or in some foreign tongue fell upon my ear, yet I sat rooted to the spot in nervous excitement, as if I had been petrified.

"Truly, the scene was one to disturb the tranquility of even one less susceptible to alarm than a quiet English villager.

"At last the quarrel broke outright, and I saw the taller one spring upward, while the bright candle light caught and held the gleam of shining blade in his clenched hand; the little one screamed aloud for mercy and in alarm also sprang from his seat.

"For a moment, while a photographer's shutter might have caught the scene, they stood thus, and the remaining candle spluttered its dying seconds in the socket.

"Then a wail of heartrending agony broke from the yellow throat, and the knife in the powerful hand which held it shot across the table. The dwarf jumped, but just too late; the blade closed

upon the slender yellow wrist, a jet of scarlet spread across the board, a bony yellow hand, severed clean, flew into the air—the light struggled, and went out.

“A moment, and I remained as stone, then a scream of deathly horror escaped my lips, and went echoing across the hall. Its wild answers must have turned my brain, and crazed with terror I turned and fled the place.

“How I found the street I never knew, but once there, I knew not which way to turn. Indeed, the way mattered little, but run I must, far, far away from that awful scene which I could still see in all its horror.

“Then I first became conscious of a strange, clammy feeling upon my wrist. What it was I knew not, nor did I dare to look. The touch was cold and death-like, as if one already gone were clinging to my wrist.

“Then I knew—the hand! Severed from its body by the blade, it had clutched itself upon my wrist, and the curse of the murdered one was upon me.

“I would not—could not look.

“The thing was hanging upon my arm, dripping the dead one’s blood upon the road into which I had turned in my flight. The yellow skin, now contracted still more tightly over the naked bones, would gleam, as did that knife, in the fitful starlight.

“The road almost flies behind under my flying feet, the darkened windows by the path reflect only the ghostly gleam of a waning moon, and still the thing clings to me.

“I must be mad, my brain is going wild with horror.

“We have now left the last scattered houses far behind and flee across the open country. To the right the lights of a neighboring village show themselves, to the left loom the abandoned diggings of an ancient mine.

“Unconsciously my flying steps seek the leftward path. The diggings now open before me, still the ghostly hand clings and will not be shaken off.

“Here at last is a place to loose its iron grip, to shut out the mem’ry of this awful night, and still the agony of its remembrances.

“One step—and it is done!

“Down—down—down—

“My brain is whirling—going mad!

"My senseless body whirls about in space, but still the hand doth hold its grip. The murderer, the dead, the gold, the wine, all flash before my eyes, and—

"Oh, God!——"

\* \* \*

That was all. A blot and a long scratch ended the manuscript. The last leaf fell from my shaking hand, but my mind fled on with the tale.

A half hour later, when a clerk entered, I was still gazing into the fire, whose writhing shapes become first weather-beaten foreigners, yellow men, bags of gold, and other visions of the overworked Britisher's mind.

When my thoughts returned I picked up the scattered manuscript from the floor, and with it a single sheet of note-paper which had dropped from it, and which bore a few short words in a dear, familiar hand.

It ran:

"Dear Old Jack—

"I could not leave without a parting crack at our old dispute. Here it is. If the 'Yellow Hand' has changed any of your opinions, let me know. Your loving friends,

"H. Shea Franklin."

I understood.

My ideals were shattered! Franklin had won.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.



# The St. Ignatius Collegian

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THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, published quarterly by the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., is intended to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle College doings and to serve as a means of intercommunication with the students of the past.

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MUSIC AND SONG.....CLARENCE DARGAN, '08.

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## Editorial.

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### Our New Cover.

When the scribes of THE COLLEGIAN returned to their dust-covered desks, and proceeded to cover themselves with glory—and ink, it was solemnly decreed among themselves that they should do great things during the coming year. As each industrious editor intends to become famous, there surely ought to be plenty of competition in the fame line. It was unanimously declared that THE COLLEGIAN should be made a distinctive college journal, full of good things and cleverness.

In furtherance of this plan, a new magazine cover was proposed, to be both striking and original, but primarily suggestive of St. Ignatius College. That is why the arms of St. Ignatius Loyola y Onaz, shown on the college button, decorate the cover of this number.

For the new students who have not yet learned and the "old boys" who have forgotten, let us explain the meaning of this strange device on our college button—two wolves and a boiling pot.

In the old feudal days of Spain, when each great lord supported an army of retainers, the generosity of the house of Loyola became famous. So free were the soldiers' rations in time of war

“that,” as the old chronicler has it, “the wolves of the neighboring forest always found something to feast on after the soldiers were supplied.” Hence the coat of arms.

The significance of our new cover is generosity. May it be an omen of generosity from all of us, from our editors and contributors by earnest striving to fill each issue with bright readable literature; from our readers by giving THE COLLEGIAN that loyal, earnest support without which the efforts of the editors avail nothing.

C. E. B.

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### College Spirit.

Those old-timers who attended the mass meetings held on the college campus in former years know pretty well what college spirit is. There has always been an abundance of it at St. Ignatius. When silver-tongued orators, stood on the piazza, roared and ranted, shouted and fumed that they might rouse up this spirit; what old student was there who did not feel a thrill of enthusiasm pass over him. The spirit was always there, and it did not demand an overly amount of periodic sentences or grand-stand climaxes to set it flaming.

And so by way of printer's form we intend to do some rousing. We would like to thrill, with a goodly abundance of college spirit, all those who are eligible for the literary societies, and have so far made little or no effort to join them, that they may enter at once. Also, we fully desire to waken those few members, who have graced these societies with all the ardor and life of Egyptian mummies, to the fact that they will gain very little from such a quiet, docile demeanor.

Let all the young geniuses in music take a short cut to fame by way of the various departments open to them, and incidentally they will reflect credit both on the college and themselves. The most important college spirit is termed “plugging,” but it is not within our scope to dilate on that time-honored theme.

Join the sodalities at once, if you have been delinquent about being enrolled, and thus show a true college spirit—the spirit of piety.

In athletics—as player or spectator, with that “never say die” spirit, we may show another proof of our regard for maroon and gold, and be the means of glories and conquests on the field of sports.

And now, as a final word, let every student co-operate in keeping THE COLLEGIAN on a high plane in college journalism. All those who show signs of budding commercial genius, should make their first strides towards becoming financial whirlwinds or captains of industry by receiving ads and subscriptions.

Those who are endowed with literary talent should contribute to these columns as often as possible, both that they may gain from the practice of early journalistic labors, and show the proper spirit.

C. E. B.

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### Once More.

AT THE convention of the Humane Society, assembled at Philadelphia a few days ago, Miss Helen Hall, of Cincinnati, said: "I would have a merciful death by anaesthetics meted out not only to victims of train wrecks, but to persons dying of consumption, cancer, hydrophobia, etc." This society, not content with building hospitals for stray cats and homeless dogs, taking care of blind horses and friendless cows, must needs turn its attention to man and make his already happy lot much brighter by applying a liberal dose of chloroform to him when he has toothache. Good-natured Dr. Osler will allow us to live forty years, benevolent Miss Hall would end our brilliant careers as soon as we eat too many green apples. The good lady states that whenever she travels on a train she carries a bottle of chloroform with her, so that in case of accident she may depart at once for the happy hunting grounds. Good! but why wait till an accident overtakes the train on which she rides?

P. J. M.

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### Yellow (?) Journalism.

IT WOULD appear that one of our only too-well-known dailies resents the term "Yellow Journalism." Perhaps with the same idea as the foolish bird who stuck his head into the sand to escape observation, its editors have imagined that a change of exterior would hide the filth inside. For awhile they were content to adorn their front with flaming poster-like headlines to attract the passing public. This was not enough, and soon they thrust their journal upon its unsuspecting readers with a cover of that delicate pink tint affected by the "Police Gazette," and other kindred spirits. After a few days of this they found themselves not content to be mere rivals of

those innocent journals, and going them one better, the final issue of their multitudinous daily editions is now served to us with front and back pages of such brilliant scarlet that a group of newsboys at a distance appear like a red-torchlight procession.

What further may the long-suffering public expect?

J. E. R.

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## Resolutions of Condolence.

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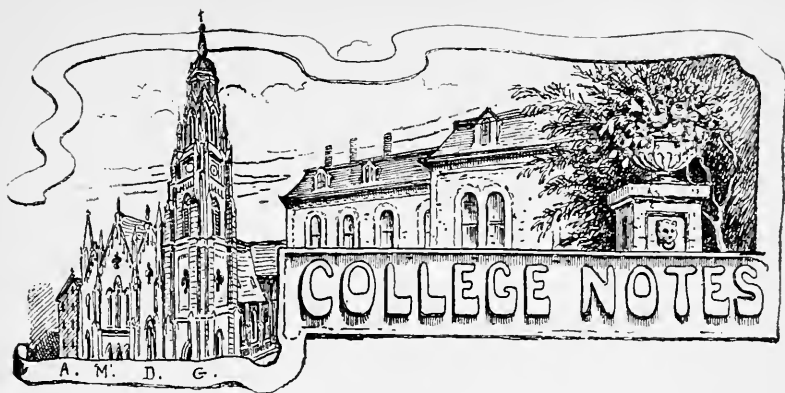
*Whereas*, Our Heavenly Father, has, in His inscrutable wisdom and mercy been pleased to remove by death Mrs. Helen M. Pernin, and

*Whereas*, Our Professor, Mr. Claude J. Pernin, has sustained the loss of an estimable and devoted mother, now therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the class of First Academic C, do express our heartfelt sympathy with our Professor in this his hour of sorrow, and be it further

*Resolved*, That each member of the class determine upon certain appropriate prayers and good works and offer them for the repose of her soul.

THE CLASS OF FIRST ACADEMIC C.



Prof. Hackett is now instructing the College students on the cornet, trombone, clarionet, piccolo, drums, etc.

The sincerest sympathy of the students was shown at the death of Fr. Mulconry, S. J., who has been connected with the Jesuits in Chicago for many years.

On Thursday, October 12th, the students were enabled to view the beautiful painting of Jan Styka, "Golgotha," by the courtesy of the management, at reduced prices.

The evening class of Philosophy, which is one of the most popular departments, opened its regular session on October 9th. "Sociology" is the subject for the ensuing term.

On October 4 the students of Chemistry were treated to an interesting lecture on "Ozonized Organoleptic Activities," by Mr. F. B. Hayes, promoter of the Saalstadt ozonizer.

On Sept. 6th, 1905, opened the banner year of St. Ignatius College in number of students enrolled. Over six hundred have already matriculated and the flow has not yet ceased.

The annual custom of reading the college rules took place in Sodality hall. Fr. Cassilly read the rules, and addressed the students, after which he rewarded them with a half-holiday.

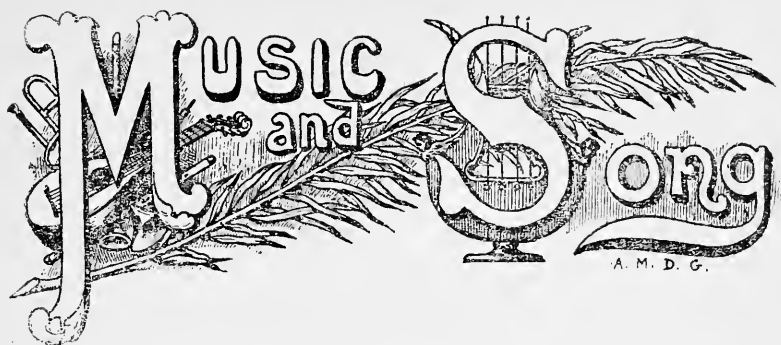
On Sept. 13th, in Holy Family Church, was celebrated the annual mass of the Holy Ghost, at which all the college students and those from the other schools of the parish were present. Fr. Ross-winkle preached an instructive sermon.

For some time past the College authorities have been worried over the need of a suitable hall where the smaller students could be present. The audiences have long since outgrown the old College and Sodality halls. Early this term workmen were put to work tearing out the partitions between the two old college halls on the top floor of the main building, and there is promise of a much larger and finer hall. A large, modern stage has been built in, a new lighting system installed, and the seating arrangements are in the hands of a reliable company. The walls and ceiling have been redecorated in shades of ivory, red and green, and the finished product will no doubt be (may we repeat that most trite description), "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Indoor baseball has found so many warm and enthusiastic friends among the students of St. Ignatius that a team has been formed in each class of the Collegiate Department, and eight have been drawn from the Academic. A series of games has been scheduled between the different classes, and the winners of the series will be awarded a five-pound box of candy. The games are played during the noon recess and so far the team from the class of Humanities has carried off most of the victories. The series, however, is still young, and the other teams are making heroic efforts to obtain the candy.

J. P. ROCHE, '08.





**Music and Song**  
A. M. D. G.

The college orchestra has again assembled in the music room and is showing up splendidly with a full membership. Many strange faces replace familiar ones that have passed from school life, and from both new and old we are led to anticipate many musical treats. Prof. Joseph F. Pribyl still wields the baton and under his able leadership we may expect both classical and standard music as well as the ever popular ragtime dear to every college boy's heart.

The orchestra at present is diligently at work preparing for the annual Thanksgiving and Christmas entertainments, and we may be sure they will prove real treats for both the faculty and the students.

Prof. Hutter is still in charge of the Glee Club and the Academic Choir. Last Commencement day we heard many expressions of admiration on his able direction of the college orchestra, the Glee Club and the Academic Choir in that beautiful song, "The Nightingale and the Rose."

We may expect even greater triumphs this year for most of the old members of the singing societies have returned and, augmented by many fine voices, are earnestly rehearsing for the holiday program.

CLARENCE M. DARGAN, '07.

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## ALUMNI ATTENTION!

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The annual banquet of the St. Ignatius Alumni Association will be held Wednesday, November 15th, 8 p. m., at the Great Northern. The activity of the various committees promises a very successful affair.

## Societies.

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**Chrysostomian**—The Senior Debating Society has again started its yearly task of instructing the budding orators to spout. At the first meeting, under the direction of Father O'Connor, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Rev. Fr. O'Connor, S. J.; Vice-President, Francis Foley; Treasurer, D. Murray; Recording Secretary, M. J. Phee; Corresponding Secretary, Charles E. Byrne; Censors, Mielcarek and Bouillier; Committee on Debates, Mulhern, Trainor and Dargan. Many new members have been secured from the ranks of the Loyola, and although no debates have yet taken place, some good programmes are promised.

**Loyola**—The members of the Loyola Literary Society, which is the junior debating club, are fast following in the footsteps of their more advanced brothers. Rev. Fr. Lyons is president, and last year's banner session will be repeated under his direction. The officers: Vice-President, Dan A. Lord; Recording Secretary, Francis Quinn; Treasurer, Jas. Morrison; Censors, Reedy and McGeever; Committee on Debates, Reuland, Carroll and Schneidwind. wind.

**Sodalities**—The Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin have long since begun their year's work, and though the membership is large, still there are many students not yet enrolled. It is hoped that these will soon appear at the meetings. Fr. Slevin is in charge of the senior division, and Fr. Hoferer of the juniors.

The other College organizations, the Glee Club, orchestra and choir, are hard at work rehearsing for their future conquests. Although there is much "green" material in the Glee Club, Prof. Hutter promises a star aggregation. Musical doings will be recorded at length elsewhere.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.

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"Loaf, and the class loafs with you,  
Dig, and you dig alone."

J. P. R.



## Academy Notes,

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A few "don'ts" for the new boys might not be inappropriate here.

Don't imagine that because this is your first year at college that you're a freshman. The only freshmen are the Humanitarians and Philosophers.

Don't let every one know that you're going to get all the medals. There may be some other fellow who wants them more than you do, and he'll just hate to take them away from you.

Don't think that because your professor keeps you every night he can't get along without your society.

Don't imagine that your compositions are an improvement on Washington Irving. Other boys have thought that, so the idea is not original. (Don't hit me, Will Carroll, you're not the only one I mean.)

Don't try to pitch, in your first game of indoor baseball. (For further information on this subject, apply to Smith, Third Commercial.)

The reason more St. Ignatius boys did not win Miss Raffles' prizes was not because they did not give up their seats. Oh, no! It was because they did not have a copy of the "American."

Lannon—"Do you believe Europa crossed the sea on a bull?"

Reedy—"Oh, I don't know. Lots of people cross the ocean on a greyhound."

Poor Spartacus has been awakened from a much deserved rest, and once more spouts to his ever attentive Gladiators in the room of Humanities A.

The reason so many boys strap their books, is that there will be that much less danger of opening them.

In addition to musical work, J. F. Quinn is at present engaged in writing a story. For downright excitement, pathos and description this will be the real thing.

Curda—"How are you getting along in Spanish?"

Gehent—"Fine! Why, there are a number of us who can pronounce the professor's name."

The First Commercial boys feel like real bookkeepers since the new desks were installed.

Since the cards of "Gov." Walter Keefe are once more in circulation, it is only proper for some editor to come forward with an anecdote of this famous man. The governor was mounting the stairs of the Capitol, I mean, of St. Ignatius, when he met a friend carrying a bundle of books.

The friend stopped and said: "Governor, if you were a gentleman you would offer to carry my books."

But the witty governor answered: "Sir, if you were a lady, I would." (Loud laughter from his hearers.)

Oh, dry your eyes, and cease your cries,  
 Oh, lad of St. Ignatius!  
 Oh, murmur not, and don't get hot.  
 And stop that cry of "Gracious!"  
 I don't like Greek, why, it's a freak,  
 I never try to seek it,  
 We've got it bad, but think—they had,  
 In olden times, to speak it!

There are many anxiously seeking the boy whose mother claims he complains because he doesn't have enough home work to do.

Though Klitsche never claimed to be an authority on ancient history, he is the first to discover that the Romans played baseball. By the way, what was the name of the proud "umpire" of Rome?

Funds are being raised to purchase Clarence Kavanaugh a portable bed. It is a good work, and your help is solicited.

Fr. McKeough is receiving callers every evening at 3:15. Have you been invited?

The old rule for catching a squirrel—"Climb a tree and make a noise like a nut"—has given place to a new rule for creating a panic in an indoor baseball game. Make a noise like an umpire, and call "Strike!"

The Humanities team has been winning fame for itself in the new indoor league. So far they have 1,000 per cent in the percentage column. The other two teams, Poetry and Rhetoric and Phil-

osophy, took their first defeats very badly. However, they can scarcely be blamed, considering the fact that their dignity was given such a blow.

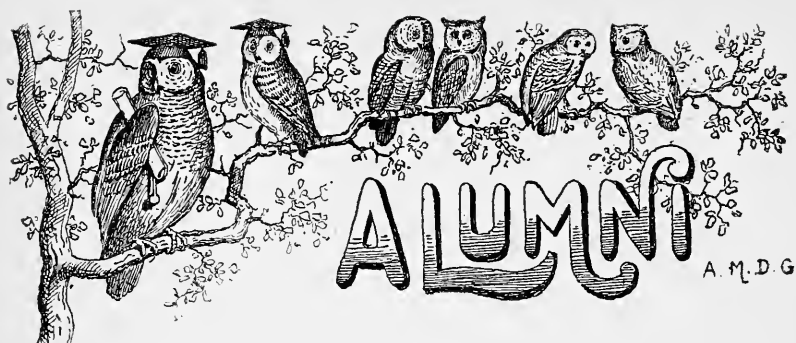
When last heard from John Sackley was trying for the first football team. Strange as it may appear, he still lives to tell the tale.

The news of the second indoor league reads like a weather report. What with Tornados, Hurricanes, Blizzards, Zephyrs, Typhoons, etc., one could almost believe that the team that can blow the hardest will receive the prize. And, by the way, that five pounds of candy looked mighty good to most of the classes.

That grand, exalted band of spouters, the Loyola, has once more resumed its meetings. The elections proved quite a "class"-ical affair. Indeed, Humanities A. carried all the offices. The first three meetings might justly be called (in the words of our friend Morrison) a meeting of the officers, as the nine members present held offices. F. (Dominus) Quinlan is the secretary, and when he walks down the corridors with the ponderous book of minutes under his arm he looks like a new addition to the faculty. Morrison is the treasurer; but the society has no fear that the amount of the funds will prompt him to flee to Canada. There is no danger of this—at least until the Sox and Cubs finish their series.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.





George Flanagan, of Poetry '03, is with the Superior Manufacturing Company, of Muskegon, Michigan.

George M. Hogan, Humanities '99, is doing well in the furniture business with August Hausske & Co.

Edward S. Prindiville, of Fourth Commercial 1897, is traveling passenger agent for the Burlington railroad.

The sound of wedding bells has reached our sanctum. We extend our congratulations to Andrew Hellgeth, '03, and John A. Pierce, Poetry '01.

John Doody and Michael Cavallo, of last year's Poetry class, and Thomas Canty and William Long, of Rhetoric '04, are pursuing their studies in Rome.

Fred Cramer, John Lyons and Michael Brady are teaching in Gonzaga College, Spokane. Matthew Moroney is also helping to educate the west at the Benedictine College of Mt. Angel, Oregon, and Dave Guthrie is doing the same at St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming.

Of last year's students, Charles Sullivan, Terence Kane, Leo Hartke and Martin McMahon have entered the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant. John Hennessy of 3d Academic '99-'00, is at the novitiate in Los Angeles, California.

The COLLEGIAN takes pleasure in congratulating the following on passing successfully the bar examination at Springfield during October: Clarence E. Mercer, Edgar J. Cook, Edward J. Carmody, Thomas J. Lynch, Wm. N. Brady.

A Catholic child-placing bureau has been organized to watch over Catholic children who come under the jurisdiction of the ju-

venile court and other courts. The bureau will cover the state of Illinois. In Chicago the Rev. C. Joseph Quille will represent the diocese. Father Quille was a student from 1891 to '93.

The city of Chicago was pained to hear of the death of the Rev. F. S. Henneberry on Sept. 19th. Father Henneberry was on the register of the college in the session 1871-72. He was the beloved pastor of St. Pius parish for seventeen years, where he built the present magnificent school and church. At the time of his death he was pastor of Corpus Christi church, which he established a few years ago. He was a sincere and zealous priest. May he rest in peace.

In receiving the appointment of chancellor of the archdiocese of Chicago, Dr. Edmund M. Dunne has obtained a well-deserved promotion. He was a student of St. Ignatius College from 1875 to 1879, and he made his higher studies at Louvain and Rome. His principal work has been the founding and organizing of the parish of the Guardian Angels for Italians. His work amongst these people has been eminently successful, and his devotion and zeal in their regard cannot be too highly estimated. Dr. Dunne certainly has the good wishes of all in his new sphere of activity.

As far as we have been able to ascertain, the members of last year's graduating class are engaged in the following occupations: John Ford, John Lannon and Paul Drevniak are continuing their philosophical studies in Rome; James E. Burke and James Kiely in Niagara University; Hector Brosseau in Montreal; Martin Schmidt in St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, and John O'Brien in Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis. Louis Brosseau and Edmund Prendergast are taking a course in Harvard. John Seger is studying medicine. Payton Tuohy is teaching in his Alma Mater. Justin McCarthy, Joseph Tyrrell and Jos. O'Donnell are studying law, and James Rice, Hugh Lynch, Thomas Maher, Eugene O'Neill, George Egan, Albert Jedlicka and John Devine are engaged in commercial life.

The following clipping from the Holy Family Church Calendar will be of interest to our readers:

"The many friends of the Rev. Patrick J. Mulconry were shocked to hear of his death, which took place in St. Joseph's Hospital, Chicago, on September 22d. He was born in Ireland in 1852. and was consequently in the fifty-third year of his age, having spent

over 31 years in the Society of Jesus. His college education was obtained in St. Mary's, Kan., where he felt a call to the religious life. He ever cherished his vocation highly, esteeming it a great favor to be allowed to serve God in the various good works assigned to him by superiors. After his novitiate at Florissant, Mo., and his studies in Woodstock, Md., he spent five years teaching, partly in Chicago and partly in St. Mary's and Omaha. He was always warmly remembered by his former pupils, and in St. Mary's he had splendid control over the students in his capacity of prefect. In Omaha he taught science. After his ordination he returned to Chicago and spent one year as superior of the north side college. For two years he was prefect of studies in the St. Louis University.

"From 1894 to 1896 he was assistant pastor in Holy Family church, where he became well known for his Sunday evening lectures and also for his wonderful success as director of the young men's sodality. During this time he had charge of the parish calendar, and his zeal also prompted him to establish a night school for working boys and young men.

"His principal work, however, which made him known from coast to coast was the missions which he gave for eight years. He was a preacher of great eloquence and unction, having the gift of moving hearts to a high degree. His piety, zeal for souls, assiduity in the confessional and his great attention to details made him a missionary beloved of the people and in constant demand by the clergy. Wherever he had given a mission, he was always joyfully welcomed back a second time.

"For eight years he constantly traveled back and forth over the country, ever willing to give his assistance where there was hope of helping souls.

"He spent two seasons on the Pacific coast and a summer in Alaska, and by special invitation he was twice called to Brooklyn. On a number of occasions he gave retreats to priests.

"For several years he had been in ill health, but he never gave up the arduous work to which he had been assigned. Many a time he left his sick bed to mount the pulpit, and although suffering acutely, he preached with such ardor and enthusiasm that no one suspected his illness. At the last mission which he gave in Ne-

braska his physician exhorted him to give up his work and take to bed, but he mounted the pulpit again three times, on Sunday, September 10th, which was his noblest effort, for immediately after he suffered a collapse from which he never rallied. His end was peaceful, and he calmly met death as he had always faced the duties of life, with calm hope and confidence in God. His life was a noble one, and the prayers of the many whom he led to God will follow him after death."

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## Tales Told on the Corner.

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The "Raconteur's Club" consists of a certain group of fellows that stand under Marous' swaying awning, bandying Shakespeare, discussing books and plays, and best of all telling stories. Stories of students that have gone, are going, or that are to come to the college. Stories of vacation, of athletics, of schooltime, in fact stories of everything. In the following the scribe has done very poor justice to some of the stories told on the corner:

THE TALE RELATED BY RACONTEUR O'GRADY.

"A long time ago, one warm night in June, I smoked my first cigar. As I remember it the first inch of the weed was delightful, as for the second and third inches—"nihil memor." With the cigar half smoked I was seated on the curb, when "Jimmie" Keane rode by on a bicycle and said that there was a game of ball on for the morrow. I waved the cigar with a flourish and with an air of bravado replied "Alright," but within my savage breast it was far from "Alright." Presently the sidewalk began to resemble the bounding billows of a raging ocean, lampposts strutted as policemen are wont, car tracks went through various and fearful contortions, and slowly residences and stores moved past my smarting eyes. I waited until mine came around and then I rose and went in. Needless to state I didn't play ball the next day with "Jimmie."

THE TALE RELATED BY RACONTEUR BYRNE.

"A long time ago the south-eastern corner of the campus was known as "Commercial Park." "Commercial Park" was an "absolute monarchy" with a "king" and a "populace." The "populace" was

"absolute" and the "king" the "monarchy." Each day the "populace" took turns rolling "his majesty" in the sand, and otherwise abusing him. This particular "king"—John Burke by name—survived his reign, graduated, and went to work for his father, descending from "king" to bill collector. A stubborn customer on the West Side owed a bill of long standing and Burke was sent to collect it, arriving in not the very best of humor. The customer took the bill, looked at it doubtfully, and shaking his head remarked that "there was going to be trouble over that bill," and as it was a warm day naturally removed his coat. To Burke, ex-king, "trouble" meant a fight, and to see the man take off his coat only strengthened his opinion. In an instant his coat was off and he was rolling up his cleaves. The customer gazed at him in astonishment. "What are you taking your coat off for?" he demanded. Burke shrugged his shoulders, his muscles playing under his loose shirt, and retorted: "You said there was going to be trouble over that bill and if there's going to be trouble you'll have company." Fearing for his safety the man paid the bill, and Burke departed.

When he arrived at the office his father accosted him.

"What are you trying to do?" he questioned.

"Why! what's the matter?" said Burke, Jr.

"Well," answered his father, "a customer of mine just called me up and wanted to know if I was hiring pugilists to collect my bills for me."

THE TALE RELATED BY RACONTEUR JOY.

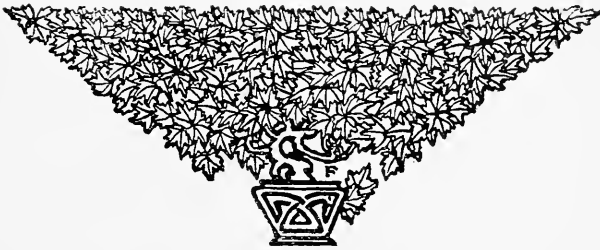
"I suppose all you fellows remember that little verse about

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Joy is a Frenchman  
And not a Jew.

which appeared in the last COLLEGIAN. Well, after that I shook Chicago's ungrateful dust from my feet and went West. For two months I lived with embryo "Virginians" and future "Roosevelts," but finally I was obliged to return to the Windy City. As I was staying at a mountain inn I had to return to civilization and a railroad via stage, said stage arriving at said inn in a sad state of decay. With fear and quaking I mounted the box, the driver cracked his whip and we were off down the mountain side. We were bowling along at a great speed, when what I had feared



happened. One of the rear wheels parted company, leaving us to run along merrily on three wheels. While passing through a narrow gauge canyon on one side, sixty-foot cut on the other, the wheel on the opposite corner said good-bye and left. As we neared the station the third wheel that "loved the stage well but its freedom better" severed its connection with it, throwing us to the ground. Looking back I saw the three wheels, one after another gaily chasing each other down the mountain side."



## Our Staff.

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The St. Ignatius COLLEGIAN bids fair to equal if not surpass the success of last year, and it has been intrusted to an able staff of editors. The business manager, Ed. O'Grady, the pretty little auburn haired hustler, has had so much experience managing certain individuals at certain South Side evening functions, that the management of the college journal will be for him a comparatively easy matter. How well he succeeds in his undertaking you may decide for yourself.

Heap Big Chief or rather Editor in Chief Chas. E. Byrne, he of the happy wit and copious flow of beautiful words, will, to use his own expression, "give to his gentle readers such goodly editorials, crystal poems and brilliant essays as ne'er before fell to the lot of mortal man."

J. P. Roche and J. E. Royce, both veteran wielders of a pungent stylus, are in charge of the college and society departments, respectively, but will find time to keep up their former reputation of good story writers. The vast field of the Academy notes will most assuredly thrive under the able care of Daniel Lord, who flourishes a graceful pen and can see the bright side of life even in the night time.

Francis Mead, a graduate of North Division and former editor of *Yellow and Blue*, North Division's paper, will give his views on the exchanges reaching the sanctum.

The musical soul of Clarence Dargan, he who wrings sweet melody from the violin, will overflow in "notes" of Music and Song.

Last, but by no means least comes the athletic editor, "Pat" Mulhern, who, owing to the lack of interest in football has no news for this issue, but turns his hand to affairs in general. This gentleman assures you that when the baseball season opens up his department will be the brightest, best and most interesting part of the whole magazine.

PATRICK J. MULHERN. '07.

## Passim.

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Dear Passim,

i cent you a pome a long tim ago entitled "Ode to a halsted st car" and now i ain't never received no ansur. it wus a bang-up pome and cost me a grate deal of labor, so if it don't show up prity soon i'm goin' to sue the "Collegian." i remain

years in the muse

john Mielcarek

"The Bard of Philosophy"

Dame Rumor had it that Millionaire Stafford was working this summer. As this sounded so unlike anything we have ever seen or heard of that gentleman we decided to investigate. When interviewed "Garnie" said: "No, I was not working this summer. Far from it, I had a position in the City Hali." As "Garnie" has the habit of taking things very easily, unless detected, we cannot but think it another case of "the right man in the right place."

The College Restaurant boasts of a new room that is comparatively expensive and superlatively exclusive. As the restaurateur demands at least the fifth part of an almighty dollar before he will allow one to bask therein in the sunlight of a beefsteak's smile or to exuberate in the presence of a veal stew the result is that the groaning board is surrounded by such plutocrats as Sackley and Dowdle, who think nothing of spending as much as twenty cents at one time, and in one place.\*

\*ONE DAY JAWN SACKLEY PAID AS HIGH AS THIRTY (30) CENTS FOR HIS LUNCH.

A certain youth in "Poetry" has been displaying the histrionic talent, which up to this time has lain dormant in his breast, by appearing mightily in a local theatrical success at one of the down-town theaters. Mr. Popperfuss' part consisted largely of donning a check suit and a college cap, and as this donning of "cap and gown" was performed in the dressing room, the only display of his talents that the audience witnessed was to see a hysterical young college chap frantically waving a red banner and yelling "Gingham" when he was given the signal. It is also reported that as a result of his theatrical experience Mr. Popperfuss is to be allowed to play the whole mob by himself in the coming college play.

Mr. Hugh Duffy is no more. With eloquent gesture and head bowed in silent, speechless grief, he has passed out of these college portals, aye, who knows but what he has passed out of our lives. He made his parting speech with flashing eye, he told us of his plans, his ambitions, how he was to enter Chicago University, then "Rush," and finally the University of the Universe, where many fail, and few get diplomas. He said he was as sorry to go, as we were to lose him, and in his fine frenzy of friendship he even invited us to partake of ice-cream at his expense. We accepted his kindness, and with the remembrance of this noble and generous act still warming, or rather cooling, our hearts toward him, he said good-bye and left us. Hugh Montmorency Duffy! oh! ye Fates, what a beau-u-tiful name to go "sounding down the halls of fame."

If you want to hear the logic of baseball expounded, and propounded, if you want to learn the merits, ancestry, religion, or batting average of any ball-player on earth, our advice to you, dear reader, is that you consult "Bud" O'Regan. "Bud" lives, dines, and studies with a "pink sheet" in one hand. He does not glance at it, or partake of it piecemeal, as we are wont, but devours it whole, digesting it, storing it in his mind for future service. If he ever fights, it's over baseball, if he ever wins a bet, it's on baseball. If he ever wins or loses a friend, it's through baseball. As supreme high apostle of baseball lore, we take off our hat to you, Mr. O'Regan.

If the students do not desist from investing their spare change in automobiles the college campus will soon resemble an automobile garage. Out of six hundred students we know of two chaps that own them (not counting Charley Joy's, which doesn't run) so you can see that at the alarming percentage of 1 to 300 we soon bid fair to be overrun by them.

'06.—What part of the 'Chrystomian" exercises remind one of going fishing?"

'07.—"De-bate."

'06.—"How did you do at the Glee Club try-out?"

'07.—"Made first bass on four bawls."

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.



In reviewing the exchanges which have accumulated since June, we sometimes pause to wonder: "Is the day of the ex-man passing?" We are new in the office and the thought is disquieting. Are we, after all, the unimportant fifth wheel retained for custom's sake? We have noticed the disregard of the rights of the exchange editor, caused by failure in those higher up to appreciate his peculiar field. Our brother editor of *The Dial* says in the July issue:

"Last month we bewailed our restricted space, but the thought of a double July number consoled us. Alas! again the official mandate is: "Push up there, please."

And worse, the order to "push up there, please," is accepted in a spirit of relief rather than martyrdom.

Now, we do not consider ourself a new force in the field of college journalism, but we assert right here that we are not going to "push up there, please" in obedience to any official mandate. We do not mean to dismiss our duties by any such notice as the following, clipped from *The Bee* of Berlin, Ontario:

"The Exchange Editor having taken his leave in June, we are unable to review the many fine exchanges received."

We are going to be here every issue, we are going to praise where we can and blame where we must, but when it comes to crowding the exchange column down to a list of "Exchanges Received," we will close up shop and go where our talents are more appreciated.

The most noteworthy article in the college journals before us, and, we may add, one of the most remarkable pieces of work we have seen in college journalism appears in the July issue of *The St. Thomas Collegian*. It is a Latin rendition by W. J. Luby, of the well-known Shakespearian oration of Mark Anthony over the body of Caesar.

It is difficult to find words to express our appreciation of this effort, which would not at the same time verge on the extravagant. The rare combination of fidelity to the English original and elegant and idiomatic Latin, Mr. Luby has struck with the most happy result. Would it be too much to say that the great Triumvir, second only to Cicero in the classic age of Roman oratory, might well have been satisfied with the latinity of this twentieth century scholar? We take pleasure in quoting the introductory passage:

Quirites, favete linguis. Sepeliendi causa Caesaris adsum, non laudandi. Dum malum hominibus patratum vitae est superstes, bonum cum ossibus saepe funeratur. Sic in Caesare fiat. Brutus quidem, vir nobilis, vobis dixit Caesarem fuisse rerum cupidum—id quod culpae fuisset gravi, cui graviter hic respondit. At hoc loco pace Bruti et ceterorum—honestissimi credo cujusque—Caesaris funeri concionator adsum.

Illo utebar aequo et fideli; et eundem fuisse rerum appetentem affirmat Brutus, homo si quis alius honestissimus. Captivos Romanos plurimos reduxit quorum pretio redemptorum aerarium replebatur. An hoc in Caesare videbatur avidum? Si pauper clamaret, flebat Caesar—ambitio mehercle debet esse res severior—at summas eum res ambire ait Brutus, homo quippe honestissimus. Vos omnes vidistis me illi Lupercalibus apicem ter praebuisse quem ter idem recusavit. An hoc sapivit regnum? Attamen hunc fuisse regnandi cupidum dicit Brutus, vir profecto honestissimus. Cujus verbis non contradico sed praesto sum quid sane sciam affirmaturus."

"Fancy's Review," a poem occupying the place of honor in *The St. Mary's Collegian* for October is a model of smoothness. But the poet causes us merriment rather than tears by this vivid recollection of a favorite dog.

"And dear little Fido—ah! his was the pleasure,

How he trembled with joy in the game, "Hide and Seek."

While he buried his head, did his tail beat a measure,

In his eyes was the love that his tongue couldn't speak."

From St. Ignatius college in New South Wales comes *Our Alma Mater*, in many respects as far above the average college journal, as its place of publication is distant from our own beloved St. Ignatius College. Its artistic appearance and clear half-tones are a pleasure to the eye, but when we come to the exchange column, oh, what a falling off! More than five pages are devoted to a re-

print of the nice things said about *Our Alma Mater* by other college papers, and not one line of comment on the good qualities of these same exchanges. Let us recall to our contemporary the gospel of "give and take."

"The author of 'The Battle of Mukden' in the 'H. S. Review' is a very high order."—*Purple and White*.

We are curious to know whether the sentence quoted above is due to carelessness on the part of the ex-man, the compositor or the proof-reader.

FRANCIS MEAD, '07.

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## BEST THINGS FROM THE EXCHANGES.

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### DIVES.

Dead, dead, dead,  
 And his soul gone down to Hell!  
 Ah, what doth it profit the rich man  
 That in life he fared so well?

In linen and purple enshrouded,  
 The corse on its bier looks well.  
 But what doth it profit the rich man  
 Whose soul is down in Hell?

With cortege all splendid they bear him  
 To a marble tomb in the dell.  
 But what doth it profit the rich man  
 Whose soul is burning in Hell?

Lost, lost, lost,  
 For loving earth's goods too well!  
 Ah, what do they all now profit  
 That rich man's soul in Hell?

—*Our Alma Mater*.

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Hobbies help one to forget sorrow and give us pleasure in the present. They are among the best things in life—promoters of health, peace and happiness.—*Mangalore Magazine*.

His face is white, his cough is tight,  
 Like pipe-stems are his legs;  
 With slender wrists, his puny fists,  
 Are just the size of eggs;  
 And through his nose, the smoke he blows—  
 A trick he ne'er forgets—  
 Then drawls: "I feel, I've grown genteel  
 From smoking cigarettes."

—*St. Mary's Collegian.*

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A merely superficial study of the principles underlying psychology must convince science of the existence of a distinctly rational element in human nature, and rationality is synonymous with immortality. Science must instinctively turn to rational, as the necessary complement of empirical psychology, and seek in its principles the explanation of the other's many phenomena. The empiricist should understand that the field of his operations is limited to the sensible universe, and that to push his investigation beyond this is to attempt the impossible.—*The College Spokesman.*

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The memorizing of master-pieces has a beneficial influence in character-building. Just as what is gross has "weight to drag us down," so what is noble and good will elevate us and make us think and act from its high plane. Then what a pleasure to have always at one's command the beautiful thoughts and the beautiful words of great poets and orators. They will be our companions through life and lighten many a heavy hour and brighten many a gloomy prospect.—*Pittsburg College Bulletin.*

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Newman was more to his time than was any of his contemporaries. He had the education of Macaulay, the culture of Arnold, the idealistic spirit of Emerson; but, over and above this, he had what they did not possess, a deep spiritual insight. His standard of judgment was higher than that of any leader of thought in his time. His intense mental grasp of subjects was more comprehensive, his positions were more clearly defined and more easily understood than any of the writers of his age. He did not stop at the external and material view of things. External proofs, worldly principles or human authorities were not enough, he must



have something besides this. He must judge by things spiritual. He must see the relation between the spiritual and the temporal, the law of God and the laws of men, before his judgment would be rendered. As he himself says: "Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God." It is because of this view of things that his principles are so clear, that his proofs are so absolute, that his works are so true. He was guided by an ideal of the highest kind, one which was rooted in the true knowledge of the Divinity.—*Niagara Index.*

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Father Ryan was a true poet. Had he made poetry his profession, had souls not been worth more to him than songs, he would have shared the laurels of Poe. Poetic feeling, a poetic mind, and the power of vivid expression were his. He always touches the heart, and always makes us feel his kinship with us. His songs are almost always simplicity itself.—*The Redwood.*









"Glory to God in the Highest."

## A Wish.

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Ah, hear the wish I send to thee,

Merry may thy Christmas be!

Every happiness and cheer,

Riches, health and virtue here,

Right and straight thy pathway be,

Yes, all of this I wish to thee.

Christ, our God, is born to-day,

Happy angels sing their lay;

Re-echo in thy heart their song,

In all thy way, thy path along.

Sweet through life with thee abide,

The happiness of Christmastide,

Merry may thy Christmas be,

And mayst thou with Him united be,

Sweet Jesus, our Love, in Eternity!

James Emmet Royce, '08.

# The St. Ignatius Collegian

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No. 2.

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## The Jesuits in Chicago.

A History of Holy Family Church  
and St. Ignatius College.

II.

(1858-1860)

ON THE last day of the year 1857, the Te Deum of Thanksgiving chanted by the congregation in the little church of The Holy Family went up from grateful hearts. The rapid growth of the parish and the zeal of the people may be gathered from the fact that in this first year, 192 children had been baptized, sixteen thousand confessions had been heard and twenty thousand Holy Communions distributed. Besides this, the frame church was already taxed beyond its capacity and a temporary addition had been made; the new and handsome church, to cost \$130,000, was rising steadily from its foundations and a school had been opened for the training and instruction of the children,—few parishes could show such results within a year from their erection and the criticism leveled against Father Damen for his temerity in choosing a site on the unpeopled prairie was silenced forever.

No wonder, then, that these zealous pioneers were proud of their church and parish, and brought from their little savings a generous tithe to meet the enormous expenses already incurred; and yet the sum fell far short of what was needed. Day after day Father Damen would go through the city with a Catholic layman to beg for his church and his people. His winning personality and straightforward appeals met with success, yet all he could bring together was only a part of the sum required.

The year 1857 is memorable in our annals for a great national panic which closed the doors of a hundred banks and commercial houses, crippled industry and obliged even the generous to be niggardly in their charities. Moreover, the earnest priest met with occasional rebuffs which fortunately had no effect on his even good nature. The Rev. Dr. James J. McGovern relates one of these instances in his entertaining work, "The Catholic Church in Chicago."

"The Catholic who was Father Damen's guide during this collection often told the following incident: 'We called upon a well known business man in those days, and the moment we entered I noticed a good-sized frown spread over the countenance of the man. Father Damen presented his case in a cheerful, yet deferential manner, but was met with the unexpected rebuff: "I have no money to give for the support of frogs and wild ducks." To this Father Damen replied that he did not propose to labor for such a purpose, but for the good of the church and the working people who were settling over on the southwest prairie. The man at this turned his back, and, taking a dollar from a large roll of bills, handed it over his shoulder to Father Damen. I shook my head at the father not to take the amount, but he did and respectfully thanked the giver. "Father," I protested when we reached the sidewalk, "why did you take that paltry dollar?" "Well, my good friend," said Father Damen, smiling good naturedly, "every little helps."'"

With all these difficulties confronting him, Father Damen did not for an instant doubt of his ultimate success, or hesitate in bidding the work go on. It was the Lord's work, and "the Lord would provide." The plans he conceived were always on a generous scale and the question of expense was merely incidental. Such a principle, had he failed, might have been open to criticism, but Father Damen did not fail. Whatever he undertook was carried through to a successful issue, and this fact speaks eloquently not only for his energy and business ability, but also for his strong faith and simple confidence in God.

And so, with the resources of the parish and city drained in providing means for the new parish, Father Damen set out "without scrip or purse" through the cities and towns of the middle west to beg for the needs of his people in Chicago. During the autumn of 1858 and the winter and spring which followed he passed from town to town, preaching missions with zeal and fervor

and begging alms for his church. At last, in the summer of 1859, success had rewarded his efforts and the financial means were assured.

During all this time, however, Father Damen was never very long away from his people. One who has lived in the parish from its earliest days recalls the fact that, during all the years in which Father Damen was engaged in giving missions through the length and breadth of the country, he rarely failed to be present in the pulpit of The Holy Family Church on the great feast-days of the year. He would frequently travel hundreds of miles, reaching Chicago on the eve of the festival, appear in the pulpit at the high mass, and be gone again on the morrow.

It was Father Damen's purpose not merely to provide a church for the faithful but to unite the people closely together as one family by means of organizations which should not only foster piety and prayer, but provide social entertainment as well. In this, as in all else, the people responded warmly to his efforts. The first of these associations was the Sodality of the Married Men, organized August 22, 1858. Until the Young Men's Sodality was founded, some ten years later, it was commonly known, however, as the Gentlemen's Sodality. It was the nucleus for various good works in the parish and gave active help to the pastors, especially in conducting the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Sunday School Association, the Holy Family Temperance and Benevolent Association and kindred societies. It gave most of the ushers to the church and aided in collecting means to build the schools and pay church debts. Very few, if any, of the foundation members still survive. Messrs. Michael J. Considine, Michael R. Carmody, Patrick Eustace and Bernard Denvir died within the last year.

The building of the Sodality Hall was the special work of the Sodality. The basement of the church was found a dreary and inconvenient place of meeting, and for over ten years the Married Men supported a sinking fund for the purpose of erecting a Sodality building. They imposed frequent assessments on the members and curtailed expenses with this end in view; they bought two lots on the north side of Eleventh street and turned these over to the pastors, and finally contributed generously from their sinking fund to defray expenses on the building. It must be allowed, however, that all the Sodalities contributed to the work and aided the various bazaars whose earnings helped to



finish and furnish it. Yet, the credit of planning the building and having it erected is due to the active and self-denying energy of the Married Men's Sodality.

About twenty years after its foundation, the membership had risen to between 1,200 and 1,300. On Communion Sunday, for many a year, the parade through the streets around the church with their own brass band was the pride of the parish. Of late years, owing to the exodus of families to the suburbs, the membership has fallen to 700 and the old band has undergone changes and lost its former character. The Married Men's Sodality is still a great credit to the parish, and as long as faith and piety flourish it is considered an honor and a pledge of Catholic manhood to belong to it. It still controls the work of those societies that it helped to establish in the parish, and its present vitality and generosity is proclaimed by the clock in the church tower, a gift from the Society on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

During the year 1859, the jubilee granted to the whole world by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX. was preached after the manner of a mission by the Reverend Superior. The fame of Father Damen's oratory had gradually spread through the city of Chicago and thousands were turned away nightly from the doors of the small church. Those fortunate enough to secure seats came early in the evening and waited patiently for hours for the exercises to begin,—no small tribute of esteem to the father's eloquence. During the month of May a similar scene was enacted; night after night the church was thronged with those who came to do honor to the mother of God. Father Damen's words of confidence, "I shall draw the people to me" were amply fulfilled.

The year 1859 marks the organization of another society which, in the half century of its existence, has accomplished an amount of goods that cannot be measured or estimated on earth, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. This order, founded in 1835 by Frederick Ozanam, has spread through the world the work of the Good Samaritan. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to harbor the harborless, has been its mission and its pride. The credit of first bringing this society into the city of Chicago belongs to the early founders of the Holy Family Parish. Since that time the work has prospered and increased, until today twenty-six different parishes support their own conferences and carry on the spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

Another society, founded in the following year, claims for its members a word of eulogy and admiration. It was natural that the piety of the parishioners should show itself in the younger generation, in the boys reared under home environments conducive to strong faith and educated in Catholic schools by the principles of Christian manhood. This spirit of piety manifested itself by the formation of the Acolythical Society in the year 1860.

For five and forty years, generation after generation of these young and sturdy Catholics have kept up the traditions of the past; coming from their homes, early and late, in winter and summer, through snow and rain to serve at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and offer the devotion of their young hearts to God. And that devotion has not gone unrewarded. The graces poured out in the morning of their lives have contributed to make of these boys in after years the upright, Christian men whose lives have been a credit to their training and a glory to their Faith, while many a zealous priest and religious can recall the days at the steps of the altar when he first heard the Master's voice, bidding him leave all things to follow Christ.

By the close of the year 1859, the new church was roofed over, and during the months which followed, the zeal of pastors and people urged on the work with redoubled vigor. Finally, on Sunday, August 26, 1860, all was in readiness, and in the presence of thirteen archbishops and bishops, a large assembly of the clergy and a congregation which thronged the great edifice to the doors, the present Church of The Holy Family was solemnly consecrated.

The printed program of the ceremonies should prove of interest to those who have thus far followed the fortunes of the parish in the present sketch:

## SOLEMN CONSECRATION

OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY FAMILY,  
West Twelfth Street,

On Sunday, August 26, 1860.

Consecrator: RT. REV. DR. DUGGAN, Bishop of Chicago.

## SOLEMN PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS:

*Celebrant*—Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston.

*Assistant Priest*—Very Rev. D. Dunn, V. G., of Chicago.

*Deacons of Honor*—Rev. Father Desmedt, S. J.;

Rev. Father Muller, C. S. S. R.

*Deacon of Office*—Rev. Mr. Powers.

*Subdeacon*—Rev. Mr. Dillon.

*Masters of Ceremonies*—Very Rev. P. Hennaert and Rev. Dr. Butler.

*Cantores*—Rev. Messrs. Sullivan, Lyons, Muller, Powers, Mager, Jacobs.

*Crossbearer*—Rev. Mr. Terry.

## CHAPLAINS OF ARCH-BISHOPS AND BISHOPS.

Rev. Fathers Cooseman, Corbitt, Maes, Trevis, Cavalage, Donlon, Larkin,  
Clarkson, Donahoe, Van den Drieschen, Stephens and Lapointe.

Ceremonies commence at Nine o'clock, A. M.

Most Rev'd Archbishop of St. Louis will preach the Consecration Sermon.

## SERMONS DURING THE CEREMONY:

In English—Rt. Rev. Dr. Carroll, Bishop of Covington, Ky.

In German—Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni, Bishop of Milwaukee, Wis.

In French—Rt. Rev. Dr. de St. Palais, Bishop of Vincennes, Ia.

## IN THE SANCTUARY AND PROCESSION:

Rt. Rev. Dr. Smyth, Bishop of Dubuque; Rt. Rev. Dr. Juncker, Bishop of  
Alton; Rt. Rev. Dr. Grace, Bishop of St. Paul; Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan,  
Bishop of Nashville; Rt. Rev. Dr. Lefevre, Bishop of Detroit; Rt. Rev.  
Dr. Luers, Bishop of Ft. Wayne; Rt. Rev. Dr. Timon, Bishop of  
Buffalo.

Mozart's Twelfth Mass will be sung, accompanied by full Orchestra, by  
the united Choirs of the Holy Name, St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, St. Francis'  
and the Holy Family.

(To be continued.)

## The Gray Ghost.

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(This story received first place in the prize story contest.)

**W**ALTHER was an extremely eccentric and enthusiastic amateur motorist. What greater combination for portending trouble can be imagined?

The former was an inherent quality and the latter an adopted one, but they were equally characteristic of the man.

It must have been shortly after midnight on Christmas Eve, when he entered my room and with no consideration of the depth of my slumber nor the interesting quality of my dreams, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and scattered beyond recall the fancies of a certain sweet face which somehow of late had been in the habit of ornamenting my sleeping hours.

"Well, Jerry," he said, "do you feel equal to a spin in the new machine, this morning?"

The emphasis he put on the *machine* always betrays the officious amateur. Walther was still dressed in his working clothes—he does not call them that for an amateur never cares to admit that he is working—and I saw that he had not retired. But sleep to me was still too sweet for utterance so I bunched the pillow into a new shape, poked it back under my head, and was about to recourt the face with the yellow curls when Fred's voice broke in again.

"The new 'FIAT' just came in tonight and I've been uncrating her; she's a beaut!" He was as enthusiastic as a child with a new doll. "You'd better stick your duds on and we'll go out and try her," he rambled on as he saw my attention was not overly-well fastened on his remarks.

I didn't seem destined to get much more sleep so I arose, not without much grumbling, and put on my clothes. As soon as he saw I was on my way up, Walther had hastened below and stood at the curb as if reluctant to leave his pet alone for an instant.

She was certainly an elaborate "set of plumbing on wheels," as some one puts it, painted a soft gray with a broad band of black encircling the entire body. Walther's description was extremely figurative and not over-luminous, mixed with plentiful vague references to "endurance features," "cylinder expansion,"

and "speed-shifts," and a lot more jargon; but I finally gathered that the "Gray Ghost," as he had dubbed her, was a 90 H. P. "FIAT," and developed a speed of some seventy miles an hour.

A trial spin at midnight he did not seem to consider anything extraordinary, for he already had the motor humming merrily, and, with a jerk here and a twist there, leaped upon the seat and taking the wheel, motioned me to a place beside him. With the sweet hum of new, well-oiled machinery, the FIAT started, and gathering headway, rolled easily out across the plain.

We had been making our home in this little town of N——, hidden, even from the maps, somewhere in the midst of the Western prairies, in the hope of finding some big game to spin yarns about for the rest of our existence; but our bag so far had been limited to the game the landlord and the townsmen had made up, probably thinking we were the worst species of "tenderfeet."

The night was cold, clear and still. The winter moon hung in an almost cloudless sky, but her starry train seemed loath to shine. The road was in excellent condition, solid and smooth as asphalt, the light snow but serving to pack it harder. The night-capped fence posts seemed blacker still contrasted with the curtain of white behind; here and there a darkened cottage slipped by into the night.

We had covered perhaps two score miles in the sweet serenity and comfort of a motor owner while the motor works, when—well of course something happened! Did any one ever go auto-riding yet that *something* did not happen?

It was not an explosion, nor a smash-up, but just a quiet and sensible slackening of speed, till at length the machine came to a gentle stop and left us stranded in an ocean of Western plain. As if the player's union had struck in the midst of a production of "Hamlet," the "ghost," refused to walk. Walther climbed down from his seat, donned a grease-proof coat and dived into the bowels of the thing. After a moment's puttering he reappeared and announced that:

"The confounded chain has taken it into its head to drop off back there somewhere, and we'll have to trot back after it, that's all!"

To use a popular phrase—"it's the little things in life that count." It was true in this case. A small bolt, which held, or should have held, together the ends of the driving chain, had

worked itself loose, the chain extremities had parted, and the whole was probably lying somewhere in the road behind us. Walther turned up his coat collar, pulled down his cap, returned about two hundred yards up the road and came back with the truant chain and bolt in his hand.

Then came the "cussing place."

In the hurry of unfreighting the FIAT, tools and tool-box had been entirely overlooked, and now we stood forty miles from town with no sign of a wrench or a practical substitute. For a moment we considered the matter, then, looking around, we espied perhaps a mile out across the trackless sage brush, a square of light upon the sky—the sole evidence that a lone cottage nestled there. Fortune might favor us in there finding a wrench.

Picking up his pocket flash lamp from the seat, Fred stepped out of the gleam of the headlights and vanished.

For a while I amused myself with looking over the new machine. I am not a novice at motors and motor-cars, having even been guilty of owning and running one myself, but the fever had never attacked, nor gained possession of me as it had of Fred. But this soon grew monotonous, so I climbed back into the seat to wait Walther's return.

The night had changed since we began our ride; heavy clouds had overspread the sky, the moon had hidden behind them, and here and there a downy snow-flake fluttered about on the air.

We had left the cultivated fields and fences behind us, and naked prairie stretched away on either hand. The clear and dismal howl of a wolf sounded from the hills as he snuffed around seeking food. A companion yelp answered him louder and more clearly from the other side, and now a responsive chorus echoed their cry. The wind had risen, and with a shudder I turned up my collar and snuggled up against the seat, an unwelcome feeling of loneliness coming over me.

"Well, that much is done and now we'll be out of here in a jiffy."

It seemed Fred must have sprung up from the ground, so sudden was his appearance and the sound of his voice. He had found the house and the desired wrench, and the necessary repair was quickly made. Fred arose from under the machine and picked up his lamp and the tool.

"I'll have to return this wrench now, Jerry," he said. "It won't take a minute and then we'll be on our way. It's a nuisance to keep you alone here, but you don't mind, do you old chap?"

Of course I didn't mind, or at least I didn't care to mention it. I am not naturally a coward to be afraid of the dark, but it is not any fun to be alone on the plains unarmed after midnight while a pack of not any too friendly wolves sing serenades to you, and lick their chops in anticipation of how good your chops will taste. I might have suggested that we wait and return the wrench in the morning or some other time, but Walther had already gone.

The night was pitch dark, save for a shifting curtain of the falling snow. The rising wind whirled the flakes about in ceaseless eddies and tiny drifts began to form upon the warm hood and cushions of the machine and melted there. The savage cries of the wolves echoed nearer now; their number had increased until quite a band were tracking the virgin snow among the foot-hills as though rehearsing a dramatization of one of Thompson Seton's novels. Their savage yelps were fiercer still and they seemed to be running in ever decreasing circles about me as if fearing to enter into the glare of the head-light.

I have said before that I am not a coward by nature, but reckless courage is not one of my virtues. For my part I found no pleasure or glory in remaining longer on the prairie to become Christmas dinner for a pack of heathen wolves. If Walther cared to remain longer out here, he might, but for my part I was going.

As I thought thus I began to move toward the FIAT. Suddenly a howl louder and more fierce than its fellows broke from the darkness a few yards away, and was followed by another. One of the brutes had evidently mustered courage to make an open attack.

That was enough—I jumped into the seat, grasped the wheel and whirled the throttle to its limit. I thankfully heard the sharp explosions as the cylinders swung into their tireless work. I felt for the speed-shift and clutch, but the arrangement of the car was new to me, and instead of ahead, the auto started swiftly on the reverse.

A third savage howl came from the brute, now only a few feet distant, and I knew he had paused to spring. After a sec-

ond's fumbling that seemed an hour, I found the right lever, and shot in the "full speed ahead." There was a cry from behind and a heavy body struck the tonneau, as the car gathered headway and leaped up the narrow roadway.

It was "out the frying pan" with a vengeance now; instead of being on the open ground with a chance to fight single handed for my life, I was crowded into a racing car flying at a mile a minute with the most savage of the brutes on the seat behind. If I hesitated a moment—if my hand but trembled on the wheel—the rushing car would seek the ditch and both lives would be forfeited. If I remained at the wheel—ugh. I could almost feel the brute's fangs now as they buried themselves in my neck. The suspense was terrible.

Another wild shriek from the foe behind; I could hear his angry breathing—feel his foam flecked breath upon my cheek. He was about to strike. Now I felt the heavy body rise, gather itself to spring. I could not look, I could not think, I could not pray. I could only hold to the machine with the insane hope of escaping an enemy whose speed increased with my own.

Now —.

I felt a gentle hand laid upon my shoulder and Walther's voice sounded from the depths of the tonneau.

"Jerry," he said, "I guess you've had enough for tonight, let's go home." He climbed over into the driver's seat and took the wheel from my nerveless fingers.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.





## A Christmas Song.

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HE shepherds' song, the plains among,  
 Dies softly with the shades of Even,  
 The wearied sheep, now folded sleep,  
 And peace is wafted down from Heaven.

Sleep, shepherds, sleep, with happy hearts a-glowing,  
 Sleep, shepherds, slumber lambkins, softest zephyrs blowing.

Oh, list! the song of angel throng,  
 Upon the midnight air is pouring,  
 Peace girdles earth at Love's sweet birth,  
 A hymn of Joy is heavenward soaring.

Sing, seraphs, sing, in the roseate heavens flying,  
 Sing, seraphs, rejoice, ye mortals, the age of sin is dying.

The music dies and from the skies,  
 Those beauteous forms are gone forever,  
 But from our soul, while ages roll,  
 That song, that peace, shall pass,—ah, never!

Farewell, spirits, farewell, we have learned your gladsome tiding,  
 The Son of God, of woman born, amongst us is abiding.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.

## Reflections.

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*(This story received a special award in our prize story contest.)*

**T**HERE is a certain mirror in my room that has a particular fascination for me. No, it is not because I am so remarkably egotistical, but it is because of the peculiar incident which occurred in connection with it. Of course, I can't vouch for the truth of this entire story, for I may have dreamed it. With regard to the prophecies which the mirror made, time alone can prove them. It happened in this way:

I had been sitting at my table engaged in preparing my lessons for the following day. (Of course Quinn will say that it must have been a dream since I am supposed to be studying. But we'll let that pass.) The work became very tiresome (Xenophon usually is), and I could feel my eyes closing involuntarily. But suddenly my eye happened to rest on the mirror, and then a wonderful thing happened. My reflection stepped down from out the frame and walked toward me!

"I see so little of you," he said, bowing stiffly; "for you spend so little time before the mirror that I seized this opportunity to converse with you."

"Now, that's very kind of you," I said; "you're really quite a thoughtful sort of chap."

"Of course, I'm thoughtful," he replied. "Why shouldn't I be? Isn't my whole life spent in reflections?"

"Oh, my! what a terrible pun!" I said.

He looked offended and said:

"You put much worse jokes than that in the Academic Section."

I saw the affair was taking a personal turn, so I hastily changed the subject.

"What is your object in coming here tonight?"

He seemed to be considering something for he was deep in thought. At last he said:

"I am going to show you the future life of some of your St. Ignatius friends. Watch the mirror closely and vision will follow vision in rapid succession."

Into the depths of the mirror I gazed; but instead of my own image, I saw what seemed to be the interior of a large church. The pews were crowded, and all interest seemed to be centered upon two figures, a man and a woman who stood before the altar. A white robed priest had just raised his hand, and I saw the congregation rise. Then the couple at the altar turned, and followed by the wedding party descended into the aisle. I peered forward eagerly, and then suddenly cried:

"Why, the man is Quinn!"

"True," responded my reflection.

Swiftly the thought struck me.

"And the bride is ——!"

"That is she," said my reflection, interrupting my remarks.

Then my eye fell upon the organist, who was evidently performing the wedding march.

"Why that looks like our old friend, Mr. Hutter!"

"Of course," shortly said No. 2.

"Well," I ejaculated; "I always thought Quinn would play his own wedding march."

But just then the vision vanished. I was about to speak to my companion, but he quickly bade me look once more at the mirror.

This time, I beheld a large drawing-room, in which stood a number of persons in evening dress. In the center of the room I beheld —— Royce.

"He seems to be right in it," I gasped.

"Indeed he is," he responded; "he's the lion of the season. His new book, 'Benjamin's Goodbye,' is the best selling book of the year."

"I see he still exercises the same discriminating care in his choice of companions."

"Well," said No. 2; "I must say I admire his taste."

Before I could reply the vision or rather "visions," vanished.

Again the scene is changed, and I seemed to be gazing into the operating room of a hospital. Who was it who bent so carefully over the figure on the operating table? Divining my thoughts my companion said:

"That is the famous surgeon, Gaughan!"

"Why," I couldn't help but say, "I never thought he would be a surgeon."

"Oh, I don't know," he responded, "you know he always was a great cut-up."

I turned to expostulate over this second offense, and when I looked once more into the mirror the previous scene had vanished, and a new one held its place.

Before me stretched a miniature base ball diamond, and there guarding first base was Morrison.

The batter hit the ball, the short-stop picked it up and threw it to first. It sailed high in the air, but Morrison sprang in the air, and descended on the bag with the ball in his hand. The runner was out. Then the multitude rose in the grandstands and waved their arms, and I saw Morrison bow and smile.

"Did you see him go after that high-ball?" I cried.

"Yes," my reflection said sorrowfully; "and he used to be such a strong temperance advocate."

"If you crack another joke like that I'll crack your mirrored face."

But he only gave me a glassy stare.

Just then my attention was arrested by two persons who advanced and shook Morrison by the hand. When my companion noted my inquiring gaze, he said:

"The smaller of the two is Carroll, the manager of the team, the other is McGeever, the celebrated base ball authority, and sporting editor of the Daily Bark."

Once more the transformation occurred. This time I was looking into what seemed to be a private office. There sat two men, evidently deep in business. The man at the desk I did not know, but the one that sat near him was Sackley.

"What is his profession?" I inquired.

"He is now travelling for a large firm in New York, and their most trusted agent."

"What are his specialties?"

"Spoons," responded my companion.

"I don't know whether you mean that for a joke or not, but we'll let it go."

Again the invisible scene-shifters went to work, and this time they presented to view a large stage, upon which was a full brass band. A figure in a brilliant uniform, emblazoned with a number of medals appeared, and, after bowing, mounted the leader's stand, and stood with baton suspended.



ST. AMBROSE AND THE EMPEROR  
Scene from the College Play "The Last of the Gladiators."



"Why, that is Wertz!" I cried.

"Yes," said my companion, "he is called the second Sousa."

"His uniform is grand enough for a Pullman conductor."

"True, but he is a conductor of Wagner, not Pullman."

And so the various events passed before my wondering gaze. Some I dare not tell for fear of flattering the persons too highly, but let me say that all were good; the boys of today were all ornaments to society, and credits to their Alma Mater.

At last a scene appeared, and in the central figure I recognized myself. But really, boys, of you are curious to know my future, I think it would be best if you were to inquire from headquarters.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.

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## Christmas Eve.

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VE of Christmas, still and holy,  
Lit by many a star above,  
Soon thy stillness will be broken,  
By our throbbing hymns of love.

Christmas morn! The anthem's swelling.  
List! the Christmas church bells ring  
Let us hasten to adore him,  
Infant God and lowly King.

Grant, O Christ, each hallowed Christmas  
Find thy peace within our hearts.  
May they ever burn transpierced  
By thine own love-tempered darts.

EDMUND M. SINNOTT, '08.

## The College Play.

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"The play's the thing," said one William Shakespeare, some 300 years ago, and "the play's the thing" just now at St. Ignatius College. The particular play just now is "The Last of the Gladiators," by Mr. John D. McCarthy, S. J.

This miracle drama, which the students and musical societies of St. Ignatius College will present on the afternoons of Dec. 28th and 29th at Powers' Theater, created a furore in the East, where it was brilliantly produced by the students of St. Xavier's College. *Blasé* critics who had come to scoff or at least to sleep, sat up in their opera chairs and pronounced it professional material handled by a professional dramatist, and it is said that Mr. Charles Frohman deemed it worthy of a metropolitan production if feminine characters could be introduced. With such a dramatic offering success must seem assured.

The plot hinges on two historical incidents: The massacre at Thessalonica by Theodosius' barbarian hordes, and the refusal of Archbishop Ambrose to admit the Emperor to the divine service until he had expiated his crime. The action of the play is centred around Telemachus, an impetuous youth, whose mother and sister were slain by Theodosius' troops at Thessalonica, and who himself escaped only to be imprisoned. Crazed by grief and torn by hatred for the Emperor and the religion he represents, Telemachus, in a stirring scene, denounces the Church and Christ. Then to his amazement Archbishop Ambrose refuses entrance to the Emperor, although his life is threatened by Theodosius' courtiers. This display of moral courage and fortitude is the means of reconciling Telemachus with his Church and God. Telemachus then turns hermit and lives a lonely life for fourteen years in the mountains of Asia, where news is brought him by Glabrio, a ne'er-do-well adventurer and soldier of fortune, that the Emperor Honorius, Theodosius' successor, is to hold a triumph in honor of his victorious generals, and that gladiatorial combats are to form part of the games. Urged on by Glabrio and the poet Prudentius, whom he meets fleeing from Rome because of the combats, Telemachus presses on to Rome, endeavors to see the Emperor and beseech him to stop the fights, but he is



too late. The last act, which is one of the strongest it has ever been our pleasure to witness, transpires in the gladiatorial quarters of the Coliseum. The gladiators are there waiting the trumpet call to demand their presence in the arena, when Telemachus, weary and footsore, supported by Prudentius arrives. He beseeches the gladiators not to fight, and implores Titus, their dictator, to take him to Honorius. Titus tells him he is sorry but it is impossible, and the gladiators march out into the arena and salute the Emperor. Then Telemachus realizes that if the combats are to be stopped a human life must be the price, and before he can be stopped he rushes into the arena, stops the combats, and meets his fate at the hands of the infuriated and blood-thirsty populace.

Mr. William Magee, who is familiar to all because of the deep impression he has created in both oratorical and elocution contests in the past, will enact the powerful and tragic role of Telemachus. It could not be in better hands. The part of Glabrio, the jovial soldier of fortune who has his serious moments, has fallen to the lot of Mr. Charles E. Byrne, editor of THE COLLEGIAN. In this part, the high comedy role of the drama, a part rich in Falstaffian humor, and second only in importance to the role of Telemachus, Mr. Byrne is aptly cast. Robert Hoffman, who was the Peasant in last year's production, will enact the courageous Archbishop Ambrose, while Mr. Charles Joy, last year's Angel, will this year employ his angelic features to delineate the role of Prudentius, the poet. Mr. Edward O'Grady, universally liked and a veteran in college dramatics, will be seen as Titus, a Roman general and dictator of the games. Mr. Thometz is cast as Caius, Mr. Chouinard as Carpilio, and Mr. Gorman as Marcus, the one villainous role in the drama. Messrs. Lord and O'Connor will enact the roles of Emperors Theodosius and Honorius respectively; Mr. Murphy that of Rufinus, Theodosius' prime minister. The chief gladiators will be portrayed by Messrs. Trainor, Venn, and Cronin. Francis Furlong will play the Boy.

The college may consider itself unusually fortunate in its selection of a dramatic coach. Mr. Frederick Karr, who has long played "leads" with Otis Skinner and other stars, finally forsaking the footlights for dramatic teaching and reading, has had

full charge of the rehearsals and under his fully capable direction they have reached a successful culmination.

The College Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Pribyl, will be enlisted to supply the incidental music, and the ever efficient and popular Glee Club, under Mr. Clemens Hutter's capable direction, will appear to advantage in a soldiers' chorus, and as well-cast supernumeraries.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE, '08.

## Christmas Bells.



WHILE listening to the Christmas Bells  
Which faintly through the morn  
Reecho, Hark! the chiming swells  
Tell us the Christ is born.  
In vision can we clearly see  
The darkened Bethlehem cave,  
Where Jesus, Lord of land and sea  
Has come, all men to save.

Outside the cave, the shepherds stand  
And guard the timid sheep,  
Lest some fierce wolf disturb the band,  
Whils't they are wrapped in sleep.  
A dazzling light illumines the sky,  
And through the darkness ring  
Celestial anthems, as on high  
The glorious Angels sing.

And listening to the Christmas Bell  
Reecho through the morn,  
We hear the Angel voices tell  
That Christ again is born;  
They tell how each should give his heart  
Unto the Infant King  
They tell how each should take his part  
And glad hosannas sing.

JAMES E. O'BRIEN '08.

## The Annual Alumni Dinner.

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*A Catholic Law School in Chicago.*

**I**N the tastily decorated banquet hall of the Great Northern Hotel about a hundred old students of St. Ignatius College gathered on Wednesday evening, November 15th, for the annual alumni dinner. The grace was pronounced by the Rev. Henry J. Dumbach, S. J., president of St. Ignatius College and during the course of the dinner, the College Orchestra rendered an entertaining programme under the leadership of Prof. Joseph F. Pribyl, faculty director.

After the dinner was concluded and the guests had lighted their cigars, Mr. Bernard McDevitt, Jr., president of the association, requested the toastmaster, Mr. Michael V. Kannally, to introduce the formal programme, which he did in a happy vein of pleasantry.

MR. CHARLES S. WINSLOW.

The first toast, "Education," was responded to by Mr. Charles S. Winslow in a scholarly address. He reviewed the progress of education from the remotest antiquity and spoke of its power in the upraising of the great monarchies of ancient days, alluded to "the dim rushlight of learning" kept alive by the religious orders in the darkness of feudal days, and closed with an earnest appeal for that religious education which could alone preserve honesty and honor in these later days when education divorced from morality was a growing menace of personal and civic corruption.

MR. HARRY OLSON.

The toastmaster then introduced Mr. Harry Olson, assistant state's attorney, an alumnus of St. Mary's College. Mr. Olson provoked a spirit of merriment by amusing reminiscences of the pioneer days of his Alma Mater and his own share therein. Then turning from a lighter to a more serious vein of thought, Mr. Olson made an appeal for "the men who could do things," the men who alone could stand in the forefront of modern industrial activity. The day of the dreamer and the idealist, the speaker thought, was over, but the men "who did things," were the men whom the world today seeks after, honors and rewards.

## REV. EDWARD A. KELLY.

Rev. Edward A. Kelly of St. Cecelia's Church spoke on "The Work of the Priest in the Archdiocese of Chicago." There was no profession in the city of Chicago, he declared, whose work was comparable to that of the priesthood in duration or success. For 230 years their work had progressed from the day when Jacques Marquette set up the first rude chapel at Bridgeport, until the present hour, when 287 Catholic Churches, and property representing a cash valuation of almost fifty millions of dollars give eloquent testimony to the labor and energy of his successors in the sacred ministry. Father Kelly pointed to the fact that the Catholic population of Chicago numbered a million souls, and that 68,000 children were educated in the parish schools, thus relieving the taxpayer of a heavy burden and preventing the already overcrowded public schools from turning away thousands into the streets and the ways of ignorance and crime. Such was the glorious work of the clergy of the Archdiocese in the past and present, and it still retained for the future all the vitality of the Church of which it is a part.

Father Kelly concluded his remarks just at midnight and, as the formal programme was concluded, many of the guests arose to leave, but Mr. Kannally bespoke their attention in behalf of one more speaker, whose name did not appear on the programme, but who had a message of importance to deliver to them tonight. No alumni dinner, he said, was complete without a representative from Georgetown, and there was present among them an honored son of Georgetown and Chicago, Mr. Patrick H. O'Donnell.

## MR. PATRICK O'DONNELL.

Mr. O'Donnell, in a speech of remarkable power and eloquence, paid a glowing tribute to the educational system of the Jesuits and to the sons of Loyola. Alluding to an editorial in a morning paper, he declared that the world was drifting blindly into strange and uncertain ways. The various political parties were abandoning their fundamental principles, governments centuries old were passing to anarchy or unbelief, the religious sects were following blind guides to new and dangerous creeds. For all these evils there was one remedy, the Gospel of Christ in the Catholic Church, inculcated by a system of religious education. This had been the

life work of the soldier-saint, Ignatius of Loyola, and this was the work of his little army of followers in the world today.

It was time, the speaker thought, that this work should be extended on broader lines, and therefore he took this occasion to announce a new and important addition to St. Ignatius College. The speaker was careful to point out that the statement he was about to make was on his own initiative and responsibility, and without the knowledge or authorization of the president or faculty of the college. Mr. O'Donnell then declared that he and Judge Kavanagh and Mr. William Dillon proposed to open within twelve months a law school, the equal of any in the West, and to turn it over when fully organized to the faculty of St. Ignatius College. He added that a number of the leading attorneys of the city had signified their willingness to teach in the proposed school, and that he would soon call upon the members of the alumni to give their support to the first Catholic law school in the state.

This announcement of Mr. O'Donnell's was a profound surprise to all present, and even at that late hour the company broke up into groups to discuss this new and important work which should mark a new era in the history of St. Ignatius College.

'96.

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He lived in spotless purity,  
 A lily frail and fair.  
 Sweet Mary looked upon it  
 And saw her image there.  
 She plucked the precious flower,  
 She placed it on her breast,  
 And there in love forever  
 Our Stanislaus shall rest.

—*The Dial.*

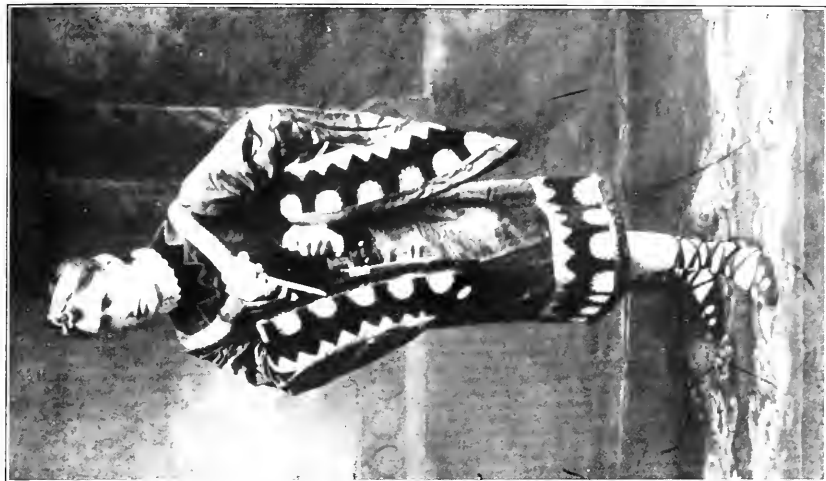


## “Mason '06.”

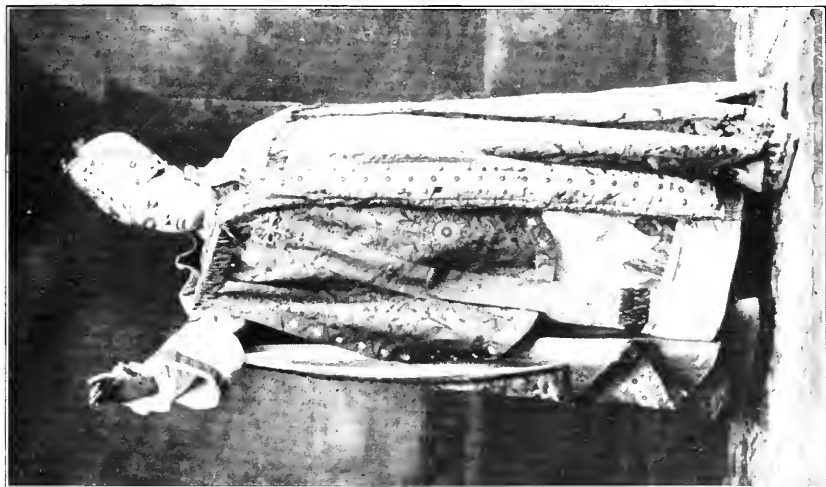
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*(This story received second place in the prize story contest.)*

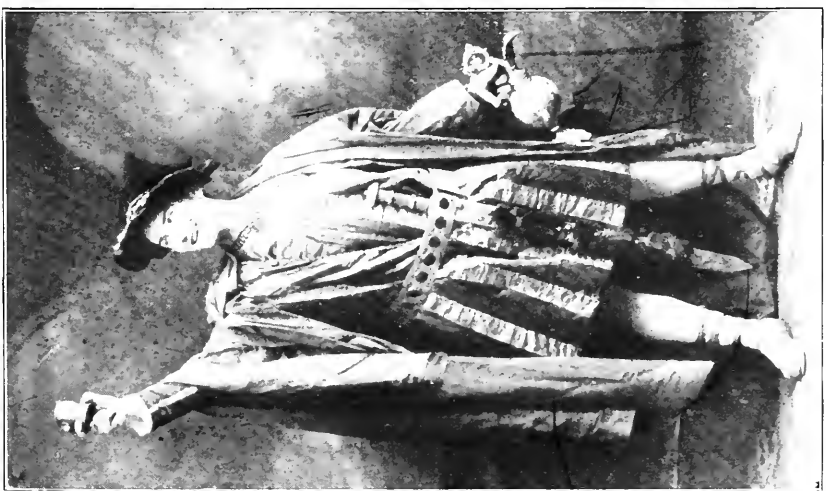
IT was blatantly proclaimed by self-conceited freshmen, and even staid seniors begrudgingly admitted that the relay race would be the deciding point of the Hill-Dartmoor dual meet. Accordingly Hill's relay team rose greatly in the estimation of Hill's student body, some enthusiasts even going so far as to step off the sidewalk when members of the team passed, which, while it rendered the team most conceited, made competition for places on the team wax fast and furious. But Mac Carten, the coach, known to the initiated as “Marvel” Mac Carten, gradually weeding and casting aside, finally narrowed down his choice to five men, four of them old campaigners and the other, a tall lank freshman named Favill, who had come, like young Lochinvar, out of the West, clothed in self-assurance and with a pair of legs that ate up the ground with machine-like rapidity. As a consequence, for the first time since his freshman year, Jack Mason, all-around athlete and good fellow, was obliged to strive and strive hard for the honor of running the last quarter mile stretch for old Hill and glory, but the victories of three years do much to offset the prowess of even a freshman “phenom,” so as a result of extreme exertion Mason was allowed to retain his place. Then every night through the chill of the May dusk the men jogged around the track, courting pneumonia by the brevity of their attire and striving in vain to look as though they enjoyed it. Little by little, under Mac Carten's wizardry, the men advanced in form and time, until one beautiful June day they were ordered to run the regulation relay distance and to let themselves out. When Mason with heaving chest burst the ribbon at the finish of a fast quarter, Mac Carten snapped his stop-watch and remarked to Travers, the assistant coach, “that with good luck the team had a show,” which was a great deal for Mac Carten, who was Tacitus himself, to concede. Thus matters ran along until, three days before the big meet, Mason had the misfortune to dislocate his ankle in a diminutive hollow in the track and was borne off by his disconsolate friends in a sadly dilapidated “hack.” He had no sooner left the field when Favill, the lank “freshlie,” trotted out from



Wm. Marce as Telemachus



Robert Hoffmann as Archbishop Ambrose



Charles Byrne as Gilbrin





the dressing room and was cheered to the echo by those attending the practice. It was another case of "The King is dead;—Long live the King."

On June tenth, the day of the great meet, the heavens opened wide their flood gates and thoroughly saturated the gay streamers and pennants with which the town of Hill had decked itself in honor of its favored sons. Finally the frantic downpour spent its fury and consented to degenerate into a dismal drizzle and to allow Dartmoor's rooters, who, having arrived by carloads since early dawn, were in danger of suffocation, to emerge from the stuffy little depot, and seek shelter in the lobby of the Russell House, where the team was quartered. There they drove the clerk and gouty residents almost mad by giving nine "rahs" and a "tiger" for every member of the team down to the seventeenth substitute, where they desisted for want of breath. Kind Providence then answered the frantic clerk's prayers and allowed the sun to shine forth in all its glory, whereupon Dartmoor's rooters to a man deserted the lobby and concentrating on the sidewalk, gave a rousing cheer for the discomfited clerk himself. Having performed this worthy office they tramped off, arm in arm, singing of the glories of Dartmoor and the incumbent woes of Hill.

In a remarkably well-furnished room in Vandeel Hall, Hill's crack students' quarters, a certain blond giant named Mason, bolstered up in a huge wicker chair with his injured foot on another, was reviling all the fates in general, and those in particular whose duty it is to guard athletes' ankles. All morning he had sat there, first with the rain beating against the pane and now with the sun busily engaged in drying Mother Earth's tears. All morning he had sat thus and had listened to the tramp of feet, the hum of voices, and the gales of laughter that had floated up to him from the passing throngs, yet he had heard no mention of his name. All that fickle crowd thought of, talked of, and cheered, was Favill, Mason's former rival and now his successor, who was to run the last stretch for old Hill and glory. And to think that a little declivity in an otherwise perfect track was the cause of it all. From such trifles do seemingly great griefs spring. "How changeable human beings are, how soon they forget," thought Mason—"a hero today, your name on every lip, forgotten tomorrow, remembered by no one." Thus Mason sulked and brooded, like Achilles in his tent, all through that long, weary afternoon, and

what rendered it still harder was that his friends of yesterday, the friends of Mason the athlete and good fellow, all deserted the Mason of today, crippled by a broken ankle. Another trick of Time, the comedian. But even Time is kind in its passing, and about two in the afternoon when Mason was about to yield up hope of hearing anything about the meet, his chum Jackson strode into the room and hurled the following volley at the sufferer's head:

"Hello, Mason! Just saw Favill and he's as fit to run as Mercury, and as cool as a cucumber. Asked about you, said he was blame sorry about the ankle, but I'll bet my 'H' that he's tickled to death. His star is certainly on the ascendant, but if he loses, old chap, you'll still be king, but if he wins—you're a gone goose. He'll be the cock of the walk, for sure."

"Oh, shut up, Jackson," growled Mason, "Isn't it bad enough for me to be here flat on my back like a helpless babe, without you eternally prattling about that green freshman, Favill!" But Jackson ran on, not paying the slightest attention to Mason's protest.

"Saw your old Dartmoor rival, Dale, who is to run the last quarter for them today. Fact is, I couldn't help but see him. He's all over town boasting that Dartmoor will lick Hill hands down. Somehow, Mason, I don't like that fellow. I don't think he's straight. I'm almost sure he tried to foul you at the far turn last year, didn't he now? But I must be going, s'long old chap, till tonight."

Jackson rushed from the room just in time to escape a pillow hurled, with murderous intent, at his head, and tramped off down stairs whistling "Boola, Boola." Mason chuckled. "Old Jackson certainly has his nerve, telling me that the brother of the girl I am to marry is a cheat, and yet I couldn't deny it. For three years now Dale has tried, unsuccessfully, to foul me at the far turn, relying on my not protesting him because of his sister. Oh, what curs some chaps are." Here Mason bethought himself of nicotine and the consolations it affords, so reaching over he selected a pipe from the many displayed on a rack nearby. Mason had an odd little trick of naming all his pipes from the big Meerschaum which he called "Wagner" to the old battered corn-cob, which was known by the piquant name of "Sally." It was the latter he now selected. "I guess the chap who said a cigarette

irritates, a cigar mollifies, and a pipe consoles, was very wise in his way," mused Mason, and then as the whim seized him, he addressed the pipe.

"Sally Pipe, do you know what will happen out there at that meet today? Everything will be life and gayety, the multitudes will cheer, the bands will blare, and the Hill and Dartmoor teams will run, jump, and throw things and will come off about even. Then a little man will trot out on that green field and announce the relay race, and the crowd will be silent. A crowd always is silent before a crisis. Then the teams will trot out, the first men will toe the mark, somebody will start a cheer, a pistol will bark. The race is on. Then those white shapes will go hurtling through the air, touch their waiting mates, and drop down exhausted. Finally the last stretch will be reached. Dale will let Favill get a slight start, he'll let him keep it until the far turn is reached, then he'll trip that green freshman, trip him so stealthily—so adroitly that even Favill will think he stumbled. Favill will be beaten not because he is a poorer runner, but because of a miserable trick, a fraud on Dale's part. And Dale will run steadily on, he'll breast that tape a winner! That means that the school I love, and for which I've run my legs off for the last years, will be defeated by Dartmoor's tricks. That's what it means, Sally Pipe, that's what it means. But it could happen so differently. If Favill were to be warned, he could avoid Dale and win that race, for he is the better runner. But why should I warn Favill? Remember, Sally Pipe, what Jackson said: 'If he loses you're still king, but if he wins—you're a gone goose.' But I love the 'Varsity too well to let Dartmoor win. I must warn Favill, and doing so disgrace the brother of the girl I love." Here Mason struck the bell to summon the colored porter. No answer. Even the old darkey had gone to the Hill-Dartmoor dual meet. "I guess I've just got to go myself, ankle and all—Lord, how that ankle hurts. I'll try to crawl. Oh, that ankle. I'm getting faint. I can't make it. Oh, Favill why didn't I warn you before. It's no go. I'm just a blame—old—plug." Here Mason having reached the limit of his endurance fainted dead away. Just as he fainted, out at the meet they were announcing the relay race.

The meet was over and Jackson, hurrying home, reached Mason's room and pushing wide the door perceived in the dim twilight—Mason lying on floor, with tear-stained eyes.

"What the deuce! Well, if it isn't Mason blubbering like a kid, deprived of a new red wagon."

"You don't have to tell me, Jackson. I know we lost the relay race."

"You're right, old man, we did. That fool freshman tripped over his big feet and fell. But it didn't count, except to make the fellows long for you."

"It didn't count?"

"No, those wise ones that said the relay would win the meet were dead wrong. Old "Giant" Weedon threw the hammer 177 feet, broke a record, and won the meet. No one imagined for an instant that it was in him. But quit your blubbering, old chap, the class of '06 is coming with a wheel-chair to fetch you to the banquet, and if you don't go you'll have more than a broken ankle!"

Just then staid Vandeel Hall rang with nine "rahs" and a "tiger" for old Hill. The class of '06, true to its word, was coming with a wheel-chair.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE, '08.

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## Star of Bethlehem.

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STAR of the storied time,  
 Emblem of love sublime,  
 Bright be thy shining o'er mountain and sea.  
 Herald of peace and joy,  
 Pointing the God-given boy,  
 Would, like the Kings, we might follow with thee.

Beaming o'er castle and cot  
 Message with happiness fraught,  
 Flash thy glad tidings o'er meadow and wold;  
 In the glow of thy holy light  
 Our spirits go up through the night  
 Like the Kings with their offerings of incense and gold.

Shining the world above  
 Teach us the might of love  
 That came from the Heavens to die upon earth;  
 Came under wintry skies  
 Came with an infant's cries  
 When the light of thy gleaming, did herald his birth.

WILLIAM A. OINK, '08.

## Macaulay as a Historian.

As Judged by His Own Standard.

**C**ONSPICUOUS among the many brilliant lights of the nineteenth century stood Thomas B. Macaulay, orator, essayist, critic, historian. For thirty-five years the brilliancy of his essays, the thoroughness of his criticisms, the wonderful power of his orations, held the English-speaking world spellbound. At eighteen he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge; at twenty-one he was elected to a "Craven scholarship," the highest distinction in the literary line that was conferred by the University; at twenty-five his celebrated essay on Milton appeared; at thirty he entered Parliament; at forty-eight he published the first two volumes of his great historical work, "The History of England from the Accession of James II.;" at fifty-seven he was made a peer with the title of Baron Macaulay; at fifty-nine he was the most noted literary man in England. Then, after receiving all the honors that could be won by a man of both public and private life he suddenly passed away and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Such is a synopsis of the principal events of his life. His essays were the leading attractions in the *Edinburgh Review* for over twenty years; his orations were among the greatest delivered in Parliament and his history has proved one of the most popular and interesting that has ever been published.

On account of the popularity and renown of his history, and on account of the wide discussion on the merits of his work, it would no doubt prove interesting to investigate Mr. Macaulay's claim as a historian, using for a standard his own Essay on History.

It has often been asked what it is that makes Macaulay's History of England so well liked; why it is that people will read it in preference to others of more reliability and soundness. The answer would be: Macaulay's style is almost perfect. His sentences run smoothly and easily, his words just seem to fit in the right place, his thoughts flow naturally from the preceding topic, his sketches are pen pictures that immediately make an impression upon the mind of the reader. Every word he uses carries weight and is a link in a perfect chain of thought. His characters seem to live and act among us. We see King Charles II, "Before the dew was off in St.

James' Park, striding among the trees, playing with his spaniels and flinging corn to his ducks." Parts of his history are masterpieces of the narrator's art.

We therefore see that he followed out his early ideas concerning the writing of a history :

" While our historians are practicing all the arts of controversy they miserably neglect the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination. That a writer may produce these effects without violating truth is sufficiently proved by many excellent biographical works. The immense popularity which well written books of this kind have acquired, deserves the serious consideration of historians."

Let us now take up Macaulay's definition of a historian.

" A perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of the age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But by judicious selection, rejection and arrangement he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. Men will not merely be described, but will be intimately known to us. If a man such as we are supposing should write the History of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances."

We will see if Macaulay himself followed out his precepts. It had been his intention to trace the development of English liberty from James II to the death of George III, but his minute method of treatment allowed him to unfold only sixteen years from 1685 to 1701. It is said that Macaulay shirked no labor in preparing himself for writing the history. Thousands of pages of matter were studied and battlefields were even visited in order to obtain an accurate description of the country. The result of all this is, that he records the details as well as the principal events. He repeats the same idea in many different forms and makes it sensible by clear and precise examples. Thus in following out his desire to make men and affairs intimately known to us he has been led to exaggeration. He sometimes does not make allowance for the character and habits of the times. He has been led to this manner of writing by the fact that things will appear more striking and sensational in the coloring of superlatives.

Macaulay is the Scott of historians; his history is delightful. He abounds with details which keep up the interest of the reader by transporting him for a time to something of an altogether different nature.

Macaulay as an orator saw what Macaulay the historian should always keep before his mind, that is, the interest of his readers. Many historians of great authority and extensive research are left on the shelves to gather dust, because they could not retain the reader's attention. No historian has worked more for this art and has been favored with it in a higher degree than Macaulay. He places the facts so clearly before the reader and makes the narration so vivid that it reads like the text of some historical novel, rather than the story of one of the most complex times in English rule. His history is universal, not broken, it comprehends events of every kind and treats of them simultaneously. Some have related the history of races, others of classes, others of government, others of sentiments, ideas and manners; Macaulay has related them all.

There is one defect in Macaulay's History which he claimed should be avoided. In his treatise he says:

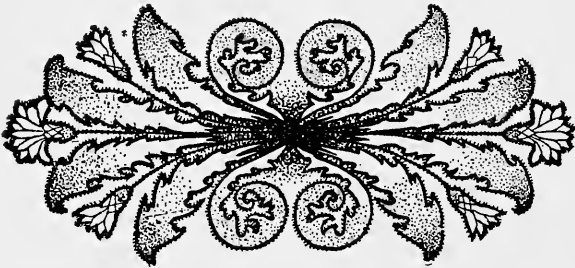
“As the history of states is generally written, the greatest and most momentous revolutions seem to come upon them like supernatural inflictions, without warning or cause. But the fact is that such revolutions are almost always the consequences of moral changes which ordinarily proceed far before their progress is indicated by any public measure. An intimate knowledge is therefore absolutely necessary to the prognosis of political events.”

Macaulay has not observed his own rules. He claimed that the gradual development of a revolutionary spirit should be traced from its very beginning, that causes should be given for its rise and that it should not be cast at the reader in one piece, but should be depicted little by little and its progress observed. “Notwithstanding all his preparations, the value of the History is impaired not only because he sometimes displays partisanship, but also because he fails to appreciate the significance of underlying social movements. He does not adopt the modern idea that history is a record of social growth, moral as well as physical.” Besides this, he lacks sympathy with theories and aspirations which could not accomplish immediate results. His works are confined to the treatment of the

practical world. They are not illumined with the spiritual glow of Coleridge and Ruskin.

Macaulay disclaims all theory but still he inculcates "The Great Happiness Principle" which Carlyle condemns. He makes Puritanism his model and compares all the others to it. Catholicism is the worst religion of all; it did some good in the dark ages when "the priests with all their faults were by far the wisest portion of society." This is where Macaulay makes his great mistake. He failed to appreciate the work she was doing during the dark days of the Reformation, how bravely she struggled to retain supremacy of England, what trials she underwent, against what difficulties she had to contend, and still in the end came out victorious. Macaulay has written a wonderful history, perhaps the most interesting of all, but he has sadly marred it by his inaccuracies.

C. M. DARGAN, '07.





## Knights of Kazam.

'An Operatic Mix-up.

### Dramatis Personae.

King of Kazam . . . . .	Egotism Monopolized
Poet-Laureate . . . . .	Shakespeare Paralyzed
Sir Pickles Schmitz . . . . .	Leader of His Majesty's Band
Sir Shamus O'Grady . . . . .	Next King of Ireland
Official Knocker, Marcus Phee . . . . .	Director of the Anvil Chorus
Court Jester, Spartacus Trainor . . . . .	Nonsense Personified
Count Louie Beauvis . . . . .	With Trousers Pressed and Champagne Vest
Count Stanislaus Czapelski . . . . .	A Plot Thickener
Chames Bud O'Regan . . . . .	To be Seen, Not Heard
Sir Binkus Murray . . . . .	A Blot on the 'scutcheon
Sir Smiles Hoffman . . . . .	An Authority on Graft
Sir Silent Prange . . . . .	The American Mummy
Baron Mielcarek . . . . .	The Little Father of Bubbly Creek
Agamemnon Murphy . . . . .	A Saucy Little Villain
Count Michael McGovern . . . . .	Named after the Archangel
Herald . . . . .	Pink-tea Epstein in Disguise
Sir Giblets Koch . . . . .	Our Fashion Plate
Sir Horatius Magee . . . . .	Chief Trouble Maker
Royal High Executioner . . . . .	George Washington Bouillier
Ali Ben Kenny . . . . .	Turkish Ambassador
Royal High Historian, Tom Nash . . . . .	Professional History Twister
Dr. Gasoline Venn . . . . .	The Key to Heaven
Holy Foley . . . . .	Kazam's Patron Saint
Chef Sychowski . . . . .	Keeper of the Royal Preserves

Knights, Nobles, Courtiers, Guards, etc.

(Special from our war correspondent)

Kazam—the lately discovered and as yet mapless country, by royal decree, is to be the scene of great festivity.

The King, accordingly, in secret assembling all his royal Knights, sages and pages, engages Schmitz's Brass Band to supply the necessary musical explosions and contribute to the general confusion.

Announcement extraordinary has it, that the ambassador from the Stock Yards—Count Stanislaus Czapelski will sing. However, after hoping against hope that the report might be false, one man had nerve enough to verify the same, and he disappeared very mysteriously.

It is also unofficially declared that the poet-laureate will be allowed to carry the ball—long enough to get his name in print. We can only surmise

what his finish will be. The Official Knocker will rap till the last stale joke expires, and the list of casualties will be complete after Chef Sychowski serves the refreshments on the next page. Kindly omit flowers.

\* \* \*

The most exclusive society is very noticeable by its absence. After a very spirited overture, during which the musical director twisted his neck, the bass drummer struck the cornet player's bald-head by mistake, and the trombone player blew a side out of the building—things began to move very briskly. Before time was called the Schmitz Brass Band was ruled out for rough playing.

*Chorus:*—



H! we're a jolly band of Knights!  
Philosophers of station  
We live on comic-supplements  
And help to run the nation.  
His Kinglets great, we dearly love

And never dodge our taxes  
Since laughter makes the earth go round  
We help to oil its axis.

*Jester:*—

Another point important of  
Our doings I'll relate  
We never get real seasick  
When we ride the Ship of State.

*Herald:*—

Hear all! ye wise and bouncing blades  
Draw forth your opera-glasses  
Forsooth the King on spouting bent  
Before the lime-light passes.  
As each one knows,—in him repose  
Great cares,—responsibility.  
But lo! he wears his honors with  
A Democrat's humility.

*Jester:*—

Your high notes sounded pretty raw  
But if it doesn't hurt though  
Methinks, I'd sing the chorus as  
A minor F *concerto*.

*King:*—

Behold in me—His Majesty  
A wise old potentate, sirs.  
When I was very young like you,  
I never stayed out late, sirs.  
And now I'm the foundation, and  
Support of all the state, sirs.

*Jester:*—

Tis true, and if you left our court,  
We'd all bring suit for non-support.

*King:*— Sir Joker—that's enough from you.  
This makes your forty-first debut.

*Herald:*— But, to proceed—

*King:*— Old Julius Caesar in his prime  
Was not so great as I am.  
My name is known from pole to pole,  
From Englewood to Siam.  
Old Charlemagne 'twould put to shame,  
Napoleon, would resign, sirs  
From all his hard-earned glory, if  
He got a glimpse of mine, sirs.

*Official*

*Knocker:*—What grand ancestors can you show ?

*King:*— My great grand-uncle once you know,  
Was alderman of Kokomo.

*Official*

*Knocker:*—To be as great as he I tro'  
You'll have a little ways to go.

*Herald:*— Give ear to Count Czapelski !

*Count Czapelski*

[*sings*]:—I'd like to make hist'ry and have a great name,  
or be a wise-acre in knowledge.  
Behold my bust placed in the great hall of fame,  
My face pasted up in the college.  
Now ! our King is well-known  
Both afar and at home.  
But destiny surely has squelched me.  
I know Fate's bar, that no ten-cent cigar  
will ever be called the—  
"Czapelski."

When I'd tackle a player no papers would tell of my  
strategy, gameness or prowess.  
No columns reflect how I bounced on his neck,  
Or twisted his spine and proboscis.  
No printer can print it without five mistakes  
Unless the proof reader be stealthy.  
If you see, as you sprint  
Down the pages of print  
Do you think you could whistle—  
Ckapsliez.

*Jester:*— Had I a name such as you stated,  
Methinks 'twould soon be amputated.

*Royal High*

*Historian:*—When Doctor Venn was three months old,  
 The fact is quite historic,  
 His parents fed him Paris Green  
 Instead of paregoric.  
 With such a gorgeous appetite,  
 He ate the chairs and tables,  
 And just to sharpen up his teeth,  
 Devoured Atlantic cables.  
 It seemed that all things went his way,  
 Both large and tall and small, sirs.  
 The neighbors fed him lock-jaw germs,  
 They thought he'd eat them all, sirs.

*Chorus:*— Buckwheat cakes and billy-goats!

*Poet-laureate:*—A pack of cigarettes beneath the bough,  
 A lighted match—two long sweet draughts and thou  
 Wise prefect, scribbling in the wilderness,  
 Great Scott! The wilderness were Paradise, enow.

*Chorus:*— Oh! naughty! naughty!

*Sir Binkus:*— Sir Hoffman has a little niece,  
 And Bob's a lovely uncle.  
 He's scouting 'round for presents now,  
 Says he: "I'll buy a trunkful."  
 Now! Robert is real generous,  
 To brace up strong and show heart,  
 But should you miss a "pony." Think! !  
 It helped to buy the go-cart.

*Poet-laureate;*—Far sweeter than the dew-drop wee,  
 The rhythm of the rhymester's rhyme.  
 Oh! how I love its melody!  
 Far sweeter than the dew-drop wee  
 When all its feet run smoothly.  
 Oh! what on earth is more sublime  
 The rhythm of the rhymester's rhyme.

*Official*

*Knocker:*—When Nero felt so foolish that  
 He set old Rome afire,  
 He must have heard this poet  
 Twanging on his little lyre.

*Royal High*

*Historian:*—When Schmitz was two years minus three  
 Hours plus eleven days old,  
 He glittered in a baby show

And wore on him a face bold.  
 But when around the judges came  
 Decisions to decide,  
 One looked at Schmitz—threw up his hands,  
 Dropped dead and nearly died.

*Chorus* :— Suffering cats!

*Poet-laureate* :—That Bill Magee may go to Rome,  
 And give the folks a rest at home,  
 O promise me.  
 When saucy Murphy saws the air,  
 That all the co-eds may be there,  
 O promise me.  
 That every snow-ball thrown this year  
 May tickle Sir O'Grady's ear,  
 O promise me.  
 That Schmitz so sweet and debonair  
 May find a rake to comb his hair.  
 O promise me.  
 That Willie Koch so nice and prim  
 May get three specks of dust on him,  
 O promise me.  
 That Phee may have a chance to smile  
 When Bow-legs sports green tights awhile,  
 O promise me.  
 That we may have the wise man's spunk  
 And never, never, never flunk.  
 O promise me.

*Royal High*

*Historian* :—When Count Beauvis was quite a babe.  
 In manner most pedantic,  
 'Tis said he tried to talk bad French  
 And drove the neighbors frantic.  
 Lou's parrot from his perch heard him  
 Say "Parley Vous" and so forth,  
 By trying to repeat, Poll broke—  
 His neck in two, and so forth.

*Chorus* :— 'Tis sad, but true, and so forth.

*Poet-laureate* :—Ten years passed on—and Mike still slept  
 That ice-cream was his last,  
 He thought he saw the golden shore,  
 He thought he slipped on the heavenly floor  
 He stood on his ear and nothing more :—

*Chorus* :— Wake up, old man, wake up!

*Herald:—*

Hear all! the King gives greeting!

*King:—*

Knights of Kazam! Ere you bow low,  
In proper salutation,  
Accept my hearty greetings, as  
The Father of your nation.  
May your bright eyes, from golden skies,  
Reflect no clouds of sorrow,  
And each new hour with strength impow'r  
Your hearts for deeds to-morrow.

Grand Knights! Bow low! Kow tow! Salaam!  
'Tis always Christmas in Kazam.

CHARLES E. BYRNE, '06.





Almost every pen wielder has contributed something to enhance the beauty of their private domain.

Chas. Byrne, with an eye to neatness, has furnished a white tablecloth for every day of the week, and besides covering the floor with green Brussels carpet, has supplied a Persian rug.

Mr. Dan Lord, who will act the part of king in the college play "The Last of the Gladiators," has kindly consented to ornament one of the walls with a life size picture of himself.

Anyone would naturally expect Royce and Roche to be Irish, but appearances are against them, for last Thursday morning they were seen coming across the campus each with three large packages. When they arrived in the Sanctum Sanctorum and removed the wrappings, six large steins made their appearance and were soon gracing the mantel over the fire-place and the north and west walls.

Martin Phee, an artist of no mean ability, has some splendid work around the room which adds not only to the looks of the place, but also to his fame.

Messrs. Mielcarek, O'Brien and Mulhern have on the table a beautiful volume of original poems entitled "Choice Verses," which are equal, if not superior, to those of Tennyson, Longfellow, Milton, Wordsworth and even Homer.

When passing by some day drop in and visit us. You will be royally received and have no reason to complain of lack of hospitality.

P. J. M.

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### The Frat Question.

**O**F LATE the wheels of the press have been set in rapid motion, by wide-spread and vigorous denunciation of evils in college athletics. Much was said in opposition to football, but it is safe to conclude that with a possible modification of the brutality, as long as it nets the universities large returns, the game will be well supported and by no means abolished.

Football is dangerous and creates many broken backs, but there is a far worse evil in our universities, which creates more fractured moral spines among those who enter into it.

In this article we do not wish to appear as condemning all college societies or fraternities, for in our own knowledge there are many meriting commendation. And again, it is our opinion that fraternities were organized originally for very good purposes, as



the name would imply; to include a brotherhood of young men, working not only for the interest of their fellow members, but assisting in every possible way, all the students of the school, and acting at all times in a manner to reflect credit upon the institution they have entered.

A society of such character, if properly kept up, should promise great results, develop an excellent college spirit, and be a powerful incentive towards good in a school. But it appears that many fraternities have entirely changed the order of things.

In many the doors are opened to the intemperate, hilarious, and worthless. Hilarity is the whole curriculum. It includes the by-laws, constitution and preamble. Such societies not only demoralize the morals of the members themselves, but set a low standard for all of the students. That the societies try to wield the sceptre in the institutions they ornament is certain. They manifest a pretense to exclusiveness, and deceive by pretending to be of value to a student. Their initiations are elegant specimens of tomfoolery, and though this might be passed over, their entertainments are frequently well-defined carousals.

At Kenyon College, not long ago, a young man initiate to a "frat," as part of the initiatory exercises, was tied to a railroad track. Plans were made to have another party of members release him after a short time. But an unexpected fast train passed by in the meanwhile and left the boy mangled and dead upon the rails. This is but one instance of fraternity initiatory sacrifices, and yet some societies can lay claim to several unwilling martyrs.

In a large eastern university, which fosters a number of frats, class enmity has taken such a hold that the illustrious president has ordered plans for a large lounging room to be submitted, so that all the students may meet in common and find a way to do away with bad spirit and hatred.

When any society breeds enmity, selfishness, intemperance and the other vices, tears out all that is good and stands for all that is iniquitous, it should be blotted out completely.

The faculty of any institution when it licenses, or connives at the doings of such an organization, is the party most at fault, and should be held to blame.

C. E. B.

### Some Thoughts—And an Appeal.

**C**OLLEGE students make it an annual custom at this merry time of the year to feel perfectly satisfied with all creation. Truly holidays are a balm to heal the sorest wounds. The rare promise of merriment overcomes them. So much so in fact, that they put on the manifold airs of the poet; behold golden skies, believe the earth a fairy paradise and the sea a beautiful place filled with pretty purple fishes.

Hours of untold happiness the holidays signify—redolent with the fragrance of joyous winter time, and total remission of all temporal punishment, classified as books, discipline, etc.

For a time there will be no more tasks, those efficient promoters of mental athletics; no more penances,—rare music have such words for his ear, who often unwillingly has established headquarters in the dear old “jug,”— and no more recitations to be either side-stepped or entered into with all the courage of a martyr.

As soon as the student is keyed up to the proper pitch of felicity he believes himself a friend of the whole world, puts on paper those items he forgot to mention last Christmas, and plans all the family festivities.

That every student may enjoy this short vacation and come back refreshed and happy, we earnestly wish, and to suggest one means of doing so, point out The College Play.

If fate had destined us to grow famous in the dutiful duties of a press agent, we should wax warm immediately and proceed to unwind a “thriller.” Suffice it to say: We want to see every collegian present at the college play, and desire that each student lend every effort to make the performances this year even more noteworthy than our successes of the past.

The same invitation applies to the “Old Boys,” our honored alumni. May they all be present to feast their eyes as prodigiously as they sated their cultivated appetites, around the festive board not long ago.

An opportunity is also given to all the friends of the college, to show their appreciation of the work done in dramatic art. St. Ignatius College, in the past, has gained an enviable name in the field of dramatics. That the players will do their utmost to uphold the standard long since attained is assured. It now remains for those students to do their part, who shine on the other side of the footlights.

C. E. B.

## Taxes For Education.

A COPY of the official report of the regular meeting of Chicago Board of Education held Oct. 25th, 1905, has fallen into our hands. Wishing to know how business was transacted at such meetings, and desirous to see how the taxes were disposed of, we diligently perused the pages.

Chicago has the reputation of being opposed to high taxes, of dodging just assessments, and of having a unique school system. We confess we do not see, after reading the report, why Chicago is opposed to high taxes, when she considers the good use to which the taxes are put, and the magnificent results obtained from public school education. Here are some items to be purchased for two of the high schools, and this is a fair specimen of how Chicago's taxes are appropriated.

For the Robert Waller High School: Twelve 1 lb. bean bags; 12 2 lb. bean bags; 6 doz. reed hoops; 1 doz. sticks. Ah! Splendid! Let the good work go on. Don't you wish you went to a high school so you could get a grand education by playing with bean bags? Evidently Chicago people will know beans when they finish their education.

One of the best mind trainers in existence at the present day, and a means which develops all the mental faculties of man, is rolling a hoop. Did you never notice how intellectually brilliant a child is, who spends its days rolling hoops?

For the Jefferson High School 1 doz. fish poles must be bought. Alas, alas, that we are not students of the Jefferson High School, so we could go fishing when the weather is fine or when we do not know our lessons, as sitting on a bank trying to catch fish develops man's aesthetic sense, helps him to reason logically, and to realize the grand sublimity of nature. Formerly you had to study hard for four years before finishing high school, now you can finish when you learn to catch a fish.

Where is the mortal who can say that the people of the Windy City are not original, and have not an educational system to be proud of? Chicago public schools are nobly striving to educate the ignorant youth, and we, as citizens of this world-renowned city, should willingly pay such taxes as the Board of Education may wish, to supply the boys of the Grammar schools with marbles, and the girls with clay for mud pies. Why in the

name of common sense does not the board supply all pupils with rattles instead of books, as the safest, best, and most economical mode of imparting information and giving a true education?

Avoid not paying taxes high,  
 O men who once were boys,  
 But educate Chicago's youth,  
 Supplying it with toys.

P. J. M.

### Reform Athletics.

FOR THE past twelve years there has been a hue and cry for reformation in athletics, and, although a great deal has been said on the subject, not much has been done. This year the question has come forth again and seems to be agitating the whole country.

The University of Pennsylvania has sent a circular letter to the different colleges and universities throughout the country, containing a copy of the rules adopted by its Committee on Athletics to secure and promote the best interests of clean, gentlemanly amateur sport, and a copy of the rules adopted by the Board of Coaches, which tend to eliminate many of the evils of football.

The rules which the athletic committee propose are: 1st. A rule requiring all members of athletic teams to be genuine students of the college which they represent and to give satisfaction in their studies. 2nd. That no one be allowed to represent the institution unless he has been a student for one academic year, and has passed satisfactory examinations. 3d. A definition of professionalism by which no one shall represent his college or university who at any time taught or engaged in university or inter-collegiate athletic contests for any pecuniary gain or emolument. 4th. A rule to prevent the procurement of good players from other colleges by social or money inducements. After almost every track meet, baseball and football game, the defeated side charge the winners with using professionals, or men who do not take a course at the school they represent. Should these rules proposed by Pennsylvania be adopted and strictly adhered to, there will in the future be no cause to complain of "ringers" and dishonest means used to secure victory in inter-collegiate sports.

The Board of Coaches recognizing the good of football, knowing that there are abuses in it, and seeing the need of abolishing them, has framed a code of stringent rules. The adoption of

them should result in a change for the better, banish many evils, and raise the sport in public estimation.

It proposes to inflict a penalty of twenty yards for "unnecessary roughness," "piling up" and the use of the open hand. For "slugging," "kneeing" or other unsportsmanlike action the offender shall be removed from the game till the end of that half, and no substitute shall take his place, and for a second offense, he shall be disqualified for the remainder of the season. These are rigorous measures, yet the game has come to such a pass that it seems almost impossible to retain it without recourse to such action. This would necessitate impartial, acute, unprejudiced, non-betting umpires at the games.

Football is a manly game and has no place for the weakling; it develops strength, courage and self control in the players, and rather than abandon it altogether the severe University rules should be adopted.

P. J. M.

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*The Collegian wishes to acknowledge that through the generosity of Messrs. Boyle and Huber, friends of the College, who contributed the sum of ten dollars, a prize story contest is held in this number.*



## Kinks.

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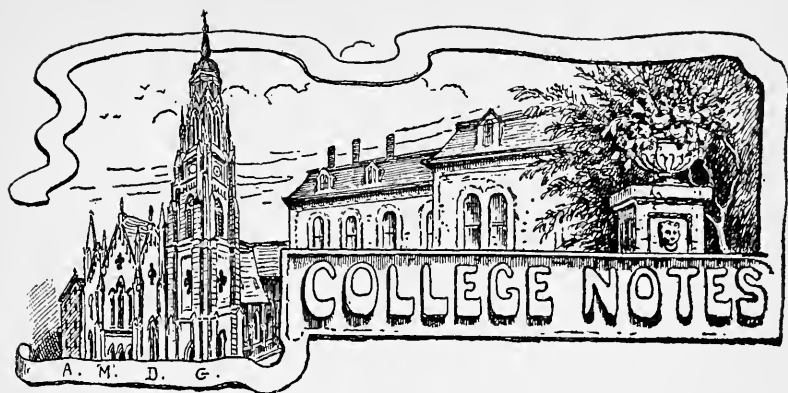
*(This department is instituted to encourage the study of History and Literature. Cash prizes will be given each issue for the best written and most correct solutions of questions asked. Make your answers BRIEF and CLEAR.)*

### I. UNITED STATES HISTORY.

1. What is the origin of the term "buncombe?"
2. Who were the "Copperheads?"
3. What were the "Alien and Sedition Laws?"
4. What is "fiat money?"
5. What is the origin of the term "gerrymandering?"
6. What political party was called "Barnburners?"
7. What was the "Dred Scott" case?
8. In what way does the President's cabinet differ from the ministry of England?

### RULES FOR CONTESTANTS.

1. Do not *copy* your answer from histories or books of information. Read up the subject and write the answer in your own words, trying to express it as briefly and clearly as you can.
2. All answers should be submitted by Monday, February 12th, 1906.
3. A first prize of \$3.00 will be given for the most correct and best written set of answers. A prize of \$1.00 will be given to the contestants submitting papers which come second and third in merit.
4. In the case of papers of equal merit, those earliest submitted will be given the preference.



By statistics gathered this year St. Ignatius has more undergraduate students than any other Jesuit College in the United States.

The annual retreat of the students will be held on January 8, 9 and 10. Father Thomas J. O'Malley, S. J., will conduct the exercises for the larger students, and Father Marshall I. Boarman, S. J., for the younger students.

Thursday and Friday, December 28th and 29th, the annual college play will be presented in Power's Theater, Chicago. An interesting article descriptive of the production will be found in this issue. Do not fail to read it.

Early in December came the news that a new Provincial had been appointed for the Jesuits in the Missouri Province. Father Henry Moeller is the new incumbent, while the former Provincial, Father Grimmelman, has become Rector and Master of Tertians at Florissant, Mo.

The Senior Class of St. Ignatius College will hold a joint debate with the students of the Chicago Law School on the question, "Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?"

The college boys have the negative side, and the debate will take place in Association Hall, March 21st. The committee of arrangements on the part of the college was composed of Messrs. Phee, Epstein and McGovern.

At the installation of President James of the University of Illinois on the 19th of October, a conference was held of the leading educators from all over the country. St. Ignatius College was well represented by Fr. Francis B. Cassilly, S. J., who read a

masterly paper on "Morality in Education"—a subject of peculiar fitness from a representative of Catholic education. The paper was extensively quoted and commented on at the time and has been since published in pamphlet form, by the "Catholic Penny Booklet."

The bugbear of the college year has been met, and the enemy is ours. The annual Latin specimens were held in all classes, between Nov. 15th and Dec. 13th. The faculty were seen to wear their accustomed smiles at the end of the tedious round, so it is to be inferred that good showings were made. Rhetoric class claims to have done wonderfully well, breaking all known and unknown records, but personally "we are from Missouri."

Nov. 20—On Monday morning, November 20th, the Annual Requiem High Mass for the deceased students and professors of the college was celebrated in Holy Family Church.

Rev. Fr. Esterman, S. J., celebrant.

Rev. Fr. O'Connor, S. J., deacon.

Mr. Cain, S. J., sub-deacon, and

Mr. Geo. Anderson, master of ceremonies.

Fr. Francis B. Cassilly, S. J., preached an interesting sermon.

Art now reigns supreme on Monday and Saturday evenings within the College walls. Professor Vaclav J. Hajny, a celebrated artist from Prague, has opened a studio in the college for the purpose of teaching a course of drawing to the students whose pocket-books and talents warrant their attending it.

Thanks to our reverend Rector and to the efforts of our moderator, Mr. Pernin, S. J., THE COLLEGIAN has finally obtained its coveted sanctum. A room on the second floor of the new building has been furnished with desk, chairs, tables, and a multitudinous supply of pictures, posters, and college banners—in short we have "all the comforts of home."

Following its usual custom, THE COLLEGIAN held its annual short story and poem contest in the second quarter, closing December 4th. The stories were divided into two classes, Class A being purely fiction, and Class B any form of narration whose characters are all students of St. Ignatius. No regular contest was held for poems, but a cash prize was offered for each one accepted for the Christmas number.



The story prize winners:

*Class A*—1st prize, James Emmet Royce, '08.

2nd prize, J. P. Roche, '08.

*Class B*—Cash prize, Daniel A. Lord, '09.

The prize stories and poems are printed in this issue.

The College Glee Club, by invitation of St. Pius Council, No. 92, K. F. M., made their year's debut on the evening of Nov. 13th, at an entertainment in St. Pius Hall. The audience proclaimed their work successful and, although there were some notes that might have been called shaky, and the grand ending of "Come Back to Erin" came near being a "finish," the length of their number was only limited by their supply of encores and the reputation of that far-famed organization was sustained.

On Nov. 29, by invitation of Rabbi Hirsch, the Glee Club sang at Sinai Temple. Luncheon was served, which appealed especially to the singers, and they outdid themselves.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.

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## Academy Notes.

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A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and hurrah for the Christmas holidays.

As a preliminary drawing practice, let me suggest a free-hand sketching of the Professor's name.

Another theory disproved! Cold, instead of contracting, expands piety, at least, judging from the attendance at chapel during recess.

In the "Come Back to Erin" quartet, Joy reacts the part of an Angel, to the great edification of the academy. Note his soulful gaze.

My, but Humanities are growing up. Since Keefe and Lannon are shaving, the first thing we know Curda will appear in long trousers.

Schaf is surely a polite youth. He never fails to surrender his seat in a crowded car; and judging by some of the persons to whom he gives his place, it can readily be seen that he does not go on the principle of "no fair, no seat."

After considerable difficulty I succeeded in procuring the following interviews on the subject of the Prize Story Contest:

Douglas: "I'm going to write a pugilistic story, for that will make a hit."

Quinn: "I'll write a base-ball story; there's no doubt about that making a hit."

Royce, from the height of his sophomore dignity, deigned the following: "I intend to write the story of a safe-breaker, for that will be a cracking tale."

There are times when bashfulness is extremely useful. If Walter Healy hadn't retired so modestly behind Murray's back he would have been asked much oftener than once in the specimen.

The collections for Kavanagh's bed have been stopped. A number of times he has been discovered playing tag and sting-goal. The climax, however, was reached one evening at the Loyola Debating Society. Before he had finished his speech most of the members decided he could not get tired.

In looking over last year's Academy Notes one will notice an account of a certain youth whose countenance was adorned with a beautiful black eye. But never before has St. Ignatius College seen such an eye as O'Halloran wore to school one day in November. It was a mixture of green and yellow, and resembled a small rainbow. The only thing he would say concerning it was: "Well, we won, anyway."

After Christmas vacation has ended the boys of First Academic will be singing to the tune of Bedelia:

Minora, Graeca Minora,  
I'm sore-a, at thought of you!  
If I e'er meet you Lucian,  
I'll hit you, and that is true!  
You are the very limit, I've had enough of you.  
Oh, Minora-ora-ora, I'm so sore-a, sore-a, sore-a;  
I want no more-a, no more-a of you!

Query from several sources: "Can you tell us how to procure the new books which are said at times to appear in the library?" Well, of course, I'm not sure, but I imagine if you were to waylay a librarian on his homeward journey you might procure any number of them from five upward.

Ward—Have you read the story of the Dandruff Cure?

Happel—No, what is it?

Ward—My, but it's a hair-raiser!

Happel—Have you heard the story of the Electric Battery?

Ward—No, go ahead.

Happel—Gee, but it's a thriller!

The following pun, the work of our esteemed friend, William Frill, appeared one day in Humanities—A:

Lannon: "Do you believe that Orpheus caused things to move by playing on a flute?"

Rudy: "Well, I know Lord has caused a number of families to move from Austin by his playing." Oh, hard, cruel world, and this from you, Frill.

Roberts, with his tremendous assortment of shoots, curves, slow balls and the like, has reaped a tremendous harvest of strikeouts. "For his curves are like the zig-zag of an in-and-out rail fence." Kevin, Carroll, Fiesel, Lambeau, Howard, O'Connor, Ward, Dowdle, and of course Morrison, all contribute to the phenomenal success of this team. Their eyes are now turning toward new fields of conquest and we can but wish them the same success they have had in the past.

The following sayings of great men have been collected and revised by our friend A. C. Ademy:

On a sunny day an umbrella is what you could call a shady friend.—Murphy, '09.

It is never too late to learn a penance.—Sullivan.

I had a pet partridge once, but he died game.—Kavanagh.

In chapel, the Philosophers' benches might be called The Seats of the Mighty.—Gorman.

A hold-up man who removes your watch never apologizes for taking your time.—Ryan.

A very high collar is usually a standing joke.—Sackley.

From some unknown source comes this question: "If every pupil were to bring every exercise on every day for a whole week, what would the teacher have?" After careful consideration we should say, that the teacher would undoubtedly have a fit.

Some wag announced that the S. P. C. A. on the St. Patrick's boy's sweaters stood for the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

First Academician—Can you tell me what Geometry is about?

Humanitarian—I don't know what Wentworth says, but I think it's about the limit.

Among the continuous vaudeville acts which serve to amuse the college boys, are the following:

Quinn and Gaughan in the balcony scene of "Romeo from Joliet."

The Furlong brothers in an acrobatic stunt entitled "Pals."

Curda in his celebrated imitation of a jumping-jack.

A large company, producing a drama called "Ten Nights in the Jug."

Yore, in a one act sketch by Russell Sage, called "Never Give Up."

Roche in a "sketch" entitled, "How I Downed the Gunning System."

Politeness is not altogether a lost art, and an incident in Third Academic—B, gives an additional proof of this fact. Maurice Woulfe was one of the refugees of the New Orleans plague, and while in Chicago he attended St. Ignatius. When at length he was able to leave for home, the boys of Third Academic, Mr. Leahy's class, held a reception in his honor. Master Lawrence Biggio made a speech, expressing the wishes of the class for his welfare, and he responded in the true Southern manner. The boys of Third Academic are to be highly complimented, for they have surely set an example that is worthy of imitation.

On November 15th, a select orchestra of eight pieces wended its way toward the Great Northern Hotel, where the Alumni banquet was to be held. Of course they were absorbed in the music, but they still had time to think of a private dining room in which covers were laid for eight. So, after performing for an hour or so, they adjourned to scenes of festivities not intended merely to be looked upon. Two things which they had noticed upon the menu of the banquet, *i. e.*, cigars and wine, were absent. The former they did not miss, but the latter—oh, well! I had intended to act as toastmaster, but, 'though Michigan on ice is all right as a beverage, it will never do to christen ships nor to drink toasts.

Concerning Royce, whose biography appears elsewhere in this number, they tell the following story: While passing down the

corridors of an office building he was suddenly seen to pause before the door of a doctor's office, and, after a moment's hesitation, knock. He was about to walk on, when an attendant opened the office door and inquired his business.

"I was passing by," said Royce, "when I saw your sign, and, as I always take pleasure in doing any little kindness I can, I did as the sign requested."

The sign read: "Please knock."

Did you ever stop to think what beautiful honor ribbons these fancy hat-bands would make?

Journalism is surely in a very flourishing state in the academy. Three of the Academics now have class papers, and judging from some of the copies that have come under our observation, the Weekly Owl, Echo and Cheese have as their editors future lights in the world of literature. Zamiara, Scott, Watts, Happel and several others are interested in and responsible for their publication and they are to be highly complimented upon their work, especially upon their humor.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.

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## Societies.

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### THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN.

The Chrysostomian Debating Society is now in full swing, and if perchance you happen to be passing the library on Wednesday evening when the meeting is in progress, you may hear such bursts of eloquent oratory as jarred the solemn old Romans in the time of Cicero. If you enter you will see the illustrious Mr. Foley with flying locks and blazing eyes, pour forth his ideas in language seldom or never heard, through all the ages since the days when Demosthenes harangued the ancient Greeks. But there are others in the society deserving of mention. We may see Mr. Magee advance with Chesterfieldian air and address his listeners in language that flows like the little babbling brook. And then Mr. O'Grady, with a roar like that of Boreas, gives forth his views. Ye scribe, in modern language called the secretary, Mr. M. Phee, with pen and book may be seen busily record-

ing the immense business of this society while Mr. Murray, the treasurer, gives a fair example of "Frenzied Finance." Mr. Byrne, the corresponding secretary, is well fitted for his lofty position and after he has performed his arduous official duties finds time to expound his views forcibly to the readers of THE COLLEGIAN. Messrs. Mielcarek and Bouillier have had no active duty to perform as yet, but give promises of great things for the future.

There is much rivalry in the society for the prize offered to the best debater. The leaders of the contest, when THE COLLEGIAN went to press, were Mr. Foley and Mr. Murphy.

It is rumored in society circles that Mr. H. Trainor is to write a dictionary for the pronunciation of American geographical names.

The meeting on Wednesday evening, December 6th, may be described by formula thus:  $P+P-R=$ meeting, which being translated means, Philosophy+Poetry—Rhetoric=meeting.

The subjects chosen for the year are various. They range from "football" and the "strike" question to the "Public Schools" and emerging into the domain of "colleges," finally finish with the "government." Many good debates and entertainments are promised for the future.

#### THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Loyola Literary Society, under the directorship of Rev. W. P. Lyons, S. J., bids fair to equal its elder brother, the Chrysostomian. The warlike aspect of some of the members is fearful to behold, when they stand before that vast audience and thunder forth their views on the subject which is before the house. All have not had a chance to display their talents as yet, but, if we may take the first speakers as samples, we have much to expect from these young disciples of Demosthenes and Cicero. Mr. D. Lord, the vice-president of this august assembly, still holds the first place as a debater, but there are many members who are casting longing eyes at that position and several have been seen striding up and down on the campus, semi-conscious of their surroundings, while they think up new expressions to hurl into the teeth of their opponents, and people who believe in signs prophesy great futures for the aforesaid young men. Mr. F. Quinn, the brilliant rag-time artist, scintillates and sparkles in his records of the meetings. It is rumored that the treasurer, Mr. J. Morrison,

has opened an account at one of our leading banks. The subjects chosen for discussion are all up to date, and manifest the excellent taste of the members.

#### SENIOR SODALITY.

The members of the Sodality and the students of the College witnessed a very impressive scene, when, on Wednesday, December 6th, sixty-two students made their Act of Consecration and were received into the sodalities. Rev. R. Slevin, S. J., and Rev. M. Hoferer, S. J., officiated. The Reverend President of the College preached the sermon of the occasion. In it he drew a very pretty picture which he urged the students to imitate. During the reception and Solemn Benediction which followed, the Rev. President and Rev. W. Robison, S. J., accompanied by Mr. Leo Mutter, rendered several hymns which added to the impressiveness of the occasion. At the annual election the following members were chosen for the offices: Prefect, Francis Foley; first assistant, D. Murray; second assistant, Ed O'Grady; secretary, W. McGee; treasurer, M. McGovern; sacristans, P. Mulhern, G. Bouillier, G. Stafford, T. Friel. Rev. R. Slevin, S. J., has been giving a series of lectures to the members on "Prayer."

#### THE JUNIOR SODALITY.

The Junior Sodality held its annual election on Sept. 19th and the following members were placed in office for the ensuing year. Prefect, F. A. Furlong; first assistant, John Lucas, second assistant, T. J. Sullivan; secretary, E. J. Kelly; treasurer, E. J. Hasten; sacristans, J. J. Donahue and R. B. Brown. Of the sixty-two candidates received into the sodalities on December 6th, sixty were candidates for the Junior Sodality. Rev. M. Hoferer, S. J., the director, hopes to add new members before the close of the year.

#### THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

The League of the Sacred Heart has increased wonderfully both in popularity and membership at the college in the past year, and every effort is being made by its able director, Rev. William Trentman to increase the First Friday devotion to the Sacred Heart. No new officers have been elected yet. The attention of the members is again called to the notice that the order of Communion has been changed. The intention for this month is "Peter's Pence."



A magic word which delights the heart of an American boy wherever he hears it spoken is baseball. At St. Ignatius, indoor baseball has become immensely popular and has now a large host of worthy exponents.

One team in particular has been eminently successful and covered itself with glory. This is the team of Humanities Class, composed of

Kevin, c.	Carroll, ls.
Roberts, p.	J. Howard, rs.
Morrison, 1b, Capt.	Ward, cf.
Fiesel, 2b.	O'Malley, lf.
Lambeau, 3b.	O'Connor, rf.

T. Dowdle, Mgr.

Out of eight games played they dropped only one; that was the first game with St. Patrick's Commercial Academy, the score being 12 to 8. In the second game with St. Patrick's, however, the team was more successful and beat the Academy by a score of 19 to 6. The strong team from Medill High School endeavored twice to defeat St. Ignatius, but not being favored by the gods, lost the first game by a score of 12 to 2, the second by 3 to 2. At the De La Salle Institute they play indoor every morning, noon and night and between times; consequently, when it was noised around that they were to meet St. Ignatius grave fears were entertained for the outcome, but Humanities had the advantage of being on their own grounds and were victorious, 5 to 3. After the De La Salle game every one was sure that the Monon Route could not overcome the speedy band and the result of 14 to 4 in favor of St. Ignatius



showed that the speculations were correct. When the railroaders failed, the Y. M. I. attempted to stop the victorious onslaught of this clever bunch, but were doomed to disappointment, for they swelled the list of victims by 13 to 5. The feature of the game was nineteen strike-outs by Roberts. Northwestern Military Academy, undefeated for two years, went down before St. Ignatius in eleven innings, by a score of 12 to 10.

The Bostons, an indoor team of the second league, surprised the South Side Marvels by gathering twenty-eight runs, while the Marvels, securing five, marveled at the marvelous playing.

Rugby seems to be doomed and Association bids fair to take its place, and may soon be all the rage. To keep up with the times, St. Ignatius has organized a socker team that boasts of accomplishing great deeds in the future. The members are:

Kevin, Rylands, Brown, Loonam, Lambeau, McNulty, O'Malley, Gorman, Burns, Ward, Keefe.

An athletic exhibition will be given some time in the near future and the students are earnestly endeavoring to make it a success. Mr. Theodore Gross, instructor at one of the South Side public playgrounds, has been engaged to train the youthful gymnasts and is meeting with such hearty co-operation that failure is impossible and he will long remember with pleasure his first year's work at St. Ignatius. The gym at noon reminds one of a bee-hive, all busy and not a drone in the swarm. Some are punching the bags, some making the parallel and horizontal bars groan, some are worrying the wall machines, others are engaged in tumbling, and through it all rings the healthful laugh of happy school days. The students are divided into senior and junior classes. The seniors occupy the gym Tuesday, Friday and Saturday noons; the juniors Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. The number in the classes exceeds that of any previous year.

PATRICK J. MULHERN, '07.



The title "Music and Song" is rendered in a highly decorative, stylized font. The word "Music" is in a large, bold, serif typeface, with the letter "M" being particularly prominent. The word "and" is in a smaller, simpler font. The word "Song" is also in a large, bold, serif typeface, with the letter "S" being particularly prominent. The entire title is surrounded by intricate illustrations of musical instruments, including a violin, a viola, and a harp, as well as various types of foliage and leaves. The background is filled with fine lines and shading, creating a rich, textured effect. Below the word "Song", the initials "A. M. D. G." are printed in a small, simple font.

A. M. D. G.

For some weeks a discord of sweet sounds has issued from the music rooms, located on the third floor of the college proper. The loitering students who passed that way marveled at the application and zeal of these disciples of Euterpe. They could hear the tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee of the viola and violin in one room, the strident tones of the brasses in another, and the clear young voices of the academic choir rehearsing in still another.

From out of this chaos of sound was evolved the delightful Thanksgiving concert given Tuesday, Nov. 28. It was an unqualified success. The rousing general applause and constant demand for encores attested how keenly the program was enjoyed by both the faculty and the students.

To the orchestra was assigned the opening and closing numbers. The first, an overture, "Lustspiel," by Keler Bela, is, like many of his works, characterized by great brilliancy of style and showy instrumentation. The second selection, "The Field Buglers," by G. Bramhall, is suggestively military in style. Both selections were played in a smooth, satisfactory manner. Their rhythmic swing and go are particularly catchy and the resulting demand for encores was but a natural sequence.

The academic choir gave the finale from "The Bogus School Inspector," and sang it well. A piano solo entitled "On the Way," by Godard, proved to be a very brilliant bit. Mr. Clement Hutter played it admirably, its sparkling passages and rapid tempo giving full scope to a display of his fine technique. An arrangement by C. W. Rich, of Braga's lovely Angel Song was next sung by the select choir. A cornet solo, "The Spark," played by Bernard Wertz, was the sixth number on the program. It was highly enjoyed and instinctively carried one back to the summer night concerts in the parks. The academic choir and glee club united in a

grand chorus called "The Joy of Youth." The fine matured voices of the glee club made a splendid background for the choir.

The result was so satisfactory that it made one wish to hear them together again in more pretentious works in the near future.

To the lovers of the violin, Mr. Joseph Pribyl gave the treat of the afternoon. His selection was a concert polonaise by F. Laub. His technique and expressive treatment of the work was superb. He is the life, the inspiration of the orchestra and to his unflagging zeal and fine musical temperament may be attributed the great success of that organization. Mr. James E. Hackett's solo, "The Palms," was particularly good. This beautiful old time favorite is excellently adapted to the cornet and was played with the greatest expression and religious feeling.

Claribel's "Come Back to Erin," arranged by Geibel, was the last vocal selection on the program. Last, but not least, this fine example of melody that has been sung and admired the wide world over was allotted to the glee club. They sang it well, the many voices seemed to add to its beauty and to bring out clearer its strong contrasts of light and shade, pathos and mirth.

There is nothing new to be said about the artistic ability of Professors Pribyl, Hutter and Hackett. Each has impressed his sense of harmony and technique upon his work. As a result, every number was intelligently given. The college is to be congratulated upon its selection of musical instructors, for seldom, except in institutions devoted solely to the study of music, is such perfection found among the students.

#### THE ORCHESTRA.

One of the enjoyable features of the St. Ignatius Alumni banquet, held recently at the Great Northern, was the music of the college select orchestra. Their playing provoked universal admiration and surprise. The consensus of opinion was that their performance was far above the average in every way.

The public in general will very soon have an opportunity to hear the orchestra play. During the Christmas holidays the students will present their annual drama for the interludes of which the orchestra will supply the music. They are hard at work preparing and a rich musical treat may be expected.

## GLEE CLUB.

We are especially proud of our Glee Club. Their fame has scaled the college walls and traveled far and wide. Very recently they accepted a most pressing invitation to sing at an entertainment given in Sinai Temple and also at another in St. Pius' hall. This speaks well for both Prof. Hutter and the Glee Club.

CLARENCE M. DARGAN, '07.

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## Alumni Notes.

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Dennis J. Hogan, 1 Com. '99, is travelling for the Chicago Biscuit Company, of which his brother, Michael J. Hogan, Poetry '88, is secretary. Leo Kennedy, 1 Com. '01, is also connected with the same firm.

Rumor has reached our sanctum that Frank Davis, 1st Acad. '00, is about to sail for Panama, to help Uncle Sam to dig the big canal.

Tony Moran, Phil. '04, is engaged in the District Court, and we hear that he looks well, notwithstanding the contrary rumor which was circulated some time ago.

From the State University at Urbana, word comes that one of our genial old students, the Rev. John H. Cannon, '84-'86, has just organized a Spalding Club amongst the students. We wish the Spalding Club and its director all the success they so well deserve.

In our chronicle last issue, of the doings of the class of '05, we omitted the name of Ambrose J. Bonfig, who, we are happy to inform our readers, is now engaged in commercial life with his father.

Mr. James Paul Cooke, who left during Poetry, '99, is now living at 102 Third St., Portland, Oregon, where he is engaged in the brokerage business. Mr. Cooke brought his interesting young wife to see his Alma Mater, on a recent trip they were making to Green Bay, his boyhood home. Mr. Cooke was pleased to see the many improvements that have taken place in St. Ignatius. He reports that Arthur C. Dayton, 1 Com. '00, is doing

so well at law in Portland, that he expects to form an independent law partnership for himself at the opening of the new year.

As Horace MacRobert's health was being undermined by the confinement of the railroad office, in which he was employed, he has taken the position of reporter for the "American Building and Engineering Reports."

Mr. James J. Kelly, Poetry, '02, who used to defend the maroon and gold on the diamond, was president last season of the Merchants' Association Base Ball League. Mr. Kelly is also sporting editor of the ambitious magazine devoted to the interests of the Marshall Field employes. In addition to these occupations and his regular business duties with that firm, Mr. Kelly is married, so any one can see he is leading a strenuous life. Mr. Kelly writes that business firms are eager to have college men in their employ.

All the Bremner boys are now running a new biscuit factory which they have built on Forquer street. THE COLLEGIAN wishes them success, for they have always been amongst the most loyal alumni of old St. Ignatius; and now when they are in competition with the Biscuit Trust, they certainly have need of the goodwill of all their friends.

Mr. Joseph F. Pribyl, former student and present orchestra director of the college, has opened the Chicago Academy of Music, at 40th Ave. and 14th St. He has now six teachers of music and dramatic art on his staff. The Academy is incorporated and besides teaching elementary studies, it will confer teachers' certificates and diplomas. We predict great success for the Chicago Academy of Music.

"Jim" Finnegan, '03, is at present engaged in gathering in most of the grocery trade in the state of Wisconsin, for the firm of Franklin MacVeagh. We fear that Mr. Finnegan's success will drive all the commercial travellers of that lake-dotted state into a new and harrowing trust or else plunge them into awful despair. Meanwhile if you want to buy pickles, be sure to see Jim before laying out your money.

Father Curran, S. J., one of the earliest graduates of St. Ignatius and afterwards professor and prefect in its halls, spent the week of Thanksgiving in our midst, on his way to Omaha, where he is to be one of the pillars of Creighton University.

Father Curran has not lost his old love for St. Ignatius, and he is ever ready to break a lance in its defense.

Wm. J. Collins, 1st Academic, 1901, now grown into a tall and distinguished-looking young man is helping to run the printing establishment of Collins' Brothers. He can do pretty much anything from inking the rollers to taking in the checks.

Paul Drevniak, '05, writes to Father Dumbach that Father Rudolph Meyer, S. J., formerly Vice-President of St. Ignatius College, gave the American College students in Rome their annual retreat. Paul reports that eighteen former St. Ignatius boys are now camped by the banks of the yellow Tiber.

Two of our old students, Mr. Joseph I. Kelly, and Mr. Howard O. Sprogle are engaged in the teaching of law, the former in the Northwestern University Law School, and the latter in the Chicago Law School.

As all the names mentioned in the following clipping from the *New World* are the names of former college students, it will be of interest to our readers:

The funeral of Thomas J. Lawlor, a young ecclesiastical student of the Archdiocese of Chicago took place at St. Lawrence Church, Grand Crossing, Friday, Oct. 13.

Mr. Lawlor was 23 years of age and was in the midst of his clerical studies when death called him away.

He was a brother of the late Rev. Martin J. Lawlor, who died soon after his ordination.

The Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. S. Moloney, assisted by Rev. Wm. O'Shea as Deacon, Rev. T. J. O'Donnell, Sub-Deacon, and Father T. Shewbridge, Master of Ceremonies.

The sermon was preached by Father D. E. Reilly of St. Cecelia's, a life long friend of the family and a classmate of Father Martin Lawlor. He said in part:

"He was singled out by God by a vocation to the ecclesiastical state, and having heard the call he immediately set about to prepare himself with all his strength to serve his Maker at the altar. He would ascend the Holy Mount to give his life in the service of the great High Priest—he looked with longing eyes on the beautiful Thabor, but ere he reached it the same voice of God rang

out again, 'Thus far shalt thou go, Thomas, and no farther,' and the foot of Thabor became his Calvary.

"A few years ago we were gathered here to offer the tribute of prayer at the funeral of his brother, who in life possessed a personality that was beautiful, a power of intelligence that was almost superhuman and a character that molded after that of the Master, and I mention this not to awaken sad memories, but because I know that the sound of his name is sweet to the ears of all who knew him, and because I know that the memory of Father Martin is worth keeping green. He was a jewel amongst men and would have been a light in the ranks of the clergy had God not seen fit to call him to himself.

"What a consolation should this not be then to the bereaved mother to know that she brought into the world two boys who were a credit to her, a credit to the community in which they lived and a credit to their holy religion, whose upright ideal lives were an example for the young men in this, our day of indifference—whose deaths were in keeping with their lives—whose reward was we trust the sweet invitation of the Master whom they served so well, 'Come and possess the kingdom.'"

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## Passim.

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"O brother wearers of motley! Are there not moments when one grows sick of grinning and tumbling and the jingling of cap and bells for *Vanity Fair*?"—THACKERAY.

### SOME LETTERS RECEIVED AND ANSWERED.

Dear "Passim"—

Where did you get the idea you were a funny man? Anybody that would print as inane a thing as that "except Charlie Joy's, which does not run" must surely be suffering from mental apathy, I am,

Sincerely yours,  
S. E. D.

My dear unknown friend, if you imagine that we consider ourselves "a funny man" you wrong us. We do, however, claim to possess a sense of humor and of the ridiculous, but that is far as our self-conceit leads us. It has often happened to us that when a chap

fell down-stairs, or a hat blew across the campus with its owner in vain pursuit, somebody has turned to us and exclaimed, "There's something that's funny. You ought to put that in THE COLLEGIAN." But if we did record the fact that "Tom Fitzgerald chased his hat across the yard, but was not able to catch up with it," that same somebody would be the first to exclaim at the dull and boring qualities of the "Passim" column. Again—In a group of fellows that are in good humor someone will propound the question, "When is a door not a door," or something similar. Immediately someone turns to us, if present, and informs us that "that chap is downright witty and should be allowed to run 'Passim.'" Now, my dear S. E. D., just hang onto the next "downright witty chap" and we will resign. If you fail to understand all this rigamarole we refer you to the opening quotation. Just our sentiment. In regard to the inanity of the remark you quote, with all due regard to your qualities of penetration, we would ask you not to condemn a remark because you fail to discover the point. There might still be one.

Dear "Passim"—

Will you please favor us with a sketch of the life of James Emmet Royce?  
H. S. and S. M. H.

In response to this and numerous other requests, we present the following biographical sketch of:

James Emmet Royce, Litterateur, born A. D. 1888.

From the very first Mr. Royce possessed an insatiable desire for heavy reading, which, in his earliest years, he satisfied in part by literally devouring the editorial sheet of the family newspaper. This innocent recreation brought on a severe attack of "mal de mer" which the doctor diagnosed as "jaundice," on account of the yellowness of the sheet, and which necessitated Emmet's giving up literature for awhile. At the tender age of nineteen months, having dipped his rattle into his infantile gore, he courted the muse with the following couplet:

"I love to see a placid cow,  
I love to hear a dog bow-wow."

While it must be admitted that this simple pastoral possesses certain crudities, still it may well be compared with the earlier works of Vergil. In the ensuing years Emmet pursued his delving into classical and biblical lore and it evidently made a deep impression



on his, as yet, unformed mind, for he invariably referred to his morning mush as "a mess of pottage," and termed his foaming draught of milk "the nectar of the gods." When he was six years and three months old Jimmie Emmet was collared and reprimanded by his worthy preceptor for concealing the "Odyssey" behind his "jography," and we have it on the assertion of his devoted mother that her precocious son and heir remained up some nights as late as half-past seven reading Tennyson's "Princess." In the intervening years, while not penning anything that would make him famous, Mr., or rather Master, Royce succeeded in making his classmates excessively jealous of his literary offspring. At the age of sixteen Mr. Royce's first lengthy prose work saw light in THE COLLEGIAN. It was entitled "The Dream of a Lazy Student." Mr. Royce afterwards confided in the writer that it was the hardest work he ever performed. Then followed in rapid succession "The Royal Guard" and "How I was Killed." Flushed with success and with confidence in his now tried abilities, Mr. Royce busied himself with a more difficult theme than he had as yet attempted. The result was a tale, redundant with all the weirdness of Edgar Allan Poe, entitled "Franklin's Farewell," which appeared in the last COLLEGIAN. Mr. Royce's oddities consist in wearing his shoes large, his hair long, his collars high, and sometimes forgetting to pay his carfare. On request and for fifteen cents in stamps "Pessim" will supply a stunning picture of this genius, beautifully printed in three colors and autographed by the gentleman himself.

When Mr. Hutter, the efficient director of the Glee Club, was casting about for a soloist for a popular encore, his choice fell upon Mr. Friel of Poetry "A." Mr. Friel's solo consisted of exclaiming in tenor tones that "His grandfather had some very fine ducks, some very fine ducks had he." Ordinarily this little ditty would have passed unnoticed, but Friel lifted it out of the ordinary by changing "had" into "hod." Whether this peculiar diction reflects on Mr. Friel's mortar-carrying abilities, or betrays foreign ancestry, is still a question of doubt. Speaking of "hods" reminds us of a little thing we heard concerning Jawn Sackley. It seems that last June, Jawn received a sudden and unaccountable inspiration for manual labor, and as a result obtained a position with a construction company as a hod-carrier. As Mr. Sackley expressed it, "It was such an easy job. All he had to do was to carry the bricks up, and the other man did the work." But, dear reader,

don't imagine for a single instant that Jawn carried a HOD! Heavens, no! How perfectly vulgar! The elegant Mr. Jawn conveyed the bricks in a SUITCASE.

Those best of hosts, Messrs. Hoffman and Stafford, again demonstrated their hospitality last month by giving a novel soiree entitled a "cravat" party. Although the affair was somewhat of a surprise to the gentlemen in question, they responded nobly to the occasion and acquitted themselves very favorably. The prevailing colors of decoration were emerald green and royal purple, and the refreshments consisted largely of wind glacé served with a delightful ether sauce. Mr. Stafford particularly distinguished himself by his masterly rendition of the "Wearing of the Green" and being applauded to the echo responded by reciting with deep feeling and careful intonation, "An Exile of Erin." After this classical rendition the applause was so tumultuous that it was thought the police would have to be called, but Mr. Hoffman's simple dignity prevented this calamity. It was with great reluctance the affair was finally brought to a sorrowful conclusion. It will live long in the memories of the favored participants.

Mr. Byrne was about to pen "An Operatic Mix-Up." "Here," he said, "is where I go from bad to verse."

Some popular novels as exemplified by popular chaps:

"Sandy"—Edward O'Grady.

"The Gambler"—Thomas Nash.

"The Millionaire Baby"—John Sackley.

"My Friend, the Chauffeur"—Henry Venn.

"The Master Mummer"—William Magee.

"The Two Captains"—Phee and Roberts.

"The Fool Errant"—Charles Joy.

"The Lightning Conductor"—Edward Keefe.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE, '08.

#### SHAKESPEARE AGAIN.

*Boullier*—When was the typewriter invented?

*Foley*—Somewhere in the sixteenth century. For does not Hamlet, writing to Ophelia, say:

"Thine evermore, most dearest lady,

Whilst this *machine* is to him.

—*Hamlet*.

*Excited Debater*—"Does my worthy opponent mean to insinuate that my statistics are not original?"

Clemens Demes is still seconding motions in the "Chrysostomian." Stick to it, C. D.! Make yourself useful.

We shed many a silent tear as we read the following, from *St. Mary's Dial*:

"Daniel Meaney walks like this: tump-teedle-ump-tump, teedle-eedle-ump."

Come home, Danny dear, we never treated you half so badly.

JOHN A. MIELCAREK, '06.

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## Tales Told by Thespians.

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When the long shadows fall from the cable powerhouse, compassing all in their gloom; when the steeple clock has long since struck five, and the silent unoccupied rows of opera chairs in the vacant hall mock one with their uncanny stillness, then the Thespians, gathered for the rehearsal of the coming college play, make the time fleet with song and story, while they wait their cues. The precedence in story telling is allotted to the older mummies and the uninitiated try to look *blasé*. Some succeed in their attempts and others fail. A travesty on a popular ditty has just ended, and the story telling commences.

### THE TALE TOLD BY THESPIAN JOY.

Years ago, before dreams of playing "Hamlet" ever entered my Thespian head, I assisted, in a minor capacity, in the presentation of "Henry, the Fourth," given by the students of St. Ignatius. The production was put on at the "Studebaker," was elaborate, and a success, but— The role of "Harry Hotspur" was intrusted to "Dick" Prendergast, who was renowned both as a football player and an orator, and was probably chosen for the role because of both reasons. The result was that the role of "Hotspur" was played with all the ferocity of a line-bucking warrior; and the fiery eloquence of a campaign "spieler." One very facetious person remarked that Dick raised such a tumult on the night of the production that three prisoners sawed their way out of the county jail without being detected, but that, of course, was a trifle drawn. As everyone knows, in course of the drama "Hotspur" is slain in combat, expiring in full view of the audience. That was where Dick made his hit with the gallery gods. He certainly died hard, in fact

he died all over the stage, and caused the scene-shifters to shiver at his frantic convulsions. After his demise it was incumbent on myself and a fellow supernumerary to bear him off on our shields. It worked all right in rehearsals, but on the night of the performance his "princelet" wouldn't budge worth a bang. It was in vain that we pulled, tugged, and pushed. "Hotspur's" 180 pounds refused to take notice of the fact that it was May 1st, and moving day. In despair we applied still greater force, but the only reward our efforts received was a titter from the audience, and even the features of the dead "Hotspur" were relaxing in a post-mortem smile, when suddenly a shrill voice piped out from the gallery, "Take what you can, misters, and come back for the rest." It was the last straw. The audience broke out into a loud roar, and a quick call sent the curtain down.

TALE TOLD BY THESPIAN BYRNE.

Speaking of poor chirography (which no one was) I heard a story about Horace Greeley the other day that was a new one to me, and I think it will be to you. Now Greeley wrote the most villainous hand a compositor ever tried to decipher, and as a consequence, though many of the compositors tried to read it, the majority were weighed and found wanting—a position. Finally by sheer luck, coupled with a great deal of ingenuity, one typesetter struck on a way to decipher his miserable scrawl. Mr. Greeley was overjoyed at the discovery and retained the man at a large stipend, solely to set up his editorials. The salary was so large and the duties of the office so light, that the self-importance of the lucky compositor rose until he became positively intolerable to the other men on the paper. But pride generally presages a fall and, in this case, it did. The compositors who tried and failed secured a couple of bantams, dipped their spurs in ink, and started them wrangling on a sheet of Greeley's favorite stationery. The result of the chicken fight was handed to Mr. Greeley's special compositor as the editorial for the following day. The man took it, deciphered it, with the exception of one word, and leaving a blank for that, set up the rest of the supposed editorial. Then sheet in hand he sought Mr. Greeley, whose bad penmanship was rivaled only by his absent-mindedness, and said, "Of course, Mr. Greeley, I'm very sorry this has happened, but it's the first time, and I assure you it won't happen again, but there is one word in your writing here I can't make out." Mr. Greeley looked at the compositor and stared at the sheet. "Humph! It's funny you can't make that out. Why that's '*un-constitutional*,' as plain as I ever wrote it."

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE, '08.



With this issue the Exchange Column is open for business under a new management. But though the management be changed, its policies are to remain and we stand for everything our predecessor stood for in the matter of making the Exchange Column, in as far as we are able, not the least creditable in the issue. So with a new field before us, with prejudices unformed, we hope to do justice by all our fellow-journalists.

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To the *Georgetown College Journal* we give the blue ribbon of excellence among exchanges received. Its fiction, though showing an occasional fault of the amateur, is most interesting, and, we think, worthy the pages of many first-class magazines. Its poetical numbers, especially "Our Guardian Angels," are not lacking in beautiful sentiment. The description of a class election in which the writer, in burlesque, likens the meeting to an Indian council is, to say the least, original and clever. But, alas! the much abused exchange column must exhibit itself in greatly confined space. Lengthen it out, *Journal*, it deserves no slight. The entreaty for cleaner and purer athletics, in Father Buel's circular letter is indeed most timely, and we hope it may bear its fruits in plenitude.

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We are in receipt of the *St. Mary's Collegian*, a journal full of news, and upon which much labor seems to have been spent. However, it has the fault of many of our college papers, the labor is borne by only a few, mostly editors, while in a book so large there is room for much more varied energy. Several pieces of fiction, especially "When 'Carrotts' Scooped the Town," are deserving of praise. Its editorials are short and crisp.

Conspicuous among the efforts of a magazine which has attained some reputation for its essays, is a masterly one by a former contributor to THE COLLEGIAN, Mr. Maurice O'Shea. It indeed deserves all praise for treatment of the subject, force of expression and its well substantiated arguments. The other articles in the paper, excepting a poem and a second essay, are purely local.

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One of the brightest exchanges reviewed is the November issue of the "*Blue and White*." The editorial on "Catholics and Reading" is well-timed and appropriate. One thing noticeable, however, is the almost total lack of poetical efforts. We have always considered California an ideal place for the wooing of the muse, and we hope to see at least standing room for poems in the next issue.

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A very creditable journal is the November issue of the "*Dial*," but the author of "Maud" failing in a plot, resorts to attempted ludicrous situations, which, we think, fell short of their aim. The oration "Catholicity in America" reads very smoothly and with the addition of elocution no doubt afforded much pleasure to the audience.

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A little stranger from Milwaukee has come timidly into our sanctum and sits down modestly near the door. Come in, *Marquette College Journal*, you are a promising youngster and we hope great things from you. You tell us some very nice little stories, recite some pretty poems and have a great deal to say about that splendid football team. Well, come again; we are always glad to give you a half hour of our time. M. J. PHEE, '06.

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### BEST THINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

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#### NIAGARA FALLS.

Thunder, your voice is deepest in this roar!  
 Grandeur, your soul is greatest in this fall!  
 This avalanche of waters wild that pour  
 And plunge in glory down the granite wall!

What hands of fire, what demons of the deep  
 Once carved this valley through the solid rock?  
 What dreadful records of Creation sleep  
 In every mighty and stupendous block!

Man! what art thou beside this ocean vast!  
 This wilderness of waters uncontrolled:  
 Thou wert undreamed of in that mighty past,  
 When first this roaring thunder-torrent rolled!

Eternity, thy name is written here!  
 Thy seal is stamped upon these boulders black!  
 The voice of ages rolls upon mine ear  
 And calls my soul to dim Creation back.

Soul, in this waterfall thy symbols see!  
 Gaze on this scene, stupendous and sublime:  
 Read in this flood thy immortality  
 And God, unchanging through all changing time!  
 —*Niagara Index.*

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Poe's life was always exemplary from his earliest youth. Official records prove that he was not expelled from the University of Virginia, but on the contrary he gained a creditable record as a student. His employers say, "We saw but one presentiment of the man, a quiet, patient, industrious and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good-feeling." He was a loving and devoted husband, an earnest and untiring worker, sincere, invariably the same sad-mannered, refined personage. His works betray his melancholy, serious character; they portray for us the sincerity of his poet's soul, his wealth, the loftiness of his inspirations, the dignity of his ideals.—*Georgetown Journal.*

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Ten aves in mystical groupings  
 With a prayer to the Father between,  
 And a tribute of praise to the Tri-Una,  
 Make the rosary twined for our queen.  
 —*Villa Shield.*

## Some Modern Definitions by a Student.

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*A College*—An institution of higher learning wherein you *memorize* languages and sciences, but *remember* only the frolics and associations you enjoyed therein.

*A Fraternity*—An institution of brotherly love wherein you can spend more money than at a charity bazaar.

*A College Journal*—A charitable orphan asylum for the literary offspring of aspiring authors and poets, maintained by the advertiser.

*An Examination*—A noteworthy endeavor on the part of the student to memorize in one night two-fourths of a year's work and write the other half on his shirt cuffs.

*A College Commencement*—A high dive on the part of the graduate before he strikes the sea of life.

Absence make the student go under.

A pitch in time will save the nine.

Nothing recedes like recess.

J. P. R.







Compassion



## Compassion.

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“Saviour, have mercy on thy  
sinful child,

I Bring my cares and sorrows  
unto thee,

I hear those gentle lips make  
answer mild:

‘My son, take up thy cross  
and follow me.’ ”

*James Emmet Royce, '08.*

# The St. Ignatius Collegian

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Vol. V.

Chicago, Ill., April, 1906.

No. 3.

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## The Jesuits in Chicago.

A History of Holy Family Church  
and St. Ignatius College.

III.

(1860-1868)

**T**HERE is little, it may be agreed, of striking historic interest in the rise and growth of a church and parish. The peculiar conditions of the early days of the city and the great success of the work impart to this narrative whatever little interest it may possess. Father Damen was still for many years to guide the destinies of Holy Family Parish; it was his mind that conceived and his energy that carried out each successive plan which the growth of the parish and the needs of the congregation demanded, and after fifteen years of waiting it was his destiny to found and preside over the College which is the crown of his life-work in Chicago, as the Church of The Holy Family is his monument.

For the more suitable education of young girls, he secured the co-operation of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who opened their Convent on Taylor Street under Mother Galway in the fall of 1860. The education of the boys was still carried on, under the direction of Father John Coveny, in the old frame church, situated on what is now the corner of May and 11th Streets. The following year saw the foundation of the Rosary Society, the Young Ladies' Sodality and a Sodality for Young Men, which last soon became remerged into "The Gentlemen's Sodality."

In the year 1862, the overtaxed capacity of the church was doubled by the simple expedient of transforming the basement into an auxiliary chapel or "lower church." It is an interesting commentary on the rural condition of the neighborhood, as also on

the Reverend Superior's economy and attention to details, to note that the ground surrounding the church and residence was converted into a vegetable garden, and thus made to contribute its share to the support of the community.

At this period a new face appeared among the fathers associated with Father Damen and a new career of splendid promise opened, to be terminated, alas, too soon. Father Cornelius Smarius, the companion of Father Damen in the parish and more particularly on the missions, was in many respects his exact complement. Eloquent they both were, but each after his fashion. Where Father Damen was rugged, Father Smarius was polished; where one exhorted, the other pleaded; where one dwelt on the terrors that follow sin in life and after death, the other dwelt with glowing gentleness on the peace and joy of those that follow Christ; where one stirred men to tears, the other moved to admiration; where one was a preacher of force and power, the other was an orator of elegance and grace. It may be, the perfection of pulpit oratory resides in one who fuses together these varied gifts, but the fruit of their sermons on alternate nights was greater than either, unassisted, could have hoped for. It is worthy of note that, while Father Smarius' printed sermons, and especially his important work, "A Manual of Controversy," still compel the admiration of the reader, there is nothing Father Damen has left behind which suggests anything of the power of his spoken word.

One who is qualified to speak from experience has given us some interesting details of these days in the Church of the Holy Family:

"The church was crowded in those days at the last Mass as never since. It was then the largest and finest church in town, the new organ then the largest in the United States was finished at a cost of more than \$25,000 and many sacred concerts were given to crowded houses. The preaching was rated as the best in town, the music was of a very high order, and the people came from the North and South sides, Catholics and Protestants, no matter how bad the weather. He was always on the alert for reputable singers and whenever a concert or opera company came to town, he was sure to have their best talent at the last Mass on Sunday. The expense incurred was far outbalanced by the large collections, for the many Protestants present always contributed liberally. This fact I know well, for as usher in the middle aisle, I had the man-

agement of these visitors, and also the collecting to do, and they were very liberal, some even offering me tips of from one to five dollars as a bribe for good seats; some, very adroit, would on shaking hands leave in my palm the money; others secretly whispering their desire would squeeze it into my hand or pocket. Of course our rules forbade these tips, and how often these men looked surprised when, on giving them a good seat, I returned the tip with the remark: 'Thanks, but our rules debar it.' "

We have mentioned that the old frame church was employed at this time as a parish school for boys. Early on a May morning in the year 1864, the fathers were roused by the cry of fire, and almost before the city engines could respond to the call, the old wooden structure was a mass of charred and burning embers. At nine o'clock the boys assembled for school with a grief perhaps not unmingled with the cheering prospect of a long, enforced vacation, but Father Damen with a readiness and energy which provoke a smile marched them into the basement of the church and classes were resumed without the loss of a session.

This arrangement, however, was but temporary and the erection of a new school building became imperative. On the following Sunday after Mass, Father Damen gathered together the prominent men of the parish and laid before them a statement of his needs. A house to house canvass for funds was agreed upon and cheerfully undertaken by a committee of parishioners. With the sum of \$7,000 thus secured, a piece of property on Morgan Street was purchased and the erection of a commodious brick building begun. The corner stone of the present structure was laid in July of 1864 and the school was ready for occupancy in the following January.

Thomas O'Neil, a lay brother of the Society, had taught for several years at the previous location. With the opening of the new school, his brother, Father Andrew O'Neil, was ordered to Chicago and placed in control of the work. Under the wise and efficient management of these brothers the school flourished for many years, and so intimately were they associated with the institution in the minds of the parishioners, that it was known only as "The Brothers' School," a name it was destined to retain for many years after "the brothers" were called to their reward.

The 25th of October, 1865, was made memorable by the consecration of the high altar with solemn ceremonies, enhanced by the

presence of seven bishops in full pontificals, and an immense congregation which included the mayor of the city.

In the year 1866, less than ten years after the erection of the small frame church, a final addition of fifty feet was made to the new structure, "a fact," comments the historian of those days, "which seemed almost incredible, particularly to those who had declared it an act of madness to build so spacious an edifice in the fields." But the same chronicler remarks some two years later with apparent satisfaction, that this section was "no longer a prairie, but the suburbs of a large city."

During the progress of this work, which included the erection of the main tower, Father Damen was constantly at hand to direct and encourage the labor. After the last Mass in the morning, the altar would be covered with a veil and the father would appear walking up and down, engaged in saying his beads or his office, but interrupting his devotions at frequent intervals to descend into the foundations of the tower or climb the ladder against its rising walls. So intimate was his interest in the work, it might almost be said that not a tier of bricks was laid but under his personal supervision.

On the 1st of November, 1868, the congregation gathered together to honor their beloved pastor in a special way. The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary, the Silver Jubilee of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood, and the various sodalities he had founded rivaled each other in paying tributes of affectionate gratitude to their father, guide and friend. Father Damen himself celebrated the Solemn High Mass and spoke from the abundance of his heart a few simple and touching words of gratitude. He was then in the full maturity of his vigor and his power, he had just passed his fiftieth year and the touch of silver in his hair crowned with dignity a countenance naturally severe, but relieved by the gentleness and kindness of a father in the midst of his people.

Father Damen on his Silver Jubilee might well have looked back with complacency on his labors as completed, but there was before him a mightier task than the foundation of a parish or the building of a church. The day he had longed for and prayed for was at hand. He set himself with a renewed and ardent zeal to the final work of his life, the higher education of the Catholic youth, the upbuilding of a college which should live after him and fill the professional walks of life with men thoroughly grounded in the principles of truth, morality and religion.

(To be continued.)

## Evening.

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**W**E spent the long, bright, sunny day watching the farmers in the wheat fields, cutting and preparing the harvest.

But at last the sun began to cast long shadows from the trees which lined the lake. The farmers came home driving their horses slowly before them. The light wind played a mournful tune among the branches as the sun slowly but surely sank below the horizon, leaving a trail of fire in its wake, causing the water to look as though it were burning. All along the distant horizon, spreading far on either side of the sun's descent, the sky was of a reddish glow which was a promising outlook for another bright day.

Soon the earth was wrapped in darkness, silent but for the sharp chirping of the crickets and the occasional dismal hooting of the night owls. From afar off in some little hamlet, came the trembling notes of the Angelus and even the crickets seemed to hush their chirping cries as the bell rang out its benediction.

Hardly had it ceased its echoing song, when the moon rose slowly and gloriously from the east, throwing rich silver bars of light along the sleeping surface of the lake and illuminating the earth with its soft, melancholy light. And from over the water we could hear soft strains of music, played by some stout son of labor who had come to witness the moon rise and to rest from his day of work.

At last we retired, dragging ourselves away from this quiet inspiring spot; and as we were lying down to rest we could hear the cool night air whispering among the leaves and branches which skirted our window ledge; the tomb-like silence of the night being broken only by the occasional baying of some farmer's hound and the owls hooting discontentedly in the trees which lined the lake.

WALTER S. CAMPBELL. 2ND SPECIAL A.



## “Dutchie” and Dorgan.

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It was a sultry afternoon in August, and the pavements of the “dee-strict” were even hotter than usual. It had not rained for days and the arid street emitted clouds of dust, as the cars sped by with red-faced motormen jangling bells and swearing with relief, as another urchin scampered across the tracks in safety. Inside the stuffy tenements, squalid misery reigned supreme, and anxious mothers looked at the scanty supply of milk, and longed for evening and a breeze. The district known as “Little Hades” was being slowly throttled by the overpowering temperature.

In front of the Hill Settlement House, a Gothic oasis in a tenement desert, a group of ragged urchins of all sizes and nationalities, clustered around one whom they evidently regarded as their leader. His manner was aggressive and his bright eyes darted from one lad to another as he spoke. Nature had evidently intended him to be conspicuous, for she had endowed him with a shock of flaming red hair, and a most liberal assortment of freckles. The urchin, who answered the name of Dorgan, was brandishing a red fist as he spoke.

“You’re goin’ in dere for an ice-cream feed,” he said, jerking his thumb in direction of the Hill House. “And if any of youse get gay, and go swipin’ anything, I’ll—I’ll knock your heads together. Just ’cause you don’t get ice-cream every day, you don’t need to get piggy when a lady offers you it. Do they, Dutchie?”

The urchin appealed to, a small blond with clear blue eyes, nodded his head emphatically.

“You just bet they don’t,” he said. Having carried his point, Dorgan again waved his hand aloft.

“Line up now and march in, and don’t forget what I told youse, for I won’t.” And the gathering moved forward to partake of that acme of boyhood bliss—an ice-cream party.

The “lady” referred to by Dorgan in his speech was Miss Lois Payson, who had been born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and a great deal of kindness in her heart. She had given up a summer at Newport to take up settlement work, and so far had been very successful with her charges. From the very first, Dorgan and his “pal” Dutchie had been her devoted adherents,

and had helped her greatly in the management of the class, although she was unaware of it. It may be stated that Dutchie and Dorgan were conceded to be the two best fighters of their weight and size in the ward.

With the advent of the heated season, Miss Payson had instituted a series of short lectures, accompanied by liberal portions of ice-cream and cake. Perhaps she flattered herself that the urchins came to hear her; the urchins knew that they came for the ice-cream and attendant dainties.

On this particular afternoon, her class, under the watchful scrutiny of its two leaders, filed into the room where Miss Payson, gowned in a cool and becoming organdie was awaiting their coming. Having delivered their charges in safety the duo immediately marched up to the front bench and sat as close to Miss Payson as possible without musing her, to them, wonderful frock. Seated thus, they allowed their eyes to feast on her loveliness, while their thoughts dwelt on the ice-cream and goodies to follow.

As faithful chroniclers of the actions of the pair, we must admit that several times during the course of the talk, their grimy hands stole out from their trouser pockets and lovingly patted the folds of that wonderful frock. But for some reason or other, Miss Payson did not bestow on her devotees the attention they usually received. She seemed absorbed in one of the rear seats, where a be-leathered young chap, who had come to take her for a motor car jaunt, sat patiently waiting for her to finish her lecture. The nice looking chap's *sang froid* might have been slightly shaken had he overheard the injured Dorgan remark to Dutchie, "That he was a dude, and ought to be smashed."

Dutchie was just bestowing a last loving pat on Miss Payson's frock, when her cool voice exclaimed, "And thus we see, my dear boys, that honesty is the best policy," and stepping down from her platform she joined the young man. Together they walked out to where the refreshments were being served, Dutchie and Dorgan, breathing vengeance, brought up the rear.

The advent of the ice-cream was a call to duty for the two ignored ones, and so "clear were they in their great office," that when Miss Lois asked one small urchin if he wouldn't like a second dish, he tearfully exclaimed, "I'd like to, alright ma'am, but I'm afraid Dorgan's watchin';" whereupon she said, "There's plenty, Dorgan dear." So great was the joy of "Dorgan dear" at



A Mendicant Friar



A Remote Village



Cardinal Merry del Val

SNAP SHOTS IN ITALY.



being so addressed, that he immediately forgot his good resolution to cuff the small gamin's ears for being a tell-tale. But all good things have an end—even ice-cream festivals and the nice, youngish chap finally whisked Miss Payson off in his mechanical chariot, and away they sped to boulevards and trees—and everything delightful.

Miss Payson leaned back luxuriously in the deep leather cushions, and exclaimed:

"Really, Ralph, this machine is a beauty—it just soars. It's new, isn't it?"

"Yes, father made me a present of it about a week ago. Don't you know people that insist on burying themselves in settlements miss an awful lot of things?"

"I know, and I'm so tired," Miss Payson yawned gently. The young man looked at her.

"Why don't you chuck it all?" he queried.

"Oh, I couldn't. Those people are so poor and have so much sorrow. Besides, Dutchie and Dorgan would be heart broken. Don't you think they're dears? Their honest little faces just seemed to shine this afternoon, when I was talking. I think you'd call Dutchie very good looking." And the young chap, who had quite a reputation for diplomacy, said he thought that you would.

"You know," said Miss Payson, thoughtfully poking at the floor of the tonneau with her parasol. "You know, I've enjoyed this spin very, very much, but I'm afraid I must return now."

The young man's face fell, but he turned to the chauffeur, and said, "Go back, Henri," and they sat in silence until the settlement house was reached.

When Miss Payson rose to leave the tonneau, she let her hand drop to her side, and emitted a tiny scream. Her chatelaine purse was missing. She laughed at her loss, however, a matter of some five or six dollars, and saying good-bye to the young man, entered again the Gothic oasis in the tenement desert. At dinner that night, Miss Payson happened to mention her loss, and also the fact that she had discovered that the chatelaine had been severed from her belt, evidently with a sharp knife. Although she was perplexed by the loss, the head of the settlement, older in the work, was not greatly at loss for an explanation. She engaged the services of a detective, and awaited developments.

As it happened, this particular detective got results. A few

days later, Miss Payson was informed that the culprits had been apprehended. The chatelaine had been found at a neighboring pawnshop, and finally the culprits themselves had been arrested. The informant also stated that the trial would take place on Thursday next, at Justice Lenegan's court, and requested that she be present to press her claim. Miss Payson promised, and on the next Thursday, a pretty young lady, modishly gowned, and accompanied by the same nice, youngish chap, swept into Justice Lenegan's courtroom.

The "C. P." reporter, who had been gently dozing, sat erect and nervously began to sharpen his pencil. He saw a story in the coming of the two.

After a weary monotony of justice, Miss Payson's case was called. She leaned forth excitedly, and grasped her companion's arm until he winced, but when the detective entered with the culprits, she gave a gasp, and sank back limply into her chair. There, with his eyes rolled to heaven and his freckled face pink with excitement, stood Dorgan, and back of him, the blond beauty of Dutchie shone forth.

With a start, Miss Payson recovered herself, and beckoned frantically at her lawyer, and when he came in answer to her gesture, she said:

"I do not wish to prosecute."

"But—" interposed her attorney.

"Remember, I do *not* wish to prosecute. Come Ralph!" and gathering her things, Miss Payson picked her way out of the courtroom. The "C. P." man watched her exit, whistled, and sank back into his lethargy. His Honor listened to her attorney's explanation, and then, consulting the calendar, wearily droned out: "Smith against the People. Second hearing."

Outside, a motor car stood panting at the curb, which Miss Payson and Ralph entered. When the car was in motion, Miss Lois sank weakly back into the leathern seat, and tearfully exclaimed:

"Oh, Ralph, if it had only been anyone else but those two, I wouldn't mind. I never want to see another—settlement—house again." The nice chap's face brightened.

"I am powerfully glad to hear it, powerfully glad. And I say, Lois, I've been waiting so long while you tried all these things, don't you think you could listen to me now? I went all the way to

Newport to see you father, and he said if I could obtain your consent it would be all right. Won't you, Lois, won't you say it's all right?" He stopped, appalled by the length of his speech. The girl glanced up at him and smiled bewitchingly through her tears.

"I think, Ralph, I think it will be all right," she said softly.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE, '08.

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## Mater Boni Consilii.

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*(Our readers will much appreciate this beautiful description of a celebrated Italian shrine and pilgrimage, from the pen of Mr. William A. Murphy, a former member of the COLLEGIAN staff.)*

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When I stood in Genazzano, on the eighth of last September, I was surprised that, while the details of such religious spectacles as those of Oberammergau and Loreto are fairly familiar to us in America, no echo of the intensely dramatic celebration at Genazzano ever reaches our shores. This, perhaps, is because Genazzano nestles snugly in the Sabine mountains, far off the usual beaten path of the tourist, which is not the least happy feature of her grand act of worship. He is conspicuously absent, at Genazzano—the sight-seeker whose presence, due perhaps to a dull season in London or New York or to a mere craving of curiosity, is inseparable from the festivals at Rome. Yes, he is absent—the professional globe-trotter, for whom a fact is merely a fact, nothing from which he can draw any deduction. For him a magnificent cathedral is a magnificent cathedral; the splendors of Holy Mother Church's ceremonies a feast for the eyes; the masterpieces of art and sculpture are the work of this or that genius: never does it occur to him that these are but the outward expression of an intense faith, impossible without truth and love. But here, every on-looker is a worshipper. Every soul is reverent. Every heart beats with the same faith. Genazzano draws the curtain of her mountains before the eyes of the profane, while she worships her God in His mother.

The occasion is the commemoration of the miraculous advent into Genazzano, in the year 1467, of the famous picture "Mater

Boni Consilii." In the middle of the fifteenth century, the pious inhabitants of Genazzano had undertaken to build a church in honor of our Lady of Good Counsel, but on a grander scale than their material resources would allow.

When the walls had arisen but a few feet, the people were compelled to desist and gaze daily on a monument to a dear project that was apparently never to be realized.

About this time, the inhabitants of Scutari, a small town in Albania, embraced the eastern schism and suffered a rapid decline in morals. This was followed by an invasion of the Turks, who took Scutari and began a general massacre. During the flight, two of the fugitives, one a shepherd, the other a slave, conceived the desire of turning for a moment to a shrine of the Virgin, once revered by the people, but long since neglected, for a last and a holy look. As they gazed, the picture took itself from its place, passed out of the church and turned toward the West. They followed it, over hill and valley and plain across the Adriatic into Italy, until it vanished at the gates of Rome.

Meanwhile, the inhabitants of Genazzano were celebrating with unusual splendor, the feast of St. Mark, in the piazza in front of their unfinished church, when they were astounded by the sudden appearance, in the sky, of a picture of the Virgin. It descended, moved into the church and remained suspended in the air. The miraculous advent of the picture spread through the country and reached the ears of the two fugitives at Rome. They rushed to Genazzano. One glance was enough. The Madonna had fled schism and sin for innocence and love. People flocked to the town and brought with them prosperity. In a short time, they were able to finish their church to our Lady of Good Counsel. It was a singular tribute to the people of Genazzano. No wonder they exhaust themselves each year in endeavoring fittingly to commemorate the event.

It was toward evening, on the afternoon of September the 7th, that we came to the gates of Genazzano; but long before that time we had come in contact with the beautiful scenes of the celebration. In fact, they had started days previous, when the pilgrims from distant towns, in bands of ten to a hundred, according to the population of their village, dressed in their picturesque native costume, a banner of the Madonna and two chosen chanters in the front row, began to wind their way through the mountain



roads towards Genazzano. The valley was that day a vast temple and the roads but aisles leading to its sanctuary, Genazzano. To sit at the gates of the city with this panorama spread out before me, was to feel rather than to see or hear. No one who has heard it can forget the song of an Italian peasant singing in the Roman campagna. Here there were hundreds of mountaineers in the presence of that which appeals to the soul—that which is most capable of exciting the emotions of the Latins to their highest, and they filled the valley with the passion of their love. The journey from the gate to the church is completed by the majority of the pilgrims on their knees. The scenes presented in the narrow streets of the city during the preceding night and the day of the feast are at once inspiring and theatrical, while those enacted within the church before the shrine are intelligible only when we appreciate the depths in which the devotion to the Madonna is rooted in the breast of the Italian. Every group has its own singer and as long as there is a candle left to enable him to scan the lines of an ancient hymn, they cluster around him, singing the chorus to each of its fifty-four verses. Towards midnight both their strength and candles are consumed, and then they lie down on the cold, stony pavement to rest under the open sky. Now and then a voice may be heard in the silence; but on the whole there is a holy quiet. Every doorway and every street is filled with sleepers, who sleep on until the first signs of the dawn, when there is a general rush for the church. All during the day the air is filled with the cry, "Evviva Maria," and no one ever hears it without taking it up and re-echoing it along. Within the church there is a constant stream of humanity moving before the shrine. On account of the numbers no one is allowed to linger longer than is necessary to pay his tribute—whether it be a shout, a look or a tear. After High Mass they again begin to depart. There is no thought of the long steep road, no depression of spirits.

Their baskets are full of coarse grain-bread and the mountain streams are pure, and then they have seen the Madonna of Good Counsel. We could see them as they walked backward, with their face toward the shrine, until the last band had passed the tops of the hills, and we could follow them even yet. In some distant village we could see a picture just brought from Genazzano, pressed by two chubby hands against two chubby lips, for this is the first lesson an Italian mother gives her babe. We could see a piazza

and a group of children therein, one by common consent holding the place of honor. Around him his companions were listening with open eyes to the wonderful tales of the place where the Madonna herself placed her picture, as they fell from the lips of one who had just been there. We can see an old man correcting his figures again and again, before he decides definitely—for decide he should, having been to Genazzano every year since he was a boy—as to how this celebration compared with those of other years. We can hear a voice from a distant corner of a peasant's home—the voice of a gray-haired grandmother assuring her grandchildren, after the manner of her age, that her next journey will be to the eternal Genazzano—this time to see no picture, but the reality: to gaze on the Madonna herself and not only on her but even in the words of the hymn, "Echi la creò."

WILLIAM A. MURPHY, '04.



## Junior Sophomore Oratorical Contest.

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At the Association Hall, on Friday evening, March 16, the Junior-Sophomore Oratorical Contest was held before a large and attentive audience. The programme opened with a selection by the orchestra entitled, the "Trumpeter's March," and the audience showed its appreciation by demanding an encore.

The first speaker, J. Emmet Royce, took for his subject the famous Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, and his discourse was both opportune and interesting, as was evidenced by the vigorous applause of his auditors. Catholics in America, was the topic of the next speaker, Clemens J. Demes, who treated his subject in a pleasing manner.

To give the small boys a chance at entertaining, the programme announced that the academic choir, under the direction of Mr. Hutter, would appear. Their song, "The Bell in the Forest," was both melodious and sparkling and an encore was demanded.

After this digression, John M. Guest devoted his attention to the illustrious Joan of Arc, and in a powerful speech depicted the life and death of the Maid of Orleans. Thomas S. Fitzgerald followed with an oration on Napoleon and made a favorable impression. The select choir, with Edward O'Grady as soloist, rendered that beautiful lullaby, "Good Night, Beloved." After an encore had been given, Harry M. Thometz dwelt upon the dangers of our country, mentioning, in particular, divorce and the conflict between capital and labor.

James E. O'Brien, the last speaker, had for his subject, Ideals. His thought and style were excellent and his delivery pleasing. After he had finished and the orchestra had played a march number, Rev. A. A. Malloy gave the decision of the judges. The old maxim, "The last shall be first," became a reality, for Mr. O'Brien, a sophomore, was declared the best speaker of the evening. Mr. O'Brien's speech will be found elsewhere in this issue.

CLARENCE DARGAN, '07.

## Ideals.

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*Prize oration in Junior-Sophomore Oratorical Contest.*

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Realizing the magnitude and importance of the theme which I have selected for my address this evening, I have decided to confine myself to one phase of this very broad subject. It is my intention to point out the very important part played in history by Ideals. Every great man who has contributed to the world's history and progress, has made his contribution through the inspiration of some definite Ideal. Every life must have some definite purpose, some great, worthy ambition, some conception of perfection, some Ideal. The life without such an inspiration is useless and vain.

The story of the Israelites and their pilgrimage over the vast desert in search of the Promised Land, the Land of Canaan, gives an example of the sufferings and pains which people will endure, when bound together by some common Ideal. In this land, so vividly pictured to them by Moses, they saw what they believed was the attainment of their purpose, their Ideal. Selfishness, it is true, marred the glory of that triumphant pilgrimage, but in spite of this taint, it was the first great struggle after the Ideal.

Julius Caesar, the foremost lord of civilization, endeavored to attain his Ideals. The Ideal of that commander, Pagan as he was, was to bring under his dominion the peoples of the world. His methods were cruel, merciless and bloody ones, but it was his perverted Ideal which actuated these methods. History tells of the conquests of the mighty Caesar and how his armies triumphed, but it was the Ideal of him who held the guiding hand and whose brain planned, that brought about these successes. With Caesar's death came the decay of Roman power and glory. The great master-mind which conceived these Ideals was gone, and Rome fell.

A contrast of the Ideals of that great soldier of peace, Moses, with those of that blood-thirsty conqueror, Caesar, emphasizes the necessity of building our Ideals upon good morals. Had that great commander possessed the love for humanity that Moses had, his great talent, so successfully employed in building up the empire by enslaving and degrading his brothers, might have been

used to bring about a brotherhood of the races, which would have endured through the ages.

The great Napoleon wrote his story on the pages of history with a sword, dipped in the blood of slaughtered thousands. France supreme, Napoleon supreme, brought forgetfulness of God Supreme. In consequence the mighty Napoleon died in exile. France was baptized in the blood of a great revolution, and another Ideal, conceived in selfishness, left its path of destruction as its only monument.

The history of our own great country, glorious America, records the memorable struggle of the little band of colonial patriots, who fought the most desperate battle for liberty the world has ever known. The immortal Washington, filled with devotion for his country, possessing all the ambition of Napoleon and Caesar, blended with the religious spirit of Moses, offered up his countrymen to accomplish his great Ideal,—Freedom. Men, women and children, willingly sacrificed their all for this Ideal. Life—that most precious gift of God to man, was willingly offered up on this altar, while brilliantly, through the clouds of war shone the north star of the colonists,—American Liberty and Independence.

Church history furnishes even more beautiful illustrations of the devotion which in all ages, in all lands, men have had for Ideals. Years ago, when the hunter and trapper opened the trail across the great prairies of the West into the dominion of the Red Man, great suffering was endured. Those children of the forest were, by destiny, children of God. Christ Himself had said so, and for His children He commissioned His apostles to visit all lands and all people, preaching His Immortal Word. The savage Indian looked with suspicion upon the intrusion of the pioneer, and war to the end was declared against him. In spite of this, it was the duty of the priest of God, to go out to what all believed to be certain death, to bring God's Word to the Indian. Fearlessly and lovingly our priesthood accepted this great commission, and rode across our prairies or blazed their way through our forests, carrying, not a gun but a crucifix, not a sword, but a breviary, and where sword and gun had failed, the crucifix conquered. Where the words of political negotiations fell upon deaf ears, the music of the Word of God brought peace into the hearts of the Indians.

Our Ideals should be like stars. They should be pure and

shine high in the sky of our lives. They should lead us on, not only to win power and fame; because to win power and fame and to lose glory in the sight of Almighty God is to have failed utterly; but they should develop the best that God has given us and make us give our power willingly to His glory and for His service.

It would not be just for me to cease speaking this evening without paying tribute to one of the most beautiful lives this world has ever known: a life of devotion and self-sacrifice, a life which was an offering to God, a life spent for the sick and unhappy. Into the putrid, poisonous, realm of living death, into the gloomy place where victims of an awful plague live under the sentence of life-long exile, into the Leper colony, he went with the Word of God and the crucifix. He was a priest of God, and his Ideal was to serve God. What suffering he endured in rendering this service he cared not. Life—young, vigorous manhood were given to him, only to give back to God's glory and to bring salvation and comfort to God's hopeless children. In letters of purest light, the name of this great Idealist, this true disciple of Christ, Father Damien, shall live on eternally.

Many of us cannot hope to have the grace to accept such a cross in the service of Christ, but all of us can do much for His glory and the spiritual redemption of the world. Our services are needed in the present great struggle in which, with the world as an arena, Catholicism and Atheism are locked in the final death-struggle. A pausing, wavering, uncertain world, breathlessly watches the encounter. A glorious Ideal is the inspiration of Catholicism. Truth is its strength. The selfish, material world is responsible for Atheism. Falsehood is its nourishment.

The crisis has been reached and passed. The sun shines again. The clouds are gone. The whole world offers worship to God at the altar of the universal religion—Catholicism. Atheism lies entombed forever. With it are the imperfections born of it. The golden age is here and peace on earth and perfect citizenship, the Ideals of the world, have been accomplished.

JAMES E. O'BRIEN, '08.

## Augustine and Monica.

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HE sun sank sad in the golden West,  
 In the golden West, and gilded a sail  
 That was lying at anchor, with canvas at rest;  
 And a lorn mother watched there, heart-sick and pale.  
     For ships must sail, and youth must roam,  
     As birds from the nest,—so boys from home.  
         Though mothers' hearts be breaking.

A ship rode forth with the dewy dawn,  
 And the rose-light gleamed on the sail afar;  
 But the light from the mother's eyes was gone,  
 And she yearned for her son, as he crossed the bar.  
     For sons must rove, and mothers must weep,  
     And sadly on shore a lone watch keep,  
         While their heavy hearts are breaking.

A mother meets son beneath alien skies,  
 With heart full as the tide to the shell-strewn shore.  
 And tender as Even the light in her eyes,  
 For the tide of their love shall ebb never more.  
     For ships must sail with men away,  
     And mothers be sad, yet glad the day,  
         When their hearts no longer are breaking.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.

## On Friendship.

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The literature and legends of antiquity sing the praises of friendship. Cicero, the greatest and noblest of Roman writers, set forth his views of an ideal friendship in his famous essay, "*De Amicitia*." And to all men of noble sentiments, the word friendship has a pleasing charm; for true friendship is indeed something grand and noble, and only noble and generous souls can comprehend its real meaning. According to Addison,

"The friendships of the world are oft  
Confed'racies in vice or leagues of crime."

That is no friendship, which for a short time binds men together to obtain some material gain or for the sake of mere pleasure. The former is a cold contract, the latter a lightminded bit of sentimentality. The one is generally based on motives of selfishness, the other is the outgrowth of unrestrained passions. The business contract is founded on pure calculation and lacks the warm affection of the heart, which gives life and strength. The union formed to promote mere pleasure is the action of inordinate passion without the guidance of reason. Such friendships, if they may be so called, are short-lived: for they cease to exist when they are no longer a means to achieve the gain or satisfy the desires for which they were formed.

Not so with true friendship, which has a solid foundation, since it is based upon the affection of the heart and approved by reason. Such a friendship can stand the wear of time, and misfortune cannot break its bonds. It knows no suspicion and the voice of the slanderer finds in it no willing ear.

True love buries small faults in the sea of charity, but does not shun a private admonition when the occasion requires it. It is an enemy of flattery, for it knows that truth alone promotes the welfare of its object. This kind of friendship is only found between men who esteem virtue. Yet all men at some time of their lives form friendships, though they often do not last.

The reason of this action on the part of man lies in human nature. Man has a heart and that heart has affections, more or less, according to the natural temperament of the individual. But only a heart filled with the most extreme egoism can reserve all



this affection for self. Such action would be unnatural. From his earliest years man seeks an object to which he may give his love. Nor does any or every object appeal to his heart. True to an inborn desire, he seeks what is best, noblest and highest among God's creatures on earth. This creature, he knows, is man, his own kind. And as a social being, he feels the necessity of companionship, and desires the esteem of others. But since among men there are some few, who for various reasons attract him more than others, he naturally unites himself to these and forms friendships.

Really true and noble friendship has a most beneficial effect upon the character of man. The intellect and the heart are the principal factors in forming a true friendship and they are in turn most prominent in reaping its effects.

Friendship develops and broadens the mind. True friends communicate all their ideas, conclusions and fears to each other and many things that were unclear to them before are understood after a hearty conversation. A friend knows a friend's character, and can therefore advise him in his undertakings and free him from many prejudices.

Greater and nobler are the effects of friendship on the heart of man. It fosters and develops a spirit of generosity, sympathy and self-sacrifice. Sorrow is divided by friendship and robbed of its intensity. The undying love of a true and faithful friend is a balsam, that heals the wounds of an afflicted heart. Of all words of sympathy, none are so sweet and consoling as those from the mouth of a dear and intimate friend, whilst nothing can aggravate our misery more than when a friend, whom we loved, becomes cold and indifferent to us in the trying hour of misfortune. Such faithless behavior cuts us to the quick and the more we loved that friend the greater will be the pain.

Friendship moreover increases and ennobles the true joys of life. Men never enjoy the full extent of their happiness until they have shared it with others. Every one has experienced this. But there are higher benefits that the heart receives from true friendship. Real friends encourage one another by word and example to strive for higher ideals and to despise whatever is mean and low. They desire each other to succeed in life and if perchance one be naturally more gifted than the other there arises no jealousy or

contempt between them. True friends stand by each other in adversity and neither distance nor time can separate them.

A friend whose love grows cold when its object is far away or is stricken by the iron hand of misfortune, has a small and selfish soul and is not worthy to be a friend. Only a deceitful heart can succeed in feigning friendship but it cannot last long before it appears in its true colors.

In order that a friendship may last, it must, above all, be based on love and guided by reason. Reason prevents many foolish steps but love alone is capable of noble and generous self-sacrifice. The smith heats the iron before he hammers it. Man's reason is like a cold and calculating hammer, that welds and forms the heart's affections to grand and noble deeds.

Friendships formed in youth, when the heart is warmest, are more lasting than those of mature years. Similarity of character and taste are essential to make real friends. A strong character cannot unite with a weak character. A man of lofty ideals cannot be the intimate friend of one imbued with a mean spirit of materialism. Holy Scripture tells us, that a true friend is a rare treasure and admonishes us to cling to him, when he has been found.

JOHN P. STOESSER, '08.



## Victory of St. Ignatius Debaters.

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Representatives of St. Ignatius College met and defeated the strong debating team of Chicago Law School, on the evening of March the twenty-first, by proving that capital punishment should not be abolished.

The Association Auditorium could not hold the crowds that thronged to the debate. Before the speaking began, college cheers and yells, given both by law students and college boys, stirred up great enthusiasm and evoked long applause. The collegians occupied the right side of the hall.

Shortly after eight o'clock, Master Francis Crowley opened the programme with a piano selection. The Glee Club followed with a number. Then the Chairman of the debate, Dean Horatio Wait of the Law School, introduced the six speakers in cap and gown. Mr. Lambert Kaspers of Chicago Law School was the first affirmative debater.

Slowly and deliberately he opened the discussion, asserting that capital punishment was a relic of barbarous times, and not only unjust but cruel.

Mr. William G. Epstein of St. Ignatius College, as the first negative, gave a forceful, convincing answer. He declared that capital punishment was not unjust, and to prove God's sanction of the law, cited quotations from the Bible.

The next speaker, Mr. Geo. M. Marshall, strengthened the lawyers' side with arguments that innocent persons are frequently hanged, and in our high state of civilization we should do away with such a brutal punishment.

The second negative, Mr. Harold S. Trainor, then declared that the theory of doing away with capital punishment was due to an illbred sympathy, created by "sentimentalists and so-called humanitarians." He admitted that occasionally an innocent person may be hanged, but asserted that capital punishment was not the only irremediable punishment, and that it is not the part of any court to administer remediable penalties.

Mr. Harry Levy, the third speaker of the affirmative, brought forward a formidable array of facts, statistics and authorities, and concluded by a forceful summary of all the arguments adduced by the three speakers of his side.

The last set speech was delivered by Mr. William M. Magee. To show that life imprisonment is inefficient as a substitute for the death penalty, he showed that it virtually meant only a seven year term. His citation of counter authorities was very impressive.

After the Glee Club had responded to a number, Mr. Lambert Kaspers sought to disprove the quotations from the Bible, stating that disconnected passages would answer any interpretation.

Mr. William G. Epstein endeavored to refute this. Mr. Geo. M. Marshall then asserted that we were too cultured and law-abiding to have such a stringent penalty. The next speaker, Mr. Harold S. Trainor sought to overthrow the authority of Longfellow, Holmes and Bryant, on the plea that they were poets.

The last affirmative, Mr. Levy, besides other telling points, read one strong letter from some public official. Mr. Magee in a humorous style, tried to belittle the weight of example set by Portugal, Belgium, Holland and other countries, in abolishing capital punishment.

The judges, Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D. D., Judge S. H. Bethea of the U. S. District Court of Northern Illinois and Judge Richard W. Clifford of the Circuit Court, without consultation, handed in sealed verdicts. At the request of Chancellor J. J. Tobias of the Law School, the Glee Club meanwhile rendered another selection.

When the Chairman announced the result of the ballot, "three for the negative side," the house was in commotion. Cheers and yells were given, pennants waved, and then the college boys gave three cheers and a tiger for their rivals.

The debate was interesting and snappy. The gentlemanly conduct of the debaters and officers of the Law School was remarked by all. All through the conduct of the preliminaries, they showed the greatest consideration and deference to the wishes of the St. Ignatius Committee. Dean Wait, a venerable and polished gentleman, made an ideal Chairman.

Our worthy debaters, the tried and skilled champions, who upheld the glory of St. Ignatius, added to their own reputation, and the reputation of the College. Messrs. Magee, Epstein and Trainor, we doff our hats to you. CHARLES E. BYRNE.



William G. Epstein



William M. Magee



Harold S. Trainor

WINNERS OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.



## Laetare.

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ROSE-BLOOMS revealing like pearls rare and splendid,  
 Dewdrops of crystal thy petals unfold,—  
 Petals that blush with a hearty red glow,  
 Breathing an incense the seraphs bestow,  
 Charming wild butterflies winged with gold,  
 Freeing the treasures thy chalices hold!

Symbol of hearts—lovely ward of the meadow,  
 Wayward winds sigh for thy fragrance distilled,—  
 Hearts that are fashioned by power divine,  
 Bearing God's love by His wondrous design,  
 Fountains of perfume like petals deep-filled.  
 All hearts be joyful God's word is fulfilled!

Waken ye rose-blooms this bright Easter morning!  
 Open in beauty and sweeten the vale!  
 Hearts steeled by tempests and heat o' the sun,  
 Hear! Death is vanquished! God's day hath begun!

CHARLES E. BYRNE.

## The Fickleness of Fate.

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Dodd had been "cub" reporter on the "Forum" long enough to appreciate an assignment when he received it. The one in question was not a matter of life-or-death importance, but still it was a start; he had been delegated to report the reception of the President to the city on his tour of the great lakes. Dodd was jubilant. There was, indeed, one difficulty in the way, but what ambitious newspaperian hesitates at *one* difficulty?

The "Forum" went to press at 2:45, and not until three would the city's finest band strike its first chord of the "Conquering Hero." That meant, that the reception would have to be described in detail long before it began.

No reporter is ever bothered with a trifle like that, so Dodd started boldly on his quest. The mayor was the first approached. The mayor was in good spirits and the gist of his intended speech of welcome was soon nestling in the "cub's" note-book. The city attorney and three other officials were next his victims, then he approached the band-master, secured the music programme and returned jubilantly to the office.

It was a matter of small trouble to weld these snatches into a two-column account. It was a little harder to write the address which the President had not yet made, but he procured a copy of the inaugural address, took whole paragraphs from it, and filled another column.

At three o'clock promptly, the "Forum" was on the streets with a full and correct account of the whole affair just as the President should be taking his seat upon the platform.

Precisely at 3:05 the office-boy approached the window where Dodd was reflecting upon his exploits and indulging in the luxury of a "ten-center" to celebrate. "Dodd," he said, "Old Dickens has sent for you."

Dodd found Dickens, the city editor, bending over the desk-phone. As the door opened he slammed down the receiver and turned around. "Dodd," he said, "The President's yacht is stranded ten miles up the river. He'll get here tomorrow morning."

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.



## Knights of Kazam.

### An Explosion in Verse.

(Wireless from our War Correspondent.)

Kazam—the land of airy brilliance lately discovered, with all the Knights, Nobles and word-mixers of the realm duly assembled, celebrated April fool's day in honor of the King.

The morning dawned bright and peaceful. Sir Pickles Schmitz directed the Royal Brass Band to the palace, just as the royal milkmen were going forth. Whereupon the Brass Band had a convulsion and executed a few innocent notes, entitled: "You'll never miss the water till the well runs dry."

The golden sunshine filtered through the palace windows, bored its way through the lace curtains and landed on the rugged floor.

Suddenly—a sound like the lost chord was heard—when seventeen royal alarm clocks and three dollar watches, with every wheel of their mechanisms trembling—broke loose.

The Royal Guard fired a salute, an egg exploded in the palace kitchen, bells chimed, whistles blew, cannons boomed, and the King—stirred. The King usually stirs about eighteen consecutive times before rising.

Sir Smiles Hoffman took breakfast in the palace this morning, and although it has not been officially announced, many articles of value immediately disappeared.

It was very fortunate that he did not breakfast on the lawn, or His Highness might be advertising today for the castle.

The King occupied the throne, the courtiers filled the grand stand, and the disturbance was created somewhat in this wise :

*Chorus:—*



IS Kinglets of Kazam!  
 All hail with happy chorus!  
 The wisest man on earth,  
 Is stationed here before us.  
 He knows the public will,

Its hard to keep him still  
 He wants to rule us till,  
 He leads the holy band  
 Into the promised land.

Slam!

And some one slaps a wreath upon  
 His Kinglets of Kazam!

*Herald:—*

Tis true he finds it irksome to  
 Obey us all the while.

But nations must have martyrs and  
We martyr him in style.

*Jester:*— Whene'er he longs to push a pun,  
Or joke out in the breeze.  
He picks the spreading chestnuts from  
The spreading chestnut trees.

*Sir Binkus  
Murray:*— I fain would speak—

*Herald:*— Sir Agamemnon Murphy lays  
Our moral elevation  
To angel cake that we partake  
As food for inspiration.

*Sir Binkus  
Murray:*— On exploration, I am bent  
For lands of lemon custard.  
In ice cream suits, my gay recruits  
Will presently be mustered.

*Chorus:*— Oh! what a combination!  
A chow chow delegation!

*Sir Binkus  
Murray:*— Where chocolate creams, by frappe streams  
In plentitude abound, sir.  
No maiden fair can whisper there.  
"Just sixty cents a pound, sir."

Where fudge eschewed is never chewed  
The trees grow candied kisses  
There geysers of hot chocolate steam  
And bright supernal bliss is.

*Chames Bud  
O'Regan:*— Behold! I am a volunteer.  
One wish to satisfy, sir.  
A passionate propensity  
For pre-digested pie, sir.

*Herald:*— By the whiskers of the great green cat!

*Sir Horatius Magee  
(dramatically):* He stood within the footlights glare  
With iron chin and golden hair  
His face the color of despair—  
And fright.  
The color of despair, say I  
A pea-green look was in his eye

“ The Glee Club shall not sing ” said he—  
 “ Tonight.”

The Glee Club shall not sing tonight,  
 Call moth-balls into play.  
 What might have looked like distress suits,  
 Will now be laid away.  
 Sir Mike McGovern telephoned  
 Us early last July.  
 “ I don't think I can come in time.”  
 He had to change a tie.

*Herald:*— Hear all ye Knights important say,  
 A Celtic poet chirps today.

*Sir Shamus O'Grady*  
*(reads:)*— Mavourneen, your eyes are like stars in astronomy.  
 Lavishing twinkles with naught of economy.  
 Faith! if I tried to I couldn't tell how many  
 Lads lost their hearts to those charmers of blue.

Poetic'ly speaking, sure no one supposes,  
 That eyes are real stars, or that cheeks are real roses,  
 But were I a poet, my verses would close as  
 Tributes endearing to tell tales on you.

Political science and ancient biology,  
 Latin and Greek sprinkled over psychology,  
 Sandwiched in bundles of quaint archaeology,  
 Aren't as complex as some of your wiles.

True tis, indade, you'd be great in sassiety  
 Every grand dame would in vain try to vie with ye,  
 Potheen is sweet but it doesn't come nigh to ye,  
 Setting my heart all aw whirl with your smiles.

*Chorus:*— We're mighty happy sailors, on a mighty happy sea!

*Herald:*— The history twister doth appear, Knights all give ear!

*Royal High Historian,*

*Tom Nash:*— Achilles could not take a bluff,  
 As long as his shin guards were tough.  
 But his enemies sneered,  
 When his ankle was speared,  
 And all that they left was his cuff.

*Chorus:*— Absurd!—

*Royal High*

*Historian:*— Why did Nero set fire to Rome,  
 As he sat in the glimmering gloam?  
 The janitor said,  
 That the steam heat was dead  
 So Nero warmed up in his home.

*Chorus:*— Preposterous!

*Brass Band:*— O! Pickles!

*Chorus:*— In days to come, full oft we'll strum  
 Time's banjo soft repining  
 Fond memories of old Kazam  
 In melody entwining.  
 The breath of days will come again,  
 With skies of fairest blending,  
 When oft we drank of wisdom's bowl,  
 And pledged a love unending.  
 O! shining land of happy hearts,  
 Each chap's a royal fellow  
 In life our paths shall e'er reflect  
 The love that years will mellow.

*King:*— Know ye, Knights all! in low salaam!  
 Love, wit and mirth rule in Kazam!

CHARLES E. BYRNE.

# The St. Ignatius Collegian

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THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, published quarterly by the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., is intended to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle College doings and to serve as a means of intercommunication with the students of the past.

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## Editorial.

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### Compassion.

Our frontispiece is a copy of a recent work by the late French artist Bouguereau. It represents the Savior of the world atoning for sin, and the weary Christian coming to our Lord for assistance in carrying his cross. "He that would come after me, let him take up his cross daily and follow me." Such are the words of Jesus, in which He tells us that every day we must bear our heavy cross. Since the daily cross is bitter and hard to bear, and since we are following the Divine Master, we need Divine consolation and can find it best at the feet of the Crucified.

The crucifix is the symbol of strength, and well may it be so regarded, because it required superhuman strength for Christ, after suffering the agony in the garden and the pains and bruises on the way to Calvary, to offer Himself to His Heavenly Father.

P. J. M., '07.

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### Editorials in College Journals.

What constitutes the scope of editorials in a college journal has never been judicially determined. Many editors there are and opinions vary.

However, should circumstances so combine as to force from some learned judge a legal opinion, defining just what range of subjects the college editor ought to discuss, a restrictive norm would be thereby established both to satisfy and guide very many wielders of the facile pen.

The halo of the reformer is ours for the time being. Some editors of college journals imagine that their columns should be reflective of editorials in the great reviews; that they should deal with the same thoughts, problems and questions. It sounds very ambitious.

Others believe in writing disquisitions on any subject, which either does not concern, or is absolutely alien to their principal reader—the college student.

Some soar into the realm of politics, others advance time-worn questions with solutions of remote antiquity, consider any question which sounds momentous, and after reading the opinion of some great reviewer on the same subject, proceed to—boil it down.

Such writers either know not or lose sight of the cardinal principle of college journalism: “to mould the college mind and thought, to wrap it round with finery,” to treat only of such subjects as pertain to scholastic life, interest the student and stimulate the current of college talk.

C. E. B.

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### Fostering Class Papers.

A question which has aroused no little interest in the College during the past session is that of the mushroom papers which spring up here and there in the different classes. Amateur journalism has found new life, and the COLLEGIAN'S most prosperous year has aroused much enthusiasm and imitation among the younger students.

It is strange that the question of training in journalism does not appeal more strongly to professors as well as students of an educational institution. We train our youth in the writing of essays which are read only by the very few, in that of fiction which is devoured with as much nourishment as ordinary breakfast-food, but in real, live, up-to-date newspaperism, which represents the literature of the masses, we neglect their instruction. And if men are not educated to the ways of the press, we cannot blame them for accepting that brand of journalism which is termed “yellow.”

To any institution which fosters one representative journal, the question of finding trained material for its editors must be of much interest, and we all must realize that no better training for college as well as public journalism can exist than early class work in the same lines.

The interest now shown in some classes shows that professors as well as students appreciate this exercise, and we believe that no better help to studies, especially that of the English language, can be found than a well-regulated, well-written class paper, published under the instructor's direction.

The worth of this pre-experience is evidenced by the COLLEGIAN's corps of writers. "The Daily Maroon and Gold," which flourished in one of the classes in 1905, now has two of its editors on the COLLEGIAN staff, who point proudly to their first work. May the "Owl," the "Echo," and whatever other efforts live within our halls, succeed as well!

J. E. R., '08.

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### **Our New College.**

A new epoch in the history of St. Ignatius College began with the purchase some weeks ago of twenty acres in Rogers Park real estate.

To us the news was a glorious surprise. It bespoke the wondrous progress of Catholic education in this country, and the Aladdin-like success which greets those who labor for its cause.

Our college roster has for some time registered over six hundred and thirty students. Word had been given that additional buildings were planned.

We accepted the information, but the unlooked-for news that a new college was to be erected, completely astounded us.

That all the friends of the College rejoice with us, we know. Think of it! Another Jesuit college, situated in one of our prettiest suburbs, on a site overlooking the lake.

Our wish is that it may develop into a great university and our friends are with us.

C. E. B.

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### **Co-Education.**

A NUMBER of parents and pupils have petitioned the Chicago Board of Education for segregation of the sexes in the Englewood High School. The Board of Education has ordered the "experi-

ment" to be tried, though just why it is called an "experiment" it is hard to see, since co-education is a fad of comparatively recent introduction. This petition is only in line with the tendency noticed in many quarters to have separate classes or schools for boys and girls. It was unfortunate that coeducation was ever introduced in this country. It is unfair both to the boys and to the girls, as neither can reach their own proper development, when hampered by identical conditions and training. Separate them, and then we shall have manly men and womanly women, instead of the hybrid creature we so often see at present.

C. F.

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### **The Meanest Man.**

Crime is rampant in Chicago and the youthful criminal stalks boldly through her streets afraid of no one and hesitating not to commit the most dastardly deeds. That something must be done is evident and the cure of this, like the remedy for many other evils, lies in the hands of the people. Parents must teach their children that there is more in life than the physical and material; that there is the spiritual, and that this must be cultivated if they would save themselves and their offspring from disgrace. The parent who looks after the physical only, has no right to be a father. He is, in the words of Judge Lindsay of Denver, the meanest man that exists. In speaking of crime and its cure, the Justice said: "The most contemptible man on earth is the man who thinks he has done his duty by his children when he has provided their physical support. In Denver, I sent such a man to jail for thirty days. The man alluded to is not the poor, nor the ignorant man, but the well-to-do business man who provides the physical comfort for his children, but denies them a father's love, care and advice.

"There are times in a boy's life when he must have the companionship and care of his father, or make a failure of life, bring all kinds of ignominy on his family, and perhaps end his days in jail, or worse, on the gallows.

If such men were sent to jail, there would be less delinquency among the boys, less crime in the city and greater safety for the citizens. Let the people insist on the judges acting in this manner or elect judges who will, and thus prevent crime instead of



paying millions of dollars for its detection and punishment. An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure.

P. J. M.

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### **The Burning of St. Viateur's.**

One of the grandest monuments to learning in the state, an educational institution, in whose progress Catholics have rejoiced, St. Viateur's College of Bourbonnais, has been burned to the ground.

We sympathize with St. Viateur's. Our condolences are offered to students and faculty. But we hope and pray, as one of our professors has expressed it, that the "institution may rise from its ashes more glorious than ever." How bitter the calamity is for those whose hopes and aspirations are centered entirely in the school, the learned and esteemed professors alone appreciate.

Loyal alumni and generous friends are begging to be of assistance to them.

Those who beheld the awe-inspiring grandeur of the flames, as they eagerly devoured the old college buildings, could see represented therein a picture of the glory which has crowned the efforts of St. Viateur's in the past, of the magnificence which shall be bright in its buildings and deeds in the future.

C. E. B.

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### **Resolutions of Condolence.**

*Whereas*, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit in His adorable Wisdom to remove by death Mrs. Margaret Cain, and

*Whereas*, Our Professor, Mr. Mark A. Cain, has in her death lost a devoted mother, now, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the class of First Academic B, do express our deep sympathy with our Professor in his sorrow, and be it further

*Resolved*, That each member of the class determine upon certain appropriate prayers and good works, and offer them for the repose of her soul.

THE CLASS OF FIRST ACADEMIC B.

## Kinks.

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*(This Department is instituted to encourage the study of History and Literature. Cash prizes will be given each issue for the most correct solutions of questions asked.)*

### II. LONGFELLOW.

1. All life is brief,  
What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
What now is leaf will soon decay.
  
2. We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.
  
3. Forest and meadow and hill and the steel blue rim of the ocean  
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadow and sunshine.
  
4. Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,  
And the lost clew regain,  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower  
Unfinished must remain.
  
5. Nor in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.
  
6. O Death, no more, no more delay.  
My spirit longs to flee away  
And be at rest.
  
7. For voices pursue him by day,  
And haunt him by night,  
And he listens, and needs must obey  
When the Angel says: "Write."
  
8. So when a great man dies  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

## RULES FOR CONTESTANTS.

1. Above are given eight quotations from the poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (exclusive of the plays). Contestants are required to give *the names of the poems* in which the lines occur.

2. A cash prize of \$3.00 will be given to the contestant FIRST submitting the correct solutions. A second and third prize of \$1.00 each will be awarded to the contestants whose papers are second and third in order of time and merit.

3. All solutions must be submitted by Tuesday, May 1st, 1906.

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## A Playful Wedding.

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(Dedicated to our theater-going friend, J. Francis Quinn.)

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*Ben Hur* while traveling on the road,  
 To see the *Midnight Marriage*,  
 There met the *Man Upon the Box*  
 Who drove the *Bishop's Carriage*.

They journeyed on to *Happyland*,  
*King Dodo's* mighty realm,  
 And crossed the sea with *Captain Swift*,  
 With *Strong-heart* at the helm.

*The School Girl* was the *Bride-elect*,  
*El Capitan* was the groom,  
*The Royal Family* in themselves,  
 Filled all the extra room.

*The Little Minister* was there;  
 (*The Christian* is his son);  
*The Price of Peace* was paid to him,  
 For he changed two to one.

The fair bride wore a *Pinafore*,  
Two *Roses* in her hair ;  
*Great Ruby*, grand, her only jewel  
She took great pains to wear.

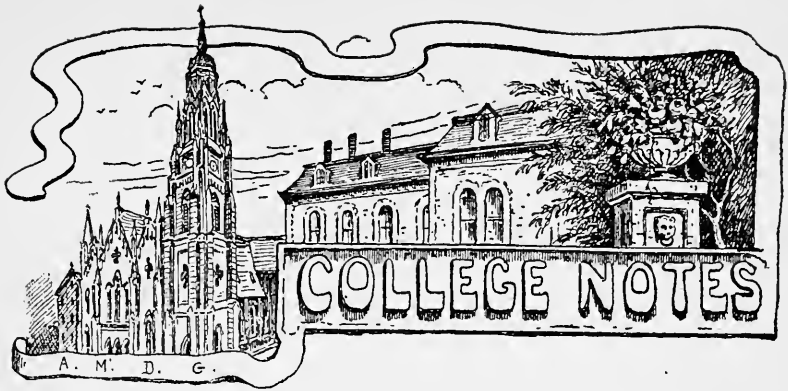
Now, *On the Quiet*, they had hoped  
To leave there very soon,  
To take a *Trip to Chinatown*,  
A *Chinese Honeymoon*.

But oh, their *Pals* were waiting them,  
A *Milkwhite Flag* unfurled ;  
And as *The Bridal Party* left  
*The Silver Slipper* hurled.

Then *Ben Hur* turned and loudly'cried :  
"Let's give a toast, just one !  
May this pair be as gay as we  
*When We Were Twenty-one.*"

DANIEL A. LORD.





It would be much more appropriate to delegate a society reporter for this column this quarter, so numerous have been the social functions the last few months have seen, but we will attempt to note them without describing the costumes of the participants.

On Friday, Jan. 5th, the annual piano recital of Professor Hutter's pupils was given. It was likewise the public christening of the new College Hall. If the college's audiences are still further to increase, even the new hall will not contain them. The Glee Club and choir were invited to sing to vary the programme.

The great society event of the year—the "Actors' Benefit"—or feast for all connected with the college play—was held January 13th. The college restaurant was the scene of the festivities and great was the merriment therein. Rev. Fr. Cassilly was in charge of the entertainment and Chef George of the good things. The holes between the ice cream and the peanuts were ably filled in with popular music and classics from the Glee Club, and later all the principal thespians responded to calls for speeches.

Festivities ceased on Jan. 8th, 9th, and 10th, when the annual retreat was entered upon by all the Catholic students. The retreat came early this session to supplement the good resolutions of the New Year. Father O'Malley conducted the exercises for the upper classes and Fr. Boarman for the younger students.

It may be of interest to the friends of the college to know the financial success of the college play. The total profit was over four hundred dollars, the proceeds being divided between the Students' Library, the Athletic Association, the Musical Societies and the COLLEGIAN.

A reception was tendered to Rev. Fr. Moeller, S. J., the new provincial of the Missouri province, in the college hall on February 13th. Wm. Epstein read a welcome from the seniors and Patrick Mulhern a Latin address from the college. John Stoesser and James O'Brien read original verses. The welcome from the academy was rendered by Laurence Biggio. The Glee Club and orchestra furnished the musical numbers and then Father Moeller addressed the students.

The disciples of Pan again took possession of the college hall on the night of Feb. 22nd, and the annual concert was given in honor of Washington's Birthday. We will not further encroach upon the music editor's territory.

A pleasant surprise was given the student body on Feb. 27th, when they learned that Father Vaughan, the famed orator, would address them. The Glee Club responded to a hasty invitation and sang well, after which Father Vaughan gave a pleasant talk about the future duties of Catholic young men.

Father Cox, the pastor of St. Basil's parish, invited the College Glee Club to sing at an entertainment given in the school hall on March 6th. The boys acquitted themselves creditably and were royally entertained by the parish authorities and young people.

The Glee Club again proved its popularity on St. Patrick's night, when they sang at Grand Boulevard Hall, at an entertainment under the auspices of Corpus Christi parish.

The younger friends of the college and a great many others who have not grown too old to enjoy a circus, were well rewarded for their time when they attended the annual Gymnasium Exhibition, on the night of March 8th. The senior and junior classes assisted by some alumni, presented the athletic portion of the programme. Specialty numbers were given by Messrs. O'Grady and McGovern, Mr. Golden, and the music by Francis Crowley and E. Maes.

Much interest was shown by the readers of the COLLEGIAN in the "Kinks" contest, of which the conditions were printed in our last issue. The winners are:

First prize, William S. Pickett, '11.

Second prize, The "Weekly Owl."

Third prize, Wm. N. Goggin, '10.

The student body of St. Ignatius College has so greatly increased during the last few years, that it has been decided to erect another Jesuit College in Chicago, the new one to become a university. A tract of land on the North shore covering twenty acres and lying between Hayes and Devon Avenues and East of the Sheridan Road, has been purchased from the C. M. & St. P. R. R., at a cost of \$161,254.50. A church will be erected at once and the educational buildings will soon follow.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE, '08.

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## Societies.

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### THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN.

This society, although decreased in numbers, still holds the name of being the most popular society in the college.

Father O'Connor, S. J., occupies the chair with Mr. Phee as his able assistant. Mr. P. Cronin records the business, while Mr. W. Epstein takes care of the pecuniary affairs. Mr. J. Heeny and Mr. J. Casey attempt to keep order. These last named gentlemen are kept busy, reminding the literary students that they are "out of order."

The society, almost unanimously, agreed to confer the name of "Lightfoot" upon Mr. E. O'Connor, after his brilliant exhibition of a real Irish jig on the evening of March 14th.

Mr. Roche seemed all wound up at one of the meetings, until the president "stopped his clock."

There has been no prize debate yet, but the following members have been selected for it when the time comes: Mr. Casey, Mr. Guest, Mr. Guinane, Mr. Royce and Mr. Thometz.

The work done by the society is shown by the fact that five speakers in the Oratorical Contest were members of the Chrysostomian Society.

The subjects have been various and extensive. The members selected for the prize debate, especially distinguished themselves by the fluency of their speech, the grace of their movements, and the force of their arguments.

Small voices are sometimes heard, such as Mr. J. Shealy's, when he says, "I second the motion."

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#### THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

This society has lost many of its best members who aspired to the Chrysostomian, but in spite of this, the Loyola still is the leading society of the small boys. Many good debates have been held. At the semi-annual election, the following officers were chosen: Vice-President, E. J. Kelly; Secretary, F. Furlong; Treasurer, R. P. Morand; Censors, G. F. Kenney and G. H. Asping. Many members give promise of the work that they will do in the Chrysostomian next year.

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#### THE SENIOR SODALITY.

Rev. R. Slevin, S. J., has been giving a course of instructions on the rules of the sodality and the interest shown by the boys is proof that the seed is falling upon good ground. At the semi-annual election, the principal officers elected were: Prefect, E. O'Grady; 1st Assistant, D. Murray; 2nd Assistant, F. Foley; Secretary, P. Mulhern; Treasurer, J. Mielcarek; Sacristans, T. Friel, G. Boullier, J. Stoesser, J. Meskill. There will be a reception in the near future.

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#### THE STUDENT'S LIBRARY.

The popularity of this library is shown by the number of boys who daily visit it. Here the boys may obtain books from the learned writings of Shakespeare to the lighter stories of Alger. The good order observed speaks well for the management of Mr. W. J. Leahy, S. J., the librarian. His chief assistants are Messrs. Dufficy, Mulhern and Burns. Many good books have been added to the already large collection. JAMES E. O'BRIEN, '08.



## Academy Notes.

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An honor boy is a boy almost surrounded by ribbons.

That's a good excuse, Klitsche; how can they expect a fellow to recite when he's got a sore finger?

"Oh, where is my wandering brain, today;" cried the boys during the Geometry competition.

How's this for a great combination? James *Emmet* Royce speaking on Robert Emmet, on St. Patrick's Eve.

Whenever Morrison is on time, he always asserts that something was the matter with the car.

Tell a fellow his literary style is breezy, and you're his friend; tell him it's windy, and then run for your life.

It's funny how many fellows say they looked over their lessons, when they really mean they overlooked them.

Of late Tom Dowdle has been frequently discovered eagerly devouring "First Aid to the Injured" pamphlets, especially those portions dealing with fainting. Prizes will be awarded for the three best answers to this puzzle; address the editor.

The following books are soon to appear on the market, published by Scribbler's. Net. \$1.25.

From Lord to Emperor, or, His for Two Days Only.

Helpful Hints for Husky Hoboes, by C. Kavanagh.

Confessions of a Society Man, by J. Sackley.

A Few Blows, or, the Adventures of an Amateur Cornetist, by Bernard Wertz.

The Midnight Son, by John Gorman.

Fair Margaret, by John Dufficy.

Ward: "I wonder why there are so many full tones in music?"

Crowley, the musical phenom.: "Doubtless because there are so many bars."

McLary: "I had a great part in the play."

McGeever: "What was it?"

McLary: "I was understudy for the first citizen."

The annual piano recital given by the pupils of Mr. Clemens Hutter, served to open the new college hall. Some of the performers were young and nervous, and when they had once gotten their feet planted firmly on the pedal, they seemed to forget to remove them. On the whole, however, the musicians did very well, especially when we consider that for many it was their first public appearance. The piano used was a very valuable one, on which De Pachman had played; but the way in which Quinn handled it, made us inclined to think that he didn't care very much for expense.

John Sackley has at length determined to pay his press-agent, J. Pierre Roche, a yearly salary. When Roche first grasped the reporter's pencil, he ushered in his efforts with a glowing description of Sackley's adventures with the Holy Terrors. Since then John has received enough press notices to make a famous tenor turn green with envy. In commemoration of these notices, the following verse has been penned:

If you wish to famous be,  
 Advertise.  
 If you'd be well known as he,  
 Advertise.  
 Just get Roche to write for you  
 Things you don't, and things you do,  
 Some day you'll be famous too,  
 If you're wise.

The following problems have for some unknown reason been omitted from text books on Mathematics:

If it takes thirty-five minutes to do a Latin translation by hand, how long will it take to do it by pony, and why is such a translation always referred to as horse sense?

If a boy starts from home at ten minutes to nine; the number of the car is ten hundred and ten; it breaks down ten times on the way to school, and he arrives at the school at ten minutes to ten, how much of his story will the Prefect believe, will his penance consist of ten lines, and is ten his lucky number?

If a fellow goes out five nights a week, what will be the size of his average?

"If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our professors!" No wonder the class was startled when Klitsche spoke thus. We hope for your sake, Klitsche, that the change was unintentional.

Lannon engaged in a strenuous wrestling match with the campus; the contest was declared a draw, though many asserted that Lannon lost by the skin of his nose.

They had been studying Mythology. Suddenly Morrison ejaculated:

"We have one order of god now, that the Romans never had." Our curiosity is aroused.

"Tell us, who are these gods of whom you speak?"

"The Gallery gods," he answered solemnly.

Father Cassilly presented a live owl to Second Academic—B, to be the mascot of their weekly paper, the "Owl." As the boys were unable to decide who should retain possession, the bird was raffled, and O'Grady carried off the prize. The boys declared the affair was an 'owling success.

The Elocution preliminaries are to be held in Easter week. Bring on your Polish Boys, your Little Joes, and your Spartacus; we're ready to stand anything now, for Suldane has promised, as a special favor, not to recite.

The Athletic Exhibition was a grand success, both when one considers the size of the attendance, and the excellence of the performance. The only thing that detracted from the pleasure of the small boys was the paper napkin programs. Many asserted that every time they looked at them, they began to get hungry.

Carrol: "What are you laghing at, Doyle?"

Doyle: "I was just thinking how funny Ladislaus Warzinski would look wearing a St. Patrick's day badge."

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.



As Spring is ushered in, Old Winter with his sports vanishes and the youths turn their attention to vernal joys. With the passing of Jack Frost and King Boreas, the college closes its first year in Indoor Baseball, and a successful year it was; out of 21 games scheduled, the boys won 16 and lost 3; the games with West Division and Wendell Philips were called off by the two High Schools.

Together with the results recorded in the last two issues of the COLLEGIAN, the team has added to its record as follows: On Dec. 6, at Highland Park: The North Western Military Academy and the exponents of St. Ignatius played an eleven inning game, which was favorable to the Collegians, the score standing 12 to 10. The cadets made 5 runs in each of the first 2 innings.

The following clipping from the "Record-Herald" of Jan. 16, tells of St. Mels' fate. The feature of this game was 16 strike outs by Roberts.

#### ST. IGNATIUS DEFEATS ST. MELS.

St. Ignatius College defeated the St. Mels at indoor ball yesterday, by the score of 7 to 5 at the St. Mels' hall. Score:

St. Ign's.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	St. Mels.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
O'Connor, c.....	1	1	6	0	2	F. Spehn, 3b....	0	0	1	0	0
Roberts, p.....	1	0	1	0	0	Burnett, c.....	2	1	12	1	3
Howard, ls.....	1	2	4	4	0	Crow, 2b.....	1	1	2	0	0
Carroll, rs.....	1	0	0	0	0	A. Ashley, lf....	0	1	0	0	0
Morrison, 1b....	1	1	5	0	0	Kennedy, p.....	1	0	1	0	0
Fiesel, 2b.....	0	0	2	0	0	G. Spehn, rs....	1	1	3	2	0
Lambeau, 3b....	1	0	1	0	0	Keman, rf.....	0	1	0	0	0
Dawdle, lf.....	1	1	0	0	0	W. Ashley, ls...	0	1	2	3	1

Ward, rf.....	0	0	0	0	1	Heffernan, 1b...	0	0	6	0	0
Kevin, c.....	0	1	8	1	1		—	—	—	—	—
	—	—	—	—	—	Total .....	5	6	27	6	4
Total .....	7	6	27	5	4						

St. Ignatius .....	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4—7
St. Mels .....	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—5

Home run—Crow. Double play—Howard to Morrison. Bases on balls—Off Roberts, 2; off Kennedy, 4. Time—1:45. Umpires—Le Blanc and Miller. Attendance—100.

In indoor the honors are equally divided between St. Ignatius and De La Salle; the West side and South side team each were victorious once. De La Salle won from the West side institution Jan 31st, at Walhalla Hall, by a score of 8 to 2. The deciding game for superiority has not yet been played.

The team which covered itself with glory and won a reputation for St. Ignatius' boys was composed of the following line up:

Roberts, p.	Morrison, 1b, Capt.
Kevin, c.	Fiesel, 2b.
Howard, 1s.	Lambeau, 3b.
Carroll & Ward, rs.	O'Connor, 1f.
Dowdle & Ward, rf.	

After De La Salle, Capt. Morrison resigned in favor of Roberts, who reorganized the team as follows:

Roberts, p.	Morrison, 1b.
Chouinard, c.	Fiesel, 2b.
Howard, 1s.	O'Grady, 3b.
Kevin, rs.	O'Connor, 1f.
Ward & Casey, rf.	

This team played the Fort Sheridan team, and were easily victorious. The "Record-Herald" says:

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE DEFEATS SOLDIERS.

The St. Ignatius College indoor baseball team defeated the Fort Sheridan team last night at the latter's armory, by the score of 18 to 5. The game was fast throughout, but the college boys had little difficulty in landing on the ball, netting seventeen hits, while the soldiers only succeeded in making four. The line-up:

St. Ign's.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	Ft. Sher'n.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Kevin, c.....	3	3	11	4	0	Bucking'm, c....	2	1	5	0	1
Chouin'd, 3b....	1	1	0	0	0	Frizel, p.....	0	0	1	1	0
Howard, ls.....	2	2	2	2	0	Holmes, rs.....	1	1	2	2	1
Morrison, 1b....	1	2	6	0	0	Grant, lf.....	1	1	2	0	0
Gorman, 2b.....	2	2	2	0	0	Gloster, 1b.....	0	1	6	0	1
Feisel, lf.....	1	1	0	0	0	Cox, 2b.....	0	0	1	1	0
Miller, rf.....	2	1	0	0	0	Bailey, rs.....	0	0	2	2	0
O'Connor, rs....	3	3	0	2	0	Reicher, rf.....	1	0	1	0	0
Roberts, p.....	3	2	0	4	0	Keag, 3b.....	0	0	1	0	0
Total .....	18	17	21	12	0	Total .....	5	4	21	6	3
St. Ignatius .....	8					1	3	0	3	1	2—18
Fort Sheridan .....	0					0	2	0	3	0	0—5

The Gymnasium Exhibition mentioned in the last issue took place Thursday, March 8th, in the College Hall. Not only was the large hall filled to overflowing but many persons had to be turned away for lack of room.

The evening was not entirely devoted to athletic feats, but was interspersed with song, jest and prank. The participants were frequently and loudly applauded, and persons who previously thought that colleges trained only the mind departed with new ideas and a desire to witness the performance of the students next year. John K. Moore, last year's "Gym" instructor, gets better with age and easily carried off the honors of the evening. This however is not belittling the good work of the other actors.

All in all, Mr. Gross, our present gymnasium instructor had reason to feel proud of the showing made by his classes.

The baseball season will soon start and everything that hitherto has held the center of the stage must make a hasty exit. The prospects for a strong team are not very promising this year, as only Chouinard, Gorman and O'Grady of last year's team have returned to college, and this leaves six positions on the team vacant. The candidates number some 25 or 30, and are making great efforts to secure one of the coveted positions and rivalry is daily increasing. Practice within doors has been started in the "Gym," and when arms begin to get loosened up, there may be an extra pitcher or two among the aspirants; this position seems to be very weak this year, but may improve before the season opens. Mr. Graber,

the coach, is carefully working out the new material and may develop a successful team, he is a great favorite with the boys and is assured of their hearty co-operation.

So far, games have been arranged with

Hyde Park H. S.

April 4th.

Hyde Park H. S.

May 5th.

St. Cyril's College,

May 12th.

Armour Institute,

May 19th.

Morgan Park Acad.,

May 24th.

St. Cyril's College,

May 31st.





MUSIC and SONG

A. M. D. G.

The dramatic and musical season of '05 closed in a blaze of glory with the production at Power's Theater of the "Last of the Gladiators." Both the Glee Club and the Select Choir contributed to the success of the play by adding to its dramatic splendor the charm of song. In the second act, in the scene outside the wine shop, the members of the Glee Club sang the drinking song with a rollicking heartiness peculiarly catchy and inspiring. It was so well received that they were obliged to repeat it. The Select Choir in the role of angels sang angelically Braga's beautiful "Angels' Serenade." It was a triumph of song and won the highest encomiums.

The drama moves so swiftly and tragically along that the interludes between the acts with the fine numbers rendered by the orchestra proved wholesome breathing places to relieve and quiet the over-wrought and tense nerves of the audience. Six selections were given during the matinee, every one of which was well played and thoroughly enjoyed.

#### MUSICAL, FEB. 22.

One of the most enjoyable concerts ever given by the musical societies of St. Ignatius took place Washington's birthday at the College Hall. It was given for the benefit of St. John's Belgian Church, of which our own Father De Schryver is pastor. Every seat was taken and the large audience which came to assist this worthy charity was delighted with the selections and the masterly manner in which they were presented. Round upon round of hearty applause followed every number, to which the performers most graciously responded. The recall seemed as pleasing to the musicians as to the audience, and their smiling faces sent a constant glow of pleasurable emotion vibrating between them and the audience.



The program consisted of ten numbers, which were increased to three times that amount by the many encores so generously granted. To the orchestra was assigned the first, seventh and tenth numbers. They scored an artistic success. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Pribyl, as well as to the members of the orchestra, for the intelligent and clever work of this organization.

The Glee Club gave the second and eighth numbers, and captivated the fancy and hearts of everyone. To one of their numerous encores they gave a vaudeville sketch, introducing Messrs. Byrne and O'Grady as principals. Byrne, with his "Bedelia," convulsed the house and completed the triumph of the Club.

Mr. Hutter, the director of the singing organizations, gave Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 12. Fine technique and poetic treatment characterized his playing of this brilliant, beautiful creation. All music lovers, both of high and low degree, are fascinated by Liszt's Hungarian melodies, and the selection was a most happy one.

The Select Choir sang exquisitely Howard's "Good Night, Beloved." It was a revelation in trio and chorus work. The high soprano voices lent themselves admirably to the melody, and the lights and shades of tonal painting were a surprise and delight to all. Such perfect unity of voices, perfect expression and sympathetic treatment of this beautiful melody have seldom been accorded to it. All hail to these youths who so worthily and dreamily sang their way into the hearts of their listeners.

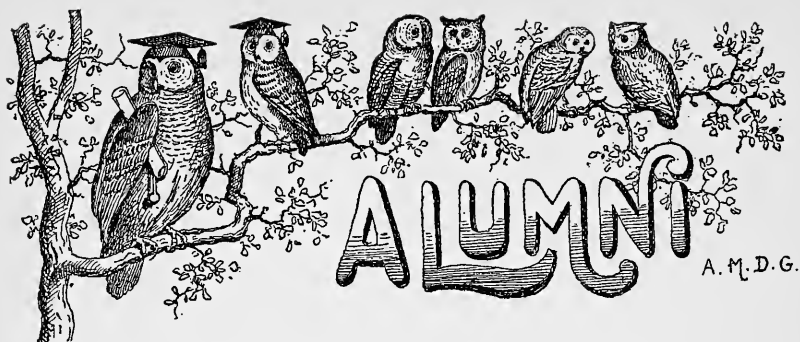
Mr. Pribyl's violin solo was number five. His selection, a concert Polonaise (op. 8), by Laub Wilhelmy, was splendidly played. In the hands of a true musician no instrument is so full of soul as the violin, and Mr. Pribyl's playing of this brilliant number was perfect.

The academic choir gave the finale from the "Bogus Schoolmaster" in a bright and happy manner. Admirable musicianship, fine singing and generous measure were the many-sided charms of this popular concert.

The demand still continues for our Glee Club. St. Basil's extended an invitation to the organization to sing at their entertainment, given March 6th. As usual, they scored a great success.

Saturday, March 17th, they assisted at the entertainment given by Corpus Christi Church at Boulevard Hall. These constant demands bear testimony to the popularity of this society, and the kindly criticism and courteous treatment accorded it has encouraged the members to greater efforts and finer work.

CLARENCE M. DURGAN, '07.



Michael Leonard, '97, is practicing law in New York.

The sound of wedding bells has lately reached our sanctum. John H. Ryan of Humanities '99, who afterwards received the bachelor's degree at Spring Hill, and made his law course in Georgetown, has married a Miss O'Neil of the west side. John F. Powers of 1st Academic '99, the next-door neighbor of Mr. Ryan in Macalister place, has led Miss Kelly, a daughter of the deceased Danville coal operator, to the altar. The COLLEGIAN congratulates them both on their good fortune, and especially that their life partners are Catholics.

William J. Conley, Commercial '05, holds a good position as stenographer for the U. S. Desk and Office Fitting Company.

Chief of Police Collins, who is the father of Sarsfield Collins, a student of the College in the 1st Academic class, is making a golden reputation for himself in his arduous position. The practice of crap-shooting amongst half-grown boys and young men, which was so prevalent in our streets when he came into office, has been almost entirely abolished. He has turned his attention to the correction of the immoral and sensational plays which are working such havoc on the city. Gambling, they say, is almost unknown now in the city, and the demoralizing racing tracks have been closed. With the introduction of the one-thousand-dollar saloon license, and the increase of the police force by one thousand patrolmen, we soon hope for the departure of the hold-up men. The Catholics of the city certainly have reason to be proud of such efficient, energetic and high-principled officials as Mayor Dunne and Chief Collins.

Mr. Edward J. Carmody sends us his attorney's card, with the address Suite 49, 163 Randolph street.

The COLLEGIAN extends its congratulations to Mr. Arnold, D. McMahon, '00, on his success in passing the state bar examinations.

Joseph F. Desmond, Commercial, '05, was a late caller at our sanctum, and he presented us his card as agent for the "National Sweeper Company" of Marion, Indiana.

We copy the following concerning Rev. J. Bednarek, '91, from a late issue of the New World.

"Friday, January 19, Rev. J. Bednareck passed to his reward, after a brief illness of eight days, with pneumonia. The deceased had been in poor health for the past few years. He contracted a severe cold New Year's day with grip, and rapidly the development became pneumonia and ended fatally. Father Bednareck made his classical studies at St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, from which he graduated. He later on entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Maryland, where he completed his theological course and was ordained priest July 22, 1899, by the late Archbishop Feehan. He was assistant for some time at the Church of St. Mary of Perpetual Help, where he remained until obliged by ill health to go South. The deceased was one of the most promising young priests of the archdiocese of Chicago, and his death will be a great shock to all his many friends in the city and diocese. For the past two years the Rev. Father assisted the chaplain, Rev. F. Schneider, C. P. P. S., of Brackenridge villa, and it was here, as the evening angelus was pealing its sounds heavenward that his soul took its flight to God. His death was most edifying. He died as he lived, for a holy life as we know brings as a reward a happy death. His last act was finished when he raised his consecrated hands and imparted to all kneeling around his death bed benediction of God.

"On the following morning at 9:30 a solemn requiem mass was celebrated in the chapel of the Santa Rosa Infirmary for the repose of his soul. The celebrant was Rev. A. Schraty, S. M., of St. Mary's College. Rev. C. Eichner, S. M., of St. Louis College, deacon; Rev. John Nagorzinik, C. R., of Chicago, sub-deacon, and Rev. F. Schneider, C. P. P. S., of the Academy of the Immaculate Word, master of ceremonies. Rt. Rev. Bishop Forrest, D. D., gave the last absolution.

"Interment was in Chicago.

R. I. P."

From the Shawano County, Wisconsin, Journal we learn of the death of Garrett F. Venus, First Academic, '98. He was born in New London, Wisconsin, in 1875, and after teaching for several years, attended St. Ignatius. The Requiem Mass was celebrated by his brother, the Rev. Joseph M. Venus of Helena, Montana, and a large number of priests, sisters and friends attended his funeral. May he rest in peace.

Vincent McDonnell, Philosophy, '03, has entered on a journalistic enterprise. With the aid of two friends he is endeavoring to put new life into the Western Catholic, the oldest Catholic paper in the west.

Father Edward O'Reilly, '78, has been transferred from Lake Forest to St. Patrick's Church in South Chicago.

Rev. J. H. Cannon, '86, of Urbana is endeavoring to secure the removal of St. Viateur's College from Kankakee to a site adjoining the State University of Illinois. He has obtained from the citizens of Champaign and Urbana, a promise of forty acres of land and fifty thousand dollars in cash.

Just as we are going to press, we learn that Charles Quinn, '01, is making a retreat in St. Ignatius, preparatory to ordination.

### The Alumni Association

The annual business meeting and election of officers took place Wednesday, January 31st, in the College Hall. The attendance was much larger than usual. After the adoption of reports of officers and committees, by a unanimous vote, it was decided to offer to the college the graduation medal for the class of '06.

Two tickets were in the field for the election of officers. The results were as follows:

*President*

Bernard McDevitt

*Vice-President*

John T. McEnery

*Honorary Vice-Presidents*

Jacob Mehren, 70's

Harry A. Dubia, 80's

Dr. A. Cosmas Garvey, 90's

Hon. P. H. O'Donnell, 00's

*Recording Secretary*

John T. Lillis

*Corresponding Secretary*

Robert I. Pigott

*Treasurer*

M. Edward Gueroult

*Historian*

Clarence E. Mercer

*Executive Committee*

Michael V. Kannally

William N. Brown

Michael J. Hogan

Leo J. Doyle

T. Frank Quilty

Justin F. McCarthy

The meeting was then entertained by a most enjoyable athletic exhibition given by some members of the Alumni Association and some students, members of the college Athletic Association. Refreshments and adjournment followed.

Besides a number of new active members the following gentlemen were recently admitted to honorary membership: The Hon. Judge Marcus Kavanagh, Geo. W. Warvelle, Esq., Dr. E. L. Moorhead.

The alumni will be glad to hear that Mr. D. F. Bremner, Jr., one of our most faithful members, who has had a severe attack of pneumonia, is on the fair road to recovery.

A few statistics may be interesting.

Total enrollment of the Alumni Association: Clergy, 47; lay members: active, 307; honorary, 13; total, 367. During the past three years the total of those who have taken active part by attendance at some meeting or payment of dues is 181. The average annual dues received during the past three years is \$80. These figures seem to suggest a sifting of our lists.

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## Passim.

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*"The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before;  
They could not see the bitter smile,  
Behind the painted grin he wore."*

It occurred to us that the author of the above lines must have been guilty, at some period of his career, of perpetrating a column similar to Passim. He surely must have realized the difficulty of being funny in print at any time, particularly when one is feeling as blue as indigo, and when forty thousand imps labelled "copy" are dancing before one's eyes. It is peculiar that we always think of the brilliant repartee thirty minutes late. It is the same with our "near humor." It occurs to us about three days after the forms are locked. "To be or not to be—funny. That is the question." But at least we demand the same claim of humor that the "Comic Supplement" does—"it is so *funny* that anyone reads it."

'T is a tiny tale concerning Edward Keefe that seemed just a trifle ludicrous to us, and we trust that it may prove the same to you. As everyone is aware, Mr. Keefe is an enthusiastic motorist, and discusses "carbureters" and "three point pivot suspension" with the ease and fluency, if not the dialect, of a French chauffeur. One day last summer, Mr. Keefe was touring the country, where rubes and roses bloom in equal plenitude, and was engaged in annihilating space, when suddenly his machine stopped. There is an old saying, "It's a wise man that knows his own auto." Sprawling in the dust, Mr. Keefe proceeded to become acquainted with his. While he was tinkering with it, a farmer happened along, and seeing Mr. Keefe's prostrate form, questioned him:

"I say, mister, what be you doing there?"

Ed looked out at him from under the machine, closely resembling a California road-bed for the mingled oil and dust on his person, and replied:

"I am tickling the carbureter."

"Well," said the rustic, drolly, "If I knew you could hev so dang much fun with one of them pesky things, I would have hed one a long time ago."

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It may seem unkind to relate the following concerning Edward O'Grady, but it is too good to keep. Ed was using the telephone the other day, and the wires being crossed he got the wrong number; but he heard a voice, which, to use his simile, "made all the other voices appear like cheap rhinestone imitations." His curiosity was so aroused that he resolved to discover the identity of said voice, or perish in the attempt. Accordingly, he questioned the operator, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Have you pencil and paper?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, here is the name: C-z-y-x-m-e-k-z-s—  
But the x, y, z, and et cetera that followed drifted out into thin air. Mr. O'Grady had fainted. Up to a late hour last night he had not recovered, and it is the doctor's opinion that, though he may get over it, he will never look the same.

---

Relative to Mr. Sackley's working for the construction company last summer, there is being told a trifling tale, which, al-

though it may be true, seems a wee bit reminiscent of "Puck" or "Judge."

During his labors, Mr. Sackley was approached by a friend, who said:

"You're a hard-working man, John. How many hods have you carried up and down to-day?"

Jawn glanced around mysteriously, and whispered:

"Sh-h-h. Don't tell anyone. I'm playing a trick on the boss. I've carried the same hod of mortar up and down all day, and he thinks I'm working."

As we said before, it may or may not be true; we leave it to the reader to judge.

Passim lately received a copy of the "Joliet Gazette," published by "Si Wheeler- Editor- by- Gosh," with the caption that it was "a bucolic weekly edited by bucolics for bucolics." From its local column we print the following items, which may prove of interest to our readers:

\* \* \* \*

Citizen Quinn missed the 9:30 local for the city yesterday.

\* \* \* \*

There will be a dance at the Masonic Temple, Saturday night. Quinn's orchestra will dispense the melody. Citizen Sackley will call the figures.

\* \* \* \*

The Gazette has it on good authority that "Cicero" Murphy, who lives right off the Rock Island switch, obtained his winter coal by making faces at the engineer.

\* \* \* \*

George's for feed.—*Adv.*

\* \* \* \*

Aloysius Schmitt bowled Charlie Joy at the Queen City Alley yesterday.

\* \* \* \*

Master Leonard Brosseau was absent from school Tuesday. Master Brosseau seems to enjoy very poor health.

\* \* \* \*

Henry Venn, who has the hack at the Rock Island depot, is thinking about buying an automobile. Heine got a Montgomery Ward Catalogue last time he was to the city.

Royce's emporium for fine soda water and coal.

\* \* \* \*

Harold Trainor has bought a new corn cob pipe. Here's our hand, Harold, the old one was getting a little strong.

\* \* \* \*

Thos. Dowdle had a quarter section left him by his uncle. We take this opportunity to remind Mr. Dowdle that his subscription is now due.

\* \* \* \*

The Ladies of the First Baptist Church will give an oyster supper, Friday night. Tickets can be had at Lynch's Chemical Pharmacy.—*Adv.*

\* \* \* \*

Michael McGovern got the contract for the fire-team yesterday. Mick is conceded to have the best team of "ponies" in town.

\* \* \* \*

China dishes at the cash racket.—*Adv.*

\* \* \* \*

A half a "loaf" is better than no holiday at all.

\* \* \* \*

When a student informs you that he is busy studying, the chances are that he is either going to dancing school, or learning to play the mandolin.

\* \* \* \*

The boy that wins the class medal does not always receive the longest obituary notice.

\* \* \* \*

Alumni are a class of men that talk about the decrease of "college spirit," and then forget to subscribe for their college journal.

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Anyone that witnessed the college drama will remember Harold Trainor. In case they don't, let us explain that Harold was the doughty gladiator, who confided his family to the tender mercies of a fellow gladiator, while the orchestra played "Eliza-crossing-the-ice" music. Now Mr. Trainor wore a helmet that was a cross between a coal scuttle and battered wash-boiler, and which, moreover, was a trifle snug. On the second day of the



play we came upon him in the wings, and found him struggling with might and main to free himself of the head dress.

"What's the matter?" we asked.

"For Heaven's sake, man!" he gasped, "get me a can-opener, else I perish."

BING!

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'08 "A"—"Will that nitroglycerine explode?"

'08 "B"—"No, but the dynamite."

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The other morning Mr. Tom O'Connor, a very staid Rhetorician, found upon entering his class room, Chouinard and Guest posed before their desks, look unutterably miserable.

"What's the matter, Phil?" he questioned sympathetically.

"I've got the limit of a cold."

"Same here, and a headache, too," groaned Guest.

"Well," said O'Connor, as he glanced at his desk, "I'm glad to see the ink well."

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.



## Some Interviews.

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The same being the result of diminutive personal chats with Chas. E. Byrne, and Chas. H. Joy, duly recorded and set forth for the edification and information of the general reading public.

### *Our Interview with Chas. E. Byrne.*

We found Mr. Byrne in the COLLEGIAN sanctum. He was seated before his desk with what, you might call, an editorial sprawl. The sprawl, though it embraced the greater part of the Sanctum, did not reflect on Mr. Byrne's size, but rather on the dim-inutiveness of the Sanctum. As this was our first attempt at beard-ing literary lions in their den, we approached cautiously, hemming and hawing to attract this particular lion's attention. Mr. Byrne glanced up, waved us to a chair, observed that we had a cold, and resumed his writing. Though the cold we felt was confined to our pedal extremities we made no mention of the fact, and fearfully, we began:

"You see, Mr. Byrne, we came to obtain a slight insight into your private life for the public's information. To discover your favorite book, flower, and all that sort of thing, don't you know?"

Mr. Byrne nodded his comprehension and turned again to his writing. Such inattention stung us to the quick. We decided to try a new tack, and smiling beamingly we said: "It must be fine to be a poet." "It is," Mr. Byrne responded, "either fine or imprisonment, and sometimes both." However, we went gurgling on. "It is so interesting to watch a literary genius at work."

"Yes, it would be if they ever did."

"Ever did what?"

"Worked."

"Oh!"

Mr. Byrne continued: "Genius is a series of spasms brought on by the neglect of a diseased imagination."

"But," we interposed, "Richard Harding Davis says——"

"Richard Harding Fiddlesticks! It takes a genius to define genius." Evidently Mr. Byrne's valuation of the Ego exceeded his of Mr. Davis. But he continued—

"Allow me to state that genius is so curtailed and blue-penciled on a college journal that it has no more chance to sprout

than a pair of white gloves has to keep clean in Pittsburg. Why, in my late "Kazam" three of my best lines, real funny they were, too, were cut out."

"What a loss to contemporary literature," we murmured. Having allowed this to sink in, we continued.

"Still, what was printed was acknowledged to be very clever."

"Of course it was. Look who wrote it."

We looked. Seated in the chair before us was a man, possessing a high forehead, clear eyes, generous nose and ears, that betrayed his generosity and strength of character, and a firm set mouth, that relaxed, as he spoke, into the most pleasing of smiles. Altogether a most clever and agreeable looking chap. Mr. Byrne noticed our scrutiny, and glared at us. We succumbed under the glance and hastily consulting our "Reviewer's Guide" we questioned him.

"Mr. Byrne, what is your favorite flower?"

"Pillsbury's Best."

"No. Flower. F-L-O-W-E-R."

Mr. Byrne hid his confusion and replied:

"My favorite flower. Why I would judge the Violet."

We smiled at his recovery, and serenely pursued our course.

"And your favorite books are?"

"Cheque, scrap and the COLLEGIAN."

"What method do you pursue in writing your poems?" we asked.

Mr. Byrne smiled enigmatically.

"My first two essentials are paper and ink. After that I use my brains and—a scissors." Mr. Byrne seemed cut-up by that last admission.

"When do you write your best lines?" we queried.

"I used to write my best lines after school. Now I write them most any time."

After this we hurried on, and asked.

"Do you find literature very confining?"

"No, but this room is. Allow me to proffer you a smoke, and an invitation for a stroll."

We accepted both, and having lighted the Havana strode out arm in arm with Mr. Chas. E. Byrne, the "Wallace Irwin" of College Journalism.

*Our Interview With Mr. Joy.*

We decided we would interview Mr. Joy at his home. Had we known where he resided we should have taken special pains to decide otherwise, but as it was we rode for miles and miles in a conveyance, of which the running time rivaled that of a slow freight through Arkansaw. But we persevered, transferred, and reached our destination, and now begins the interview proper. Mr. Joy met us at the door, was cordiality personified, and informed us we were as welcome as an extra man at a dance, then proceeded to lose himself in the depths of a huge arm-chair. We should have done likewise had not a ferocious English bulldog manifested an apparent desire to have us stand, and far be it from us to argue the point with the possessor of such a magnificent dining-room set. Bravely we overcame the desire to mount a chair, and remarked that it was a fine dog he had there. It was a fine dog to have *there*, but not at all the kind of a dog you would care to have any closer relationship with. Mr. Joy seemed gratified by our appreciation, and went into details concerning the dog's good points, remarking incidentally that it was the only one of its breed in Chicago. We thanked Heaven for that anyway, and when Mr. Joy had finished his rhapsody on the canine, we questioned him:

"Are you very fond of animals?"

"Oh, yes! I think them ripping. Don't you?"

"Well, you see the only beasts we have had any experience with are literary lions."

Mr. Joy shuddered apprehensively and said:

"Please don't mention lions, I have a horror of them."

We took pity on his distress and hastened to change the subject, saying:

"We were informed that you both played and sang. In fact we were told that you were a *rara avis*."

"Now you certainly are making game of me," retorted Mr. Joy, smilingly, but nevertheless he went over to the baby-grand, and seating himself, dashed off a wild Hungarian dance. It was executed brilliantly and we applauded rapturously, but Mr. Joy rose from the piano and went back to his chair. As he evidently was determined not to waste his talents on such a small audience, we sighed reflectively and furtively eyed the English bull. It certainly was a "ripping" dog. It was worrying a kid glove to

pieces, and you can wager that the glove was not one-half as worried as we were—but we procrastinate.

“What is your ambition?” we queried.

Mr. Joy’s face lit up. Mr. Joy is full of artistic temperament—soul, we believe the hysterical musical critics call it—it permeated his whole frame and oozed out at his finger-tips. To restrict the movements of his hands would be to suddenly make him dumb.

“What is my ambition?” he repeated. “To play Hamlet.”

“I don’t mean,” he pursued hastily, “to play Hamlet so the critics will say: “Mr. Joy played Hamlet last night and played it until 11:30 p. m. The audience was large and respectable—i. e.—one man was very large, and the other looked quite respectable! No, I mean to play it so that it will be recognized as a dramatic triumph. In short to play Hamlet as it never has been played before.” Mr. Joy paused breathlessly. His dark eyes shone and his curled waves surged aggressively on his forehead. The melancholy Dane was thoroughly aroused.

“To bee or not to bee, that is the sting,” we quoted playfully. He looked aggrieved.

“Please don’t,” he said, “to parody another man’s genius is to display your own lack of it.”

It was now our turn to look aggrieved, but we decided instead to look at the dog. He was rising in holy wrath, and we rose in holy horror. We decided to discredit the clock and go by the “dog-watch,” but Mr. Joy interposed.

“You are not going so soon. Do stay for a nibble of something.”

The melancholy Dane had been transformed again into a gentlemanly host, but we insisted that we had to be back at the office, and Mr. Joy discreetly waived his objections. Slowly we walked to the door, Mr. Joy talking volubly and well as we progressed, but finally the area was reached, and the future “great American Hamlet” held the door ajar that we might find our way down the steps. We reached the end, and halloed back:

“Good-night to you.”

“Good-night,” was the response, and the door closed.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.



We refuse to be consoled. Every great man feels disheartened at some time or other, and we form no exception to the rule. The humorist and myself shaped the conspiracy. Plans were laid. He got the paper, I furnished the ink.

We intended to make a great scoop—to drop a big surprise on every exchange editor in the union. We were going to be original, to do as no one had ever thought of doing before, by giving all exchange space in this Easter number to the dainty work of our sisters in college journalism—the young ladies.

Alas! here our pen falters. For, like a bolt from a clear sky, another college journal worked the surprise, and it was not our fortune to be called original.

Nevertheless, we determined to present our case, give the maidens full space and due credit, and as for our chivalry—well, we shall console ourselves somewhat in the thought that the *Fleur de Lis*, of St. Louis University, which spoke first, is our sister institution and representative of us.

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We admire the *Villa Shield* for its exquisite taste and power of discriminating the finest from among the best, for it is never slow to appreciate the literary attractiveness of THE COLLEGIAN.

Aside from this, however, we have long been pleased by its cover—the daintiest of our exchanges in this respect, its delightful simplicity of typographical set-up, and instructive articles contributed. The March number opens with the work of a graduate, “The Prophecy of Woe.” A rare gem of poetic feeling of which true comment would imply a copious use of superlatives.

We bear the pleasant remembrance of a story published some time ago, “The Christ Thorn.” As for the contributions of out-

siders, we avow that THE COLLEGIAN will be a nonentity or a dream of the past before we allow those other than students to edit the journal for us. We commend the *Fleur de Lis* on its dictum, but add, "Practice what you preach!"

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The entertaining exchange editor of the *Alpha Pi Mu* informs us that they have ripples of laughter even in Longwood occasionally. This jarred upon our esthetic nature. Such levity! For though it was merely accidental, we imagined, from the wealth of sound matter in the little magazine, and the dark forbidding cover, that people were dreadfully serious in Longwood.

Opening with a bright musical conception of February, the number contains but one more poem, a charming interpretation of "Peace." Three splendid essays—and girls just love essays—make up for the fiction which appeareth not. "Initiation and Progress" bespeaks earnest labor on the part of the writer. We found the sketch, "Poets-laureate," instructive, and the topic, "Old-Time Club Houses," very interesting in treatment. Hon. W. F. Onahan contributes a biography of Marie Antoinette to its pages.

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"Last evening, as I was admiring the vast dome of the firmament," in this wise an ambitious essayist in the February *Young Eagle* soars aloft on the wings of Pegasus. How well the line brought to mind the good old times when we, too, shot sentences at the stars and rounded periods at the billowy seas. *Young Eagle*, we like your essays and quotations, but where are the fiction writers and poets? By far the best contribution is from the pen of the exchange editor—who, by the way, edits an excellent column. Her study of Thomas Carlyle is novel, forcible and scholarly in treatment, and manifests a well-defined style.

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A new exchange, *Echoes from St. Aloysius Academy*, full of good things and ably edited, lately came to our sanctum. The high standard it has set is explained by the good will and breeziness which illumines all the contributions.

Quite an innovation was presented in "The First Impressions of Convent Life," narrated by a Protestant miss. She says, in conclusion: "Little by little my prejudices have melted away. I have had no taste of the 'dungeon air' or bread and water, or

other foretold terrors. I have begun to understand the religion for which the sisters have given up home and the world, and now feel perfectly happy with the other girls of our dear convent home." "A New Year's Dream" is an imaginative poem of deep religious feeling. The historical essay, "Tilly and Wallenstein," and biographical sketch of "Baby Stuart," were commendable. We might add,

Our word is writ! The seal is set!  
 Let no fate disarrange it!  
 We'll gladly hear your "Echoes," Miss,  
 As long as you'll exchange it.

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Although our worthy humorist is averse to all college journals that fold, we dare not dispense any gall and vinegar, lest the scholarly maids of Mt. St. Mary's take revenge on us at some future date by writing our biography.

The short biographical sketches of Madame Recamier and Archbishop Fenelon, and the appreciation of "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," were thoroughly enjoyable. Of several Valentine effusions the lyric to Lenore pleased us most. The only piece of fiction is an amusing narrative entitled, "In My Unregenerate Days."

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From the Nazareth Academy, boasting of "atmospheric probabilities unlimited," we may well anticipate a large variety of pleasant offerings.

The February *Nazareth Chimes* fulfills all expectations. A well-written biography, from the pen of the editor-in-chief, tells the life of St. Cuthbert. St. Joseph is honored with a worthy opening poem. But the lass who found favor with us immediately was the clever daughter of Erin who contributed the bright poetic tribute to St. Patrick.

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"Sonnets on the Sonnets" is by far the best and most original article in the February *Loretto*. The writer, with excellent taste, has placed before us, like a tray full of rare old gems, some of the finest examples of sonnet composition. Two verse exercises, "A New Year's Thought" and "Washington," deserve commendation.



Eloquent and musical are the lines of an essay in the February *St. Mary's Chimes*, "Notes on the Bible as Literature." The writer opens up a seldom explored field of beauty, shows a knowledge of her subject, and colors her writing with an exquisite choice of words. The poets are able and in evidence.

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In the columns of the February *Agnatian*, fiction is sadly neglected. But here, too, the essayists wield facile pens. Kenilworth is described, Kindness expounded, and Corneille's *Cid* explained. A rare melody is introduced, "To Sorrow."

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More essays—thoughts on the work of Tennyson and Hawthorne, and impressions of grand opera—bedeck the pages of the February *Excalibur*. A graduate fittingly opens the number with the poem, "Where All is Vanity," and is followed in courting the muse by a young scholar with the theme, "Sunset on Puget Sound."

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To the *Niagara Rainbow* we give all praise, for the beauty of its illustrations, the wealth of sound articles and the sweet singing of its poet, Idris.

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Our sympathy is extended the editors of the *Viatorian* at the severe loss by fire of St. Viateur's College. The worth of this great institution is appreciated by those of us who have watched its work and growth. That its glory may soon gleam forth again from buildings of splendor, and that we may greet the *Viatorian* with old time fervor is our sincere wish.

CHARLES E. BYRNE, '06.

## Troubles.

*Dedicated to our esteemed friend, the late James Morrison.*

When morning comes, with gladsome light,  
I journey hither from afar,  
And with my school books strapped so tight,  
I enter on the Twelfth St. car.

The car then shakes and gives a lurch,  
And throws me forward on my strap  
(The only time I get a seat,  
Is when I'm thrown in someone's lap).

But lo! we soon, to my dismay  
Are stopped; I hear the brakeman swear.  
A wagon here has blocked our way,  
And blue becomes the nearby air.

But look! I see the "conny" come;  
His cry of "fare" rings on the air.  
I hide behind my Xenophon,  
And pray he may not see me there.

He passes by; our way's resumed,  
But oh! this car is in demand!  
E'er long we find ourselves entombed  
Like sardines which in tins are canned.

Once more we're stopped. "Ach my! vat is?"  
I hear my angry neighbors talk.  
They shout, they call, they cry, they hiss!  
I'm in a hurry, so I walk.

And when I come to school, I find,  
'Tis half past nine, and to my fright  
The Prefect waits, with angry mind:  
"Young man, you'd best see me tonight."

—DANIEL A. LORD, '09.



STAFF OF ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN—1906.



J. E. O'BRIEN  
ED. O'GRADY

D. A. LORD  
J. G. MIELCAREK

J. P. ROCHE  
CHAS. E. BYRNE

GEO. ANDERSON  
P. J. MULHERN

J. E. ROYCE  
C. DARGAN

# The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. V.

Chicago, Ill., July, 1906.

No. 4.

## Valedictory.

Sonnet.



THE drama ends as life's dull play must end,  
Directed by a dramatist of power,  
Our God, who knows and governs every hour.  
In simplest guise, His truths immortal tend  
To light our pathway and to show our end.  
We love Him for His gifts of sun and shower,  
What wondrous lessons in each painted flower?  
Our actions all upon His love depend.  
Of wisdom's voice we learned in classic halls,  
To live content until the final knell.  
Life blooms afresh on passing from the walls,  
Fair hallowed place where memory shall dwell.  
The last look backward o'er, the last word falls.  
Lips tell, but hearts will never breathe—farewell!

CHARLES E. BYRNE.

# The Jesuits in Chicago.

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A History of Holy Family Church  
and St. Ignatius College.

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IV.

(1868-1872.)

**T**HE brief but brilliant career of Fr. Smarius was brought to an end in the last days of 1868. Stricken by an incurable disease and realizing that his days were numbered, Father Smarius returned to the residence at Chicago to die. For two months he awaited the end, peacefully and patiently, edifying all around him by his smiling cheerfulness and union with God in prayer. At last, on the 1st of March, 1869, the soul of Father Smarius passed to its reward. The friends he had made, the souls he had guided in the ways of peace and the many he had led from error to the true faith of Christ, mourned the loss of a friend and father. Not only the clergy and parishioners, but people from all parts of the city, Catholic and Protestant alike, assembled at the funeral services to pay this last tribute of respect to his memory. Father Cornelius Smarius was born in Holland in the year 1823, dying at the comparatively early age of 47. He joined to unusual intellectual powers and a genuine gift of oratory, that spirit of piety which led him from early youth to consecrate his life and talents to the service of God. At the time of his early death he had already distinguished himself as a writer, a lecturer and a missionary. Called away in the full maturity of his powers, his life is less a rounded whole than an earnest of what might have been and an unfulfilled promise of greater achievements.

The magnificent organ which was placed in the church in the fall of 1870 merits at least a passing word. At the time of its in-

stallation and for years thereafter there was nothing comparable to it in the middle west. It is the work of Louis Mitchel, a celebrated organ builder of Montreal, and cost \$25,000. It has 3,983 pipes, 63 stops, 3 sets of manuals and the usual pedals. The case is elaborately and artistically ornamented with life-size figures of Deborah, St. Cecilia and the twenty-four angels of the Apocalypse. Above them all stand the inspired Psalmist with his harp, and Abner with his sword. It is perhaps unfortunate that these works of art are almost hidden from the sight of the congregation, but the acoustic properties and position of the instrument are perfectly adapted to the size and architectural conformation of the edifice in which it stands.

During this time work on the new college building was going steadily forward. The foundations were laid on a lot to the east, formerly occupied by a Lutheran church. Between the church and college property, however, was an open street, and Father Damen foresaw that this separation would cause considerable annoyance in time to come. He therefore applied to the City Council for permission to close the street. The resolution was passed by the council late in the evening, but Father Damen, to forestall any protests or complications, had a gang of men working at midnight and by torchlight to erect a high fence between the church and college. Their labors were completed before daybreak, and the residents were highly astonished in the morning to see the structure which had sprung up, as it were, in the darkness. The expected protests, however, were soon heard, and Father Damen hastened to erect the right wing of the college over the disputed section of ground. Through these energetic measures opposition was finally silenced.

On the 5th day of September, 1870, St. Ignatius College threw open its doors for the first time. The building was still unfinished, but it was rightly judged that the number of students would not for some time tax its capacity. There were in all but four classes during this first year—2 academics, 1 preparatory and 1 class in the commercial course. The number of students on the opening day was 37, divided as follows:

Classical course, 26.

Commercial course, 9.

Preparatory, 2.

By the end of the year the total enrollments amounted to 99. We subjoin the names of the first faculty:

Rev. A. Damen, S. J., President.

Rev. J. S. Verdin, S. J., Vice President and Prefect of Studies.

Rev. D. Swagers, S. J., Professor of English, Greek, Latin and Arithmetic.

Rev. D. Niederkorn, S. J., Professor of German.

Rev. M. Van Agt, S. J., Prefect of Discipline.

Mr. J. J. Stephens, S. J., Professor of English, Greek, Latin and Arithmetic.

Although the college course proper had not yet begun, St. Ignatius was the only institution in Chicago which made any pretense of higher education. During the first month, when new students were being enrolled daily, Father Verdin was called to the parlor one Sunday morning "to enroll a new pupil." He was there confronted by a lady of some 30 or 35 years, presumably the mother of the prospective student. She immediately introduced her subject by asking: "Did they teach the classics here, and how?" "Had they the pronunciation of Latin as in the New England States, or the old European way?"

Considerably surprised at this unusual course of questioning, Father Verdin endeavored to satisfy all her demands and ended by assuring her that they followed the continental method of pronouncing the Latin. Upon this his visitor expressed great satisfaction and launched into violent abuse of what she termed "the Yankee system."

Although mystified by the conduct of his eccentric visitor, Father Verdin believed that she was about to enter a student, but what was his surprise when the lady told him that she had read Caesar, wished to perfect herself in Latin and therefore begged to be admitted as a pupil. When told that the college was exclusively for boys and young men, she entreated volubly that an exception be made in her favor, modestly declaring that she possessed a masculine intellect and all the qualities which make a learned man and cared for nothing but knowledge. Father Verdin, however, was inflexible, and so lost a student by his stubborn adherence to principle.

The first annual exhibition of St. Ignatius College was held Thursday evening, June 29, 1871. Of course, no degrees were conferred, but the varied nature of the exercises shows considerable



versatility on the part of the young students. There were music and song, speeches on "Chicago," "Ireland" and "Daniel O'Connell," declamations in Latin, German and English, an "Ode for the Fourth of July," a humorous dialogue by the younger students and a learned debate on the comparative advantages of classical and commercial education by the members of Second Humanities, at that time the highest class in the college.

The second year opened auspiciously with the addition of Father Venneman and Messrs. Lambert and Reilly to the faculty. One new class, First Humanities, was added this year. It was the intention to add one class each year until the full college course should be complete. On the first day 61 students were enrolled, 20 being new comers. The attendance increased gradually and matters ran along smoothly until the historic eighth of October, 1871, when chaos came again to the City of Chicago.

About 10 o'clock on that Sunday night the great fire broke out a few blocks east of the college and laid the best part of the city in ashes. In this general conflagration the Jesuit Church and College were among the few Catholic institutions untouched. Seven Catholic churches, including the Cathedral, were burnt to the ground; the Orphan Asylum, the Good Shepherd Convent, the Sisters of Mercy Academy and House of Industry, the Sisters of Charity School and the Hospital of the Alexian Brothers were completely destroyed.

All classes were suspended for a period of two weeks; the lower floor of the college building and the Maxwell street school were used as relief stations for the distribution of provisions and clothing. It is estimated that over ten thousand destitute and famished sufferers received succor during the days immediately following the great disaster. The homeless orphans were lodged first at the college and later were transferred to the frame school building on Maxwell street. During this time the bishop of Chicago, Rt. Rev. **Thomas Foley**, who had lost both his cathedral and residence in the fire, took up his abode at the college.

On Monday, the 23d of October, after an enforced vacation of two weeks, classes were again resumed. Twenty of the students were missing on that day, but all gradually returned, until, on December 4th of this year, the record showed an attendance of 100 boys, the first time this number had been reached since the opening of the college.

(To be continued.)

## The "Collegian" Banquet.

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*"For it's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together."*

**I**N Parlor "O" at the Palmer House, seated at a table resplendent with silver and fine linen, with dusky servitors noiselessly gliding about, and the pendants of the huge chandelier clinking musically; with jest and laughter reigning supreme and the fragments of clever speeches and snatches of 'varsity songs floating ceilingwards with the swirling, airy smoke of many Havanas, the staff of the St. Ignatius "Collegian" held its annual banquet on the evening of June 7th.

A tricking maze of sapid, savory, succulent viands; a rippling flow of repartee; a surging wave of good fellowship engulfing all in its magic—a lull—and then Mr. Charles E. Byrne, the toastmaster, arose to introduce the first speaker of the evening—Mr. Edward O'Grady.

After a few well chosen remarks by this genial gentleman, Mr. Mielcarek, our departing humorist, who confessed to be a member of the tribe, profession, coterie—call it what you will—of poets, entered an appealing plea for those long-haired eccentrics. He vouchsafed that "the poet was born, not paid," and that "slowly, but surely, their lofty art was being demeaned to perpetuate the name of Somebody's Washing Powder."

Unfortunately the much applauded remarks of the first two speakers were extempore and so we are unable to present them herewith for the delectation of our readers.

Mr. Lord, a charming little prestidigitator, now drew forth from his sleeve a carefully concealed surprise in the shape of an original musical composition, entitled the "Merry Mummies" in honor of a quondam dramatic society of which the composer is a member. The air was lilting, the execution brilliant, and the applause thunderous. When the crashing finale had died away, Mr. Byrne, pectoriloquism personified, introduced that embryonic Edgar Allan Poe and mayhap writer of a "six best seller"—Mr. James Emmet Royce. Mr. Royce is the possessor of a musical voice which has been trained by correspondence at the immense expense

of \$3.39, and a personal appearance which is priceless. With one hand thrust in his immaculate vest and the other nervously plucking the table cloth, he tuned his lyre to the following purpose. \* \* \* His pen (Mr. Byrne's) has certainly conceived the most original humorous piece I have seen in college journalism—"Knights of Kazam." THE COLLEGIAN will miss this witty verse more than anything next year, for we have no one capable of continuing it. So

In days to come, full oft we'll strum  
 Time's banjo, soft repining,  
 Fond memories of old Kazam  
 In melody entwining.  
 The days of old will come again,  
 We'll pledge a love unending  
 'Till some one slaps a wreath upon  
 The writer of "Kazam."

\* \* \* This, then, is the valedictory I would wish tonight to the departing members of the staff: "May they always be as successful as when with THE COLLEGIAN, and may THE COLLEGIAN always be as successful as when they were with it." \* \* \*

When the tumult of applause which this eloquent address had occasioned was finally quelled by the police, the toastmaster threw an oratorical bouquet at Mr. Lord, who was nervously nibbling a poor, unprotected lady-finger, and commanded him to address the assembly. Mr. Lord arose and gazing calmly on the assembled literati, began:

"In addressing this assemblage of literary lights this evening I feel much as did a certain gentleman who was arrested by the vigilance committee. After a struggle he found himself with a noose about his neck, standing on the back of the wagon. Cowboy-like, they demanded a speech, and after considerable persuasion he laid his hand on the noose, and said falteringly: 'Gentlemen, I feel that this has been forced upon me.'

"When I inquired from our moderator on what subject he wished me to speak, he said: 'Speak from the depths and fulness of your heart.' But now, as I gaze at the empty table, I feel far more capable of speaking from the fulness of another internal organ, and if I did, my speech would consist principally of dissertations on squab, and odes to strawberries and cream."

When Mr. Lord, covered with commingled glory and confusion, sought his seat and resumed his delicate toying with two or three plates of cake, Mr. Byrne, with Paderewski-like zeal, pursued a ragtime ditty around the room and left it gasping in one corner. Byrne's forte is playing ragtime.

Then George Adman Anderson arose. Mr. Anderson is a regular little tin-bank and his savings account runs into six figures with a decimal point before the last five. His subject was "Wild Advertisers I Have Known," and his talk was a scream from start to finish. The following is an excerpt:

"Now, when you gentlemen enter commercial life, treat the college paper solicitor not as an umpire, but as a hard-worker who is well paid, and you'll love your neighbor as yourself—provided his 'ad.' is set below your own. Do not have him tell you, as I was nearly forcibly ejected from one office for saying, 'If your business isn't worth advertising, advertise it for sale.' Advertise consistently, or you will be like the elderly lady who applied for a position as an artist's model. 'You advertised for a Gibson Girl,' she simpered, 'am I too late?' The artist looked at her and replied: 'Yes, ma'am, I'm afraid you're about twenty years too late.'"

The toastmaster then introduced, to the accompaniment of a fanfare of rhetorical trumpets and 4—count 'em—4 gestures, Mr. James E. O'Brien. This stellar elocutionist in his gentle drawl related, among other things, the following:

"Dame Rumor hath it that our honorable editor-in-chief strolled one day into the Journalistic Garden and he met there the gardener, but without his muck-rake, who pointed out the different blossoms. He showed him a sunflower, and said: 'That represents the *Chicago American*; notice the color?' Then he pointed out a rose—the *Tribune*, and so on. Finally in the corner of the garden they came upon a thistle, and the Man-with-the-Hoe said: 'Now, Mr. Byrne, that represents the St. Ignatius COLLEGIAN.' 'It does,' said Byrne. 'Well, then, I pity the chap that tries to sit down on that paper!' And we all voice his opinion."

When we had voiced both our opinion and approval some rash, hasty, precipitate, foolhardy, adventurous, heedless, reckless and careless diner *dared* Dannie Lord to play the piano. Nothing daunted, Mr. Lord took the dare and two macaroons, and soon the dreamy chords of "You Are the Only One" came faintly floating from the ivories, to be caught up and echoed by each member of

the staff with his own peculiar significance. Then Mr. O'Grady sang "Traveling," in his rich baritone, and at the conclusion the toastmaster once more pushed back his chair, this time to introduce Mr. Clarence Dargan. Clarence is musical editor, and was one of the "Causes of the American Revolution." He blushed pianissimo and said, *cum expressimo*:

"After playing at the part of musical editor for almost a year one would think I was full of ideas musical and otherwise; that I could play upon your feelings, could sound the gamut of your editorial aspirations, and sing the praises of our embryo geniuses who have helped to make THE COLLEGIAN a fortissimo success. But the fact of the matter is that, 'like that one lost chord divine,' those tantalizing ideas of mine have taken unto themselves wings and—presto—have flown to the realms of oblivion. In vain it is that I grope and seek for them, for no pause has interrupted their rapid flight, no bar was raised to turn my winged sprites of fancy back upon their homeward way."

When Mr. Dargan had concluded his clever speech he naturally resumed his seat and then—we made our speech. Though modesty personified, we have been busily engaged pinning roses and medals on ourselves ever since. Let's see—it began:

"You remember that after the explosion Kelly and Casey were calm and collected. Kelly was calm and Casey—collected; and it ended: let us then drink this toast: 'To our salad days! May they ever remain green in memory's garden.'"

On conclusion Mr. Lord informed us, with tears in his eyes, that it was positively the best speech he had ever listened to, and that he had been attending deaf-mute banquets on the quiet for the last nine years. However, we were soon forgotten because Mr. Byrne, our departing editor-in-chief, who has been compared to Bill Nye, George Ade, Wallace Irwin and Josh Miller, arose to deliver his swan song. Mr. Byrne was magnanimous, complimentary, interesting and witty. He generously allotted the entire staff a high place in life without the least compunction, and then deftly placed credit where the utmost credit was due by eulogizing the editorial wisdom of our moderator—Mr. Pernin, S. J.

Unfortunately, Mr. Patrick Mulhern, our assistant editor, was absent, but it was a case of absent, not forgotten. We quote the following from Mr. Byrne:

"When this banquet has become a memory, when these days are days of the long ago, and we are called into the various ways and walks of life, there will come many a time that our thoughts will go back to those hours, when we worked hard to make some one else happy. To the staff of next year we leave our best efforts, our hopes are with them. The hours of inspiration—of exasperation—will come to them as surely as they came to us. On leaving you, fellow editors, I wish to thank you for the past, to wish you well for the future. And whenever I become discontented and long to wear again the toga of the chief, there will be one comforting thought, one consolation, and that shall be, that my successor's name, more power to him, was Pat-rick J. Mulhern."

Our moderator responded gracefully and eloquently to Mr. Byrne. He modestly waived the toastmaster's truthful declaration that he was responsible for THE COLLEGIAN'S success, by saying:

"I do not believe, as Mr. Byrne has gracefully intimated, that the success of our journal can be attributed to the editorial prowess of any single individual. I would say, rather, that it was the unselfish rivalry and the enthusiastic devotion manifested by the entire staff that has placed THE COLLEGIAN on the journalistic pedestal it now occupies. Loyal to THE COLLEGIAN and to the college, their endeavors have stood before the country, the faculty and the student-body as representative of St. Ignatius College. Not only as literary contributors, but in the many other fields of endeavor in which they have entered, they have been prominent and distinguished. One of the staff's younger members ranked high in the Intercollegiate Latin Contest and in addition was awarded a medal in the Elocution Contest. Our society editor carried off the premium in the Oratorical Contest, and in the Intercollegiate English Contest another member held prominent place. And I, for my part, will assure you that no student shall be honored with membership on the board of editors of the St. Ignatius COLLEGIAN who has not been equally distinguished as yourselves in upholding the standard of scholarship and promoting the honor of your Alma Mater."

Fr. McKeogh, S. J., assistant vice president, followed Mr. Perring and in quiet tones made a charming address, voicing the opinion that the alumni should contribute to the *literary* as well as financial support of their college journal. Then the piano sounded again and O'Grady's rich baritone blended with O'Brien's treble and Byrne's deep, booming bass in the songs of college joys and pleas-

ures. A toast—the goblets clink—“For he’s a jolly good fello-ow.” Now all are on their feet and the college cheer comes inspiringly from a dozen throats—“St. Ignatius, St. Ignatius, Rah! Rah! Rah!” The tumult dies away, and Parlor “O” is deserted. There are good-byes and good-nights. The banquet of THE COLLEGIAN staff for 1906 is a thing of the glorious past—a collegiate memory.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.



## Ave Maria.

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IN a little fishers town,  
 Nestling twixt the sea and dawn,  
 Stood a church, where day by day  
 Came the village folk to pray;  
 When the sun and sea would meet,  
 Sang with voices low and sweet  
 Ave Maria.

'Mong the faithful of that fold,  
 Was a cripple weak and old;  
 He, with matted shaggy beard,  
 Was by long years deeply seared;  
 But when came the twilight dim,  
 Joined he, in the daily hymn,  
 Ave Maria.

When the moon's pearl beams would rest,  
 On the ocean's placid breast,  
 Change, dark Neptune's hoary hue,  
 To the deepest turquoise blue,  
 He would break the ocean's sleep,  
 Singing shrilly, o'er the deep.  
 Ave Maria.

Then o'er deep and dell and dawn,  
 O'er the rocks, the shore, the town,  
 Ringing through the silent night,  
 Dancing in the moon's pale light,  
 Breaking on the startled air,  
 Came the echo's answering prayer,  
 Ave Maria.

He would wander by the shore  
 Often mid the wild winds roar;  
 At the lightning's glare he laughed.  
 Mocked some sinking hapless craft—  
 When the white capped waves dashed high,  
 And they named him from his cry,  
 Ave Maria.

Mid one winter's chilly blast,  
 Dead they found him, dead, at last.  
 No one cared his name to save,  
 Yet, upon his lonely grave,  
 Grew a lily, and behold!  
 Written there in letters, gold,  
 Ave Maria.

Jos. D. McNULTY, '09.



## For The Man-God.

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**L** OUD and clear on the air rang out the notes of a bugle. The echoes of the hill repeated the call over and over again, as if loving to prolong those silvery notes, which at length died into silence. Once more sounded the call; this time nearer and more distinct than before. For a moment there was no response to the notes, but presently from the mouth of a cave, almost hidden by the wealth of clinging vines about the door, came forth a man. He was bowed down by age and toil; the finger of time had traced deep furrows in his cheek and had turned his hair a silvery hue, yet, withal, there was a calm serenity about his countenance that bespoke a calm, untroubled peace within. He was clad in a simple brown habit, bound only by a cord about the waist.

He raised his hand to shield his eyes from the noonday sun, and gazed long and intently down the hill, as if endeavoring to discern whence came the sounds. Before him lay a scene indescribably beautiful. The hill side, with its gentle slope dotted with masses of shrubbery and clumps of palms, lay green and verdant in the radiant light. Far off in the distance, rising on its several hills, lay the city of Rome, vast and imposing. Its massive marble pillars, its pure white domes, its glittering temples and palaces, glistened and gleamed in the sun. But all this beauty was unnoticed by the watcher, for faintly borne upon the breeze came once more the notes of the bugle.

The man then turned and re-entered the cave. Slowly he moved to where a man lay on a mass of straw. As the old man approached the couch the reclining man turned and revealed for the first time his countenance. He was some thirty years of age, with the handsome, clear-cut features of a patrician; yet his face was pale and haggard, as if some sickness had been battling with his vitality for that priceless stake, a life.

The elder man bent over the couch and soothed the fevered brow with his cool hand.

"Thank God!" he muttered, "the crisis has past, and he still lives."

Presently the sick man raised himself on his elbow.

"Lie back, my son," commanded the elder; "thy strength must not be too sorely tried. Thy wound is not yet healed."

The young man obeyed, and lay looking about him in wonder and surprise, for the surroundings were strange and unfamiliar. Presently he spoke.

"Tell me, father, how came I here? Where are my friends, my servants? Surely this is not the home of Claudius Superbus. But hold! Ah yes, I remember now—the chase—the fleeing deer—the stumbling horse—the fall—then, darkness."

"The rest is simple. I found thee lying on the mountain side, with thy head resting on a boulder. I carried thee hither, and here for two long weeks thou hast lain, tossed by the fever. The nights have seemed long, my son, as thou didst lie there, with the burning fever racking thy frame, and the awful delirium tormenting thy soul. But thou hast lived, and we must be truly grateful."

"Then thou hast been mine only nurse?"

"True; but I am not unskilled in medicine, and my efforts have not been in vain."

"Such generosity in a stranger cannot be found in Rome today. Old man, I can never fitly repay thee. Thou hast saved the life of a Superbus, and a Superbus never forgets. Accept this ring, as a pledge of my everlasting gratitude. If ever thou needest my aid, by all the gods, I swear, Claudius will serve thee even with his life."

"The ring I will take, but my needs here in this simple retreat are few and simple. I am not disturbed by the noise and confusion of the city, and what I need to keep body and soul together are to be found on the hillside. The berries and roots furnish my food, a stream of pure water supplies me with drink, and the twigs and branches serve as my couch. But now let us cease our conversation, lest the fever return. Thy friends are seeking thee on the hillside, for I lately heard their bugle echoing through the valleys. Shall I summon them?"

"'Tis well. I will be gone. But hear me now. Once more I swear, by the honor of my family, by my sword and banner, if ever thou shouldst need my aid I will readily give my life for thine, my blood for the blood thou hast given me."

## II.

Emperor Nero sat pondering. In his hand was a parchment, sealed with the mighty seal of the prefect of the city. Nero's hard-

ened, brutal face glowed as he read the contents of that parchment.

"At dawn tomorrow thirty Christians will gather in the home of Marcus Aptus, a Christian, to celebrate their hideous rites. A detachment of soldiers under the leadership of some trustworthy noble could take them all without a struggle. A spy will admit your soldiers through an underground passage."

Nero chuckled gleefully.

"Truly, these dogs are a gift from the gods, for now my supply of torches needs replenishing. Guard," he cried, "summon Superbus. A more trustworthy or ambitious man I do not know. Let me but hint that it will please me to see the Christians captives and he will bring them here, even from the end of the world."

Suddenly the velvet curtains at the end of the hall were raised and a young, tall man strode into the room. Even Nero's eye was arrested by the specimen of manly beauty that stood before him. Clear and piercing of eye, lithe and muscular of limb, he looked like an incarnate Apollo. He bowed his knee before his emperor and waited for him to speak.

"I have always placed great confidence in your loyalty, and now I will entrust you with an office that will please me much in its execution. At dawn a band of these Christian incendiaries will meet in the house of Marcus Aptus. Thine shall be the delightful task of bringing them hither."

Superbus' brain was torn by conflicting emotions. True, his master had conferred a signal honor upon him, yet his manhood rebelled from the task of arresting these men, who went forth joyfully to the slaughter, rejoicing, and praying for their executioners. Ambition finally conquered and mastering his dislike, he bowed his head, and said:

"The emperor is most kind; I will obey, to the best of my powers."

Nero then waved his hand in dismissal, and smiled broadly as the man departed.

"My good Christian friends," he mused, "you will doubtless feel the torch, if Servius lives to light it."

### III.

Day was just beginning to break over the city. The pale tints that immediately precede the sun were faintly tinging the deep blue of the sky. The little stars, which but a short time before twinkled so brightly, now sank out of sight and were buried in the deep blue

folks of the heavens. The streets of Rome were silent and deserted, save for some drunken rioter, who tottered along the narrow byways, singing in a cracked voice, and breaking with his loud-voiced mutterings the holy calm of night.

Along one of these streets, however, crept a band of men, silent and stealthy, with scarce a sound save now and then the clanking of a sword on the pavement. Ere long they halted at a sign from the leader and stood motionless. Presently the door of an apparently deserted house was cautiously opened and a light appeared in the crack. At a scarcely perceptible command from the leader the band entered the door and stood blinking in the sudden light which the lantern cast about the room. It was a narrow room, with a low ceiling and dingy walls, and save for the lantern which the guide raised on high, it was in complete darkness.

"Show the way," bade the leader; "even now the Christians may be performing their horrid rites."

The guide then moved forward, and the party, following in the wake of the single light, resembled a band of ghosts or fantastical spirits, so silent and cautious were their steps. Passage after passage they traversed; passages smelling of the damp earth which enclosed them, and thick with dust and cobwebs. Presently the guide halted.

"We are under the house of Marcus Aptus," he said. "At a sign from me, raise the trap, rush in and seize the Christians, who are gathered for prayer."

#### IV.

In a small dark room in the house of Marcus Aptus was gathered a little group of men and women. At a table on a raised platform, stood an aged man, whose eyes were reverently raised in prayer. Soon the aged man bent his head, and a silvery bell tinkled softly. Then, as the priest pronounced the sacred words of consecration, that brought the Man-God into their midst, the assembled faithful bowed low in adoration. And as the priest raised the Host on high, the Savior looked down and blest that little band of heroes, gathered in His name.

Suddenly there was the sound of many feet without, and with a crash the door was flung open. In a flash the Christians were on their feet, and, rugged Romans that they were, for an instant they forgot their Christian meekness, and a dozen swords gleamed

in the light of the altar candles. But for a second only was their anger inflamed, for at that moment their eyes fell upon the majestic figure of the aged priest, standing with his hand uplifted, praying for strength for his little band.

At the sight of this impassive figure the soldiers fell back, then suddenly awakening from his trance one of the soldiers bared his sword and rushed upon the helpless victim. High in the air he poised the blade, but suddenly a mighty cry rang through the room.

"On your life, Servius, spare that man!"

Too late, alas, came the words, for even as the speaker's voice was heard the blade quivered and fell, buried in the priest's breast.

Then the soldiers beheld a strange sight. They saw their leader, with a bound, leap across the room, and clasp the fallen man in his arms.

"To think," he cried; "to think that thou, too, art a Christian, and that I am the cause of this. Speak, old man, speak and say thou forgivest me! 'Tis I, Claudius, the man whose life you saved; the man you nursed back to health on the mountain. See, my ring even now rests on thy finger. Forgive, oh, forgive!"

Slowly the old man opened his eyes.

"I do forgive," he gasped; "'tis Christ's blest will. But oh, my son, for the sake of that soul which God has given you, repent e'er it is too late. May Jesus help you to the light." And with a gasp he fell back in Claudius' arms.

For a moment all was silence, save for the sobbing of the captives. Presently Claudius rose to his feet and turned to his soldiers.

"Take me, too," he said; "for I am a Christian. A true God, alone, could make such a hero as he."

DANIEL A. LORD. '09.

## Obituary.

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The death of Edward J. Le Tourneux, which occurred on the first of June, was a great shock to his friends and classmates, who deeply sympathize in their own sorrow with the bereaved parents.

He died on the first Friday of June, a day dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the death scene was truly beautiful. His parents, the priest and two sisters were in the room when he died, and when the sisters told him that the Blessed Virgin would come for his soul, his face brightened in a happy smile.

A few days before the end, when his mother was by his side, the dying boy looked earnestly at a picture of the Sacred Heart and said: "I only wish that He would answer the questions I should like to ask Him." He died with the sacred names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph upon his lips.

The funeral, which took place on the fourth of June, at the Church of Notre Dame de Chicago, was attended by Edward's classmates. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Bergeron, assisted by Rev. Fr. Millet and Mr. Wm. J. Leahy, S. J., who had been Edward's teacher at college. After Mass, Rev. Fr. Cassilly preached a touching sermon upon Edward's holy and innocent life, crowned by a beautiful death. May he rest in peace!

LAWRENCE A. BIGGIO,  
3d Academic B.

## The German Emperor.

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IT is highly amusing to read the extremely ridiculous fabrications and the childish ghost stories that our Anglo-Saxonized American dailies often circulate concerning Emperor William. Whenever he speaks to his soldiers, or addresses the people at the unveiling of some monument, our omnipresent press-correspondents send a long account of the affair quoting some of the monarch's phrases and pretend to have discovered in them a danger to universal peace. The frightful discoveries of British yellow-journals concerning the "great war-lord's" ambitious designs in all parts of the earth, are faithfully reproduced by their American brother-journals and the great "Anglo-Saxon" nations are admonished to unite and meet the threatening danger.

Of course no reasonable man takes them seriously. Journalism, especially the all-wise, self-sufficient, prophetic sort, it seems, has developed into a science, with infallible rules and principles. It knows that all great international disturbances and diplomatic complications have a cause. Someone must be blamed and they can find no better object upon which to put the blame than the "Kaiser." He has become so popular in this capacity that it only remains for some great scientific geniuses to ascribe all such natural disturbances as earthquakes, floods and the like to William's machinations.

In spite of all their malice and hatred for the "Kaiser," these Anglo-American scribes admit that he is a highly gifted man and a most remarkable ruler. They admit that he has the interests of his country and his people at heart. But it is to the interest of the German nation to live at peace with all the world. The emperor is fully aware of this and has always acted accordingly during the eighteen years of his reign. At the time of his ascension to the throne, his own people more than any other, feared that his impetuous and energetic character and his love of glory would lead the nation into disastrous wars. But contrary to all expectation, the young emperor proved himself a wise and prudent ruler. To his peaceful reign is due the marvelous development of German industry and commerce. He is no less the patron of

arts and education than a far-sighted statesman. So untiring has been his zeal in the cause of education, especially in the schools of technology, that in a recent issue of the "American Machinist," an able expert declared, that all German industrial establishments are over-crowded with educated workmen.

German Catholics especially have reason to be proud of their sovereign. In his first address to the Prussian "Landtag," June 27, 1888, he said, "With a feeling of satisfaction, I have observed that the recent legislative acts regarding the Church, have inaugurated such relations between the State and the Catholic Church and its spiritual head, as will be more acceptable to both parties." Twice he has disregarded his Italian ally and visited the late pope Leo XIII, at the same time complying with all the conditions of the Vatican. William annually visits the great Benedictine abbey at Maria Laach and favors the complete return of the exiled Jesuits, in spite of the loud protests of the fanatical Lutheran organization, known as the "Evangelische Bund." Like our beloved president, the emperor is an enemy of race-suicide and has given his people a good example in this respect.

William is a friend and admirer of the American people and its strenuous president. This is a thorn in the side of John Bull, because the "Kaiser's" merchants and steamers, together with those of America, are England's greatest commercial rivals, and bid fair to crowd her off the sea. Hence the English endeavors to embroil these two nations in a destructive war, which will benefit the grasping British Lion alone.

JOHN STOESSER, '08.





## Play Ball.

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RING on your loud, triumphant song,  
 Your praise of hero's bold;  
 I cannot see why one should long  
 To hear the tunes of old.  
 A grander song than any pen  
 Has written, is the call  
 That echoes through the bleachers when  
 The umpire cries, "Play Ball!"

With lungs of brass and voice of glee  
 We cheer each gallant play  
**And** shout our team to victory  
 With lightsome heart and gay.  
 No thought, no care for business then,  
 No place for strife at all;  
 Our hearts are filled with gladness, when  
 The umpire cries, "Play Ball!"

It takes me back to days gone by  
 When I was young and gay;  
 And used to knock them far and high,  
 In our back lot, each day.  
 I see myself a boy again,  
 In shirt and overall;  
 I wish I were a pitcher when  
 The umpire cries, "Play Ball!"

Then whoop it up! jump up and down!  
 Don't think of bulls or bears;  
 Forget that business waits in town,  
 And have no thought for cares.  
 Forget that stocks have just dropped ten,  
 While rivals corner all;  
 For every man's your brother, when  
 The umpire cries, "Play Ball!"

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.

## The Quest of a Hungry Man.

Being a Ramble Among Some of Chicago's Picturesque Taverns and Clubs. (Illustrations by the author.)



Blue-blooded Gotham and red-corpuscled Chicago are alike epicurean, but with a difference. The seeker of succulent viands in New York may be reasonably certain of gratifying his quest from 32nd street to 46th, while in Chicago he is restricted to the confining limits of the "loop." Our cafes are as closely congested as our commercial houses, and are often in such close proximity that the

strains of rival Hungarian orchestras intermingle. Switzerland has its Alps, Paris its Louvre, and the Windy City—the stock yards and the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

Up three dingy flights of stairs and then—transformation—the Saddle and Sirloin Club. Transformation from tile flooring to soft, thick carpets, from the dingy brick of Packingtown to the delicate tints of the club walls, and as in a dream you follow your host from the reception room into the library. Massiveness and space rule everything everywhere. You glance from the ponderous oaken center table only to let your eyes rest upon a great silver-decked stag's head, and then to the lofty bookshelves that run around the entire room. Above the bookshelves hang the portraits in oil of the men we read about and see cartooned in our

morning newspaper, paintings of Armour, Pabst and Vanderbilt. Opening from the library is another apartment, almost as large and equally luxuriant, and then follow the dining rooms, replete with everything required by men of millions. It is strange to think that here are soft lights, snowy damask, and liveried servants, and half a mile west—the "Jungle." However, the members of the Saddle and Sirloin Club are not concerning themselves with that, it is trivial when compared with the fact that only the other day their chef and his priceless recipes took leave. Oscar of the Waldorf appropriated him.



When two globe trotters, having carefully placed their steamer chairs, commence to interchange cosmopolitan experiences, in the course of conversation they will assuredly mention Abson's English Chophouse.

Office buildings to the right of it, office buildings to the left of it, situated in a darkened passageway is Abson's Chophouse. Before the entrance an artistic, although smoke-begrimed, scroll sways idly, bearing the quaintly letter inscription, "Ye Old English Chophouse." Above it is a grossly commercial sign with "Abson's", blazing forth in electric bulbs so that even they who run may read. Like all successes Abson has his imitators and an identical "Ye Old English Chophouse" legend is plastered upon a rookery four doors south, incongruously overlapped by a gaudy

placard advertising a far-famed Milwaukee beverage; so Abson forgot the quaint for a moment and summoned electricity to his aid. Here, however, the sacrifice to the cash register ends and within all is fanciful, artistic, delightful. The tavern is furnished throughout in Flemish oak, simply and strongly constructed, tiny Tiffany shaded lamps light the rooms, and the floor is spotless with white sand. Board of Trade operators, merchants, bon vivants surround the tables and the jargon of trade and the doings of "bulls" and "bears" float up to the ceiling. Then from somewhere come delicious whiffs of broiling, sizzling beef and mutton, and the chatter gradually ceases; Abson's cookery has dethroned Mammon. Viands when good are awfully good, and when they're bad they're horrid. Abson realizes this, and that is the reason why his chop-house is one of Chicago's epicurean landmarks.

Over on the North Side, in a tumble-down shack on Illinois street, is located the original blown-in-the-bottle Bohemian cafe—Madame Galli's.

Do you like spaghetti? If you do you will enjoy a visit to Madame Galli's, in case you do not—well it is worth seeing anyway. Stumble up the darkened flights of stairs, with due regard for the safety of your limbs and lo! you have reached Bohemia. Not sterilized Bohemia with snowy linen and electroliers, but Bohemia of wooden tables, long benches, and waxen tapers. Two rooms and a kitchen, poorly lighted, not overly clean, and redolent of stale cigarette smoke constitute Madame Galli's for the Philistine, but for the true Bohemian—ach, it is a haven of delights and—spaghetti. Around the long table sit the struggling artist, the epic poet, the musical genius; the majority of them as yet unknown and all of them famished. Then Madame Galli with her Italian cookery and wines conquers their hunger, the smoke of many cigarettes floats upward, and Bohemia tilts back its chair and talks of art—of books—of everything. Once not long ago Madame Galli's was fashionable, and beautiful gowns were dragged over the rough floor, silk tiles were prominent, and even an orchestra was introduced. The Philistines delighted in it—it was so picturesque—and the Bohemians were dethroned; a triumph of American currency over foreign art. Like all fads, however, it died a natural death, the invaders departed, and the struggling artist, the epic poet, the musical genius; the majority of them as yet unknown and all of them famished, came back to Madame Galli's—and Bohemia.

Situated in the basement of the Sherman House is probably the most unique of all Chicago's cafes—The College Inn. Entirely original the Inn from its inception has proven a mint for its owners, and is justly designated "Chicago's most popular after-theatre cafe." In fact so popular has it become that diners have disregarded the element of luck in securing tables and have placed their faith in messenger boys. These bits of wizened humanity in uniforms, sit at the tables, pop-eyed and with extended nostrils, mentally devouring the sapid whiffs that float tantalizingly from the trays of the scurrying servitors, and wait—wait. Probably there are three reasons for this popularity; the decorations, the



orchestra, and the menu. With college shields, emblems, pennants, posters and Heaven only knows what other fandangos pertaining to collegiate existence, the rooms seem fairly to reflect the joy of 'varsity days. Then, too, the Inn is much frequented by Thespians, and theater-goers possess an inordinate desire to see off the boards the people, whom they paid to behold back of the footlights' glare. "See that man over there?—that's George Cohan, awfully clever chap, writes all his own plays, you know!" "Is that Fay Templeton! well I declare she looks awfully old—and look at Marlowe and Sothern, over there by the door, don't you see?" And the orchestra plays dreamily and the cash register rings merrily. Stock in the College Inn is not on the market.

The Germans, as Samuel Weller would put it, "are wery conwivial" and for that reason at least three ostensibly German restaurants are to be found within the "loop." Of these probably the oldest and most celebrated is The Bismarck. From the roar of the elevated road to the clink of glasses, from the rattle of nocturnal trucks to the swish of skirts, from Chicago to Germany. All the foregoing can be accomplished any evening by stepping from the outer air into the Bismarck. You push wide the swinging door and find yourself in a typical German tavern. All the furniture is ponderous and heavily carved, the walls are paneled high with oak, and then up to the smoke-beamed ceiling runs a heavy German frieze, with mottoes in the best of German, or perhaps the worst—who knows? The atmosphere is permeated with smoke and from somewhere come the strains of an orchestra. Listen! they are playing "Die Wacht am Rhein," and the group in the far corner are singing it. The music gradually ceases, there is a grinding of steins on the table, and a click as they met—Prosit! From the next room comes a college cheer—a fraternity reunion—the orchestra starts to play again, but now it is the "Stein Song." The strains rise higher and higher and all in the rooms join the chorus—"With a stein on the table, in the fell-o-owship of Spring." The orchestra dies away and there is a clink of glasses. As Samuel Weller would put it, the Germans "are wery conwivial."

Situated on the southeast corner of Clark and Monroe streets is the pet cafe of Chicago's Four Hundred—Rector's. On the night Rector opened his new restaurant six people dined simply therein, and paid one hundred dollars for the pleasure; Rector's is both exclusive and expensive. Picture a room entirely in white, dazzling with myriad lights, and relieved only by the delicate rose color of the furniture coverings and the tints of the wall panels; that is the setting. Then add scores of well-groomed men, silhouettes in black and white, and accompanied by their wives and daughters, dressed in that simple yet gorgeous style that has placed Chicagoans in the foremost ranks of the world's best-dressed people. Place in the background a beautiful baritone voice singing to the accompanying sob of violins, and in the perspective, let stand a chef, whose salary rivals that of the president. Then complete by adding a dash of smart conversation and you have Rector's—the pet cafe of Chicago's 400.

Since a newsboy is far wealthier in the possession of a dollar

than most men endowed with a million, it would be a malignant oversight indeed, while discussing the dining halls of Chicago's plutocrats, to forget Pixley and Ehler's. Situated near the corner of Newsboy's Alley, with the whir of the nearby presses as orchestra, it is the Mecca of the youthful merchants of the curb. The special forte of Pixley and Ehler's chef is pork and beans, and his skill in preparing them is exceeded only by the generosity with which they are dispensed. Here for a ridiculously moderate sum you can procure an enormous plate of them, and for a trifle in addition you can extend your choice to pie with "trimmin's." The newsboys are well aware of this gastronomic fact and when the last "sporting extra" has been sold the sleepy-eyed "Gallaghers" mount the twirling stools, and patiently remain while the solitary colored attendant executes their order. What Rector's is to the capitalist, and Abson's to the exiled English, Pixley and Ehler's is to the denizens of Newsboy's Alley. As one slangy little habitue put it—"Gee, its all de candy."

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.



# Knights of Kazam.

Fifty Years After.

## A Burst of Verse.

(Wireless Message—found in a bottle.)

It is now fifty years since the discovery of Kazam. A grand reunion is at hand, and Kazam, bubbling over with airy brilliance, welcomes every vassal to the castle, to celebrate in fitting state the nation's anniversary.

The King smiled yesterday, and in honor of the occasion, the whole nation was wreathed in smilax. Sir Pickles Smith has been engaged to direct the Brass Band, and the Anvil Chorus will also aid in breaking the monotony. There was a slight fall of snow during the night, but the sun came out in all of its astronomical effulgence, completely obliterated the pearly snowdrops, and lit up the whole country—to use a trite expression—in a blaze of glory.

The King is awake. The Knights are reuniting. And here follows a disjointed tale, calculated to record the well-spent time of many sleepless Knights.

*Herald:*— **H**IS Kinglets of Kazam!

*King:*— Grand Knights! I am your King! Kow Tow!  
Lend all your courtly graces!  
Elect to have the rarest fun,  
Expressed in funny faces.  
Sum up the good old times we spent,  
On things philosophizing.  
No doubt we're wise as Solomon.  
But then,—

*Jester:*— What then?

*King:*— It's not at all surprising!

*Chorus:* As jolly freight on ship of state, we sail as sailors free!  
If laughter is life's honey, every Knight's a bumble bee!  
Put on your jest protector!  
Here comes the joke inspector!  
We're mighty happy sailors on a mighty happy sea!

*Jester, Sparta-*

*cus Trainor:*—If you've a doubt, undoubtedly  
Philosophy will mend it.  
You study nothing at the start,  
Know all things when you end it.



*Anvil Chorus:*—O! Spartacus! Don't start a fuss!  
 Thou witless wit be calmed!  
 For when the mummies walked the earth  
 Your jokes were all embalmed.

*Herald:*— Behold! our great Sir Pickles!

*Sir Pickles*

*Schmitz:*—The King's Brass Band I love to lead,  
 As quiet as a Quaker,  
 Before they made me lead the band,—  
 I was a boilermaker.

*Anvil Chorus:*—The grand old masters' work 'twould shame,  
 As some blame aimless claim to fame.  
 A blast of dynamite sounds tame,—  
 When Pickles leads the band.

*Herald:*— A friend of old, our knocker bold, behold!

*Official Knocker,*

*Marcus Phee:*—My life is simply wrapped up in  
 Creating indignation,  
 The Anvil Chorus I direct,  
 To bore holes in the nation.

*Anvil Chorus:*—Of all the scandals we may quote  
 —No slander could be worse—  
 Before he had the power of speech,  
 He talked back to the nurse.

*Herald, Pink-*

*tea Epstein:*—No social gathering is quite  
 Complete without my face,—and  
 In truth I wear a napkin with  
 The very best of grace—and

*Official*

*Knocker:*—His etiquette is bad, you bet  
 'Twould give you cause to grieve, sirs.  
 Once I beheld him shove three plates,  
 Of ice cream up his sleeve, sirs.

*Herald:*— Behold the little father, Knights, of Bubby Creek

*Baron*

*Mielcarek:*—A potent potentate, behold!  
 I boss my small dominion.  
 Permit me to put forth in view,  
 A ponderous opinion.  
 I live a life that's free from care,

My winsome smiles confirm it,  
It's great to have a little cave,—  
And be a jolly hermit.

*Chorus:*— Great grasshoppers !

*Herald:*— Behold ! his niblets, Giblets Koch !

*Sir Giblets*

*Koch:*—'Twas on an awful chilly day,  
The North Pole I discovered.  
From joy my crew of cruisers true,  
Have not as yet recovered.  
No other man was half so shrewd,  
Oh ! I'm a clever chap, sirs.  
The North Pole I discovered, but—  
I found it on the map, sirs.

*Chorus:*— O ! Giblets !

*Herald:*— Knights all ! a jolly Turk !

*Ali Ben*

*Kenney:*—A jolly Turk ambassador,  
Constantinople's beauty,  
I know the Sultan's business, but  
You see it is my duty,  
A distant relative is he,  
My fourteenth cousin's brother,—

*Anvil Chorus:*—Oh ! that is very plain to us  
You look so like each other.

*Official*

*Knocker:*—'He's waiting,' quoth the Sultan fair,  
'To have Mahomed cut his hair.'

*Herald:*— The keeper of the Royal Preserves !

*Chef Lester*

*Sychowski:*—With braided hair, the kitchen's care,  
I nobly take in hand, sir.  
Just watch the stir I make when I—  
Go in the promised land, sir.

*Anvil Chorus:*—Throw out your broad, pacific chest,  
Spring half your name—eclipse the rest,  
When that blows over, you'll be blest,  
Sychowski.

*Herald:*— Sir Smiles ! Authority on graft !

*Sir Smiles*

*Hoffman*:—Well versed in bunco games am I,  
Of social rights a stormer.  
When I get all the graft in sight,—  
I'll be a great reformer.

*Anvil Chorus*:—His shameful deeds compiled to date,  
Surpass all recollection.  
'Tis said he only goes to church.  
To take up the collection.

*Herald*:— An opera singer stands in view !

*Count Stanislaus Czapelski*

(*sings*)—If I spiked a short stop and stood on his ear,  
The umpire wanted to squelch me.  
He took great delight in asserting his might,  
By sitting on poor old Czapelski.  
Revenge, though is dear, I never would sneer,  
Or have the case taken to law, sirs.  
He spoke just one word. It decided his fate.  
What pain he endured I could never relate,  
But his carcass went out on the afternoon freight.

*Anvil Chorus*:—A name like that should be prescribed,  
According to directions;  
Just swallow it in doses small,  
Or split it up in sections.

*Herald*:— Sir Agamemnon spouts the law !

*Sir Agamemnon*

*Murphy*:—With my great nomenclature, sirs.  
I ne'er go out alone, sirs  
And when I plead a case in law,  
I take a chaperon, sirs

*Anvil Chorus*:—Of course it's known that he's endowed  
With water on the brain.  
Because he rode the cable cars,  
Whene'er it chanced to rain.

*Herald*:— Behold each verse-concocter, our automobile doctor !

*Doctor Gasoline*

*Venn*:—'Have automobiles horse sense' is  
A question scientific.  
Again 'have horses auto sense',  
Is equally specific.  
But if you wish a safe machine,

That no mishaps embarrass  
 Just have your auto made of cheese,  
 Your chaffeur—plaster paris.

*Herald* :— By thunder ! The silent wonder !

*Sir Felix*

*Prange* :—I have nothing to say but words,  
 A few words short but clever.  
 Let me lie down in some cool place,  
 And sleep—Ah ! me ! forever !

*Anvil Chorus* :—Strike the anvil ! Strike the anvil !  
 Fetch the gum-drops gummy !  
 Sing the chorus ! Here before us,  
 Is the nation's mummy !

*Herald* :— Sh——, here's a bloody pirate !

*Sir Binkus*

*Murray* :—Oh ! I'm a hardy chieftain ! Wow !  
 Well schooled in piracy, men.

*Chorus* :— On ice-box exploration ! Wow !  
 A weather-beaten sea-man !

*Sir Binkus*

*Murray* :—Oh ! three-mast old ! No pirate bold,  
 Could ever wish for more. sir.

*Chorus* :— You mean three layers chocolate topped,  
 When life becomes a bore, sir.

*Sir Binkus*

*Murray* :—We pirate on the shore, sir.

*Chorus* :— Cut a slice, sir ! Cut it nice, sir,  
 He's a pirate bold, sir.  
 Pie racy ! not piracy, he—  
 Likes it hot or cold, sir.

*Herald* :— Here comes a noisy factor, Magee, the famous actor !

*Sir Horatius*

*Magee* :—My greatest hit upon the stage  
*(dramatically)* Was when I spoke, —'Oh ! Cruel  
 World, to think the baby cannot  
 Sleep like other kids,—the tool  
 Of mischance,—to stay awake all  
 Night and watch the early morn  
 Break fast with sleepless eyes, the gold  
 Sun all things fair adorn,

In day wide-eyed, at night an owl,—  
The—poor—old—hairless—rubber—doll !'

*Anvil Chorus:*—Twas then we watched the curtain fall,  
For when his say was said  
The Red-Cross sent the stretchers and—  
We carried out the dead.

*Herald:*— Behold! Sir Knights, a billionaire! Chay Bud!

*Chames Bud*

*O' Regan:*—In stocks and bonds, my rosy face  
Creates a great commotion,  
It's great to own the earth and hold—  
A mortgage on the ocean.

*Anvil Chorus:*—'Tis said that none could spout as fast,  
As old Demosthenes.  
I vow 'tis true, if he heard you,  
'Twould give him heart disease.

*Herald:*— A mirth-provoking, ever joking broker!

*Count Boni*

*Beauvais:*—Oh! I'm a great French humorist,  
Though strange it sound and queer, sir,  
But when I go in training, I  
Can crack three jokes a year, sir.

*Anvil Chorus:*—A jolly little broker! a happy little joker!  
Can translate any menu card that sprouts from linen white,  
His puns cause so much pain, sir,  
And he is so humane, sir,  
He springs them on the fishes in the middle of the night.

*Herald:*— Sir Mike—the nation's doctor!

*Sir Michael*

*McGovern:*—A man of medicated brains,  
I salve great woes as surgeon,  
For jokers I mend crazy bones,  
It is my pet diversion,  
At any kind of bad breaks, I  
Am never known to fail, sir,  
Can tell a chicken's wishbone from—  
The jawbone of a whale, sir.

*Anvil Chorus:*—Oh! once he fixed a patient's spine,  
—The man long since is dead,—  
And when he sewed it upside down,  
The man stood on his head.

*Herald:*— In costume quaint, our patron saint! 'Tis he!

*Holy Foley:*— With tearful gaze, I sadly view  
The jokes that men are heir to,  
What sense I have is going fast,  
I'm losing all my hair, too.  
To learning I've been sacrificed,  
'Twas study made me fail! O!  
If I am canonized quite soon,  
I'll buy a brand-new halo.

*Anvil Chorus:*—A martyr brave, with six foot beard  
And long-drawn face ascetic,  
He never eats dill pickles, for—  
Says he "Its not esthetic."

*Herald:*— George Washington Boullier, the jolly hangman!

*Royal High*

*Executioner:*— In grewsome gore, with greatest glee,  
I glory and am reckless  
With hang'd old generosity,  
Each man I give a neck less.  
With grimy hands I oft indulge  
In recreation gory,  
And how I hang the holiest,  
Sh—'d make an awful story.

*Anvil Chorus:*—Oh! he is only joking,  
The pungent pun is poking,  
It wouldn't do to hang a man in good old minstrelsy.  
Laughter is a rarity,  
Dispensing it a charity,  
He only hangs the washing in the King's laundree!

*Herald:*— Word-mixers all, give ear! The history twister doth appear!

*Royal High Historian,*

*Tom Nash:*—Socrates sat on an old wooden fence,  
And talked to the little white crows,  
"I wonder" said he,  
"What would happen to me,  
If I had a beak for a nose."

*Brass Band:* — It may be true, but—

*Herald:*— The Coming King of Ireland?

*Sir Shamus*

*O'Grady:*—Whisht! Ireland's coming King, behold!  
Oh! I'm the greatest man, sir,

That ever squatted on a throne,  
 Since history began, sir,  
 A baseball team I captained once,  
 Indade, I got high things, sir,  
 The folks at home are proud of me,  
 But maybe I can't sing, sir.

*Jester:—* His voice, you know, was frozen stiff,  
 Before he sang a note  
 They fed him vocal culture and—  
 It loosened up his throat.

*The Muck-*  
*rakers:—*'Tis most impressive we've no doubt,  
 It sounds like three strikes and two out.

*Poet-laureate:—* Rare gladsome days, with sunshine stored,  
 Of castles golden, crystal floored,  
 Charm laden time, of comrades true,  
 Hours swept by mirth and laughter too,  
 Each day out hearts shall turn to you.

*Jester:—* I tell you its a fine thing to  
 Be father of a nation.

*King:—* Knights all! in memory come back,  
 When worn by life's dull play and sham,  
 To find a royal welcome in  
 The happy hearts of old Kazam.

CHARLES E. BYRNE.







for the success of the sister college which is to be erected on the North Shore.

The Collegian also has experienced a prosperous year, in which it has received the energetic support of students and faculty. Edited solely for the students and their friends, its policy has been their pleasure. If it has succeeded, our work is well done.

C. E. B.

### **The Jesuit College of San Francisco.**

A FAMED Arabian city there was which gleamed in the sun, with the splendor of gold-crowned minarets and rarest flowers. But one night there came a wind of devastation; the oriental beauty was swept away, and not one person lived to tell how the city was ruined. Just as suddenly occurred the terrific earthquake and sea of fire that wiped out the prosperous city of San Francisco. Its ruins are sermons in stones, pointing with telling word the vanity of human wishes and the might of God, and calling forth the sympathy and charity of a generous nation. Not only do we sympathize with the ill-fated city, but more particularly with those in whose progress we feel deeply interested—the college and church of St. Ignatius. Ruined completely are those buildings sacred to learning and religion and the work of years reposes in ashes. The loss financially is almost a million dollars, but Jesuit colleges all over the country are lending assistance. On the coast, the college of St. Ignatius has gained a reputation wide and lasting, and given to California many of its best and most highly honored citizens. A source of satisfaction it is to know that the greatest man of San Francisco, the man most prominent in rebuilding the city, former Mayor Phelan, is a graduate of St. Ignatius College. So the college lies in ruins, but in spirit its power is the giant's. The unfortunate city shall rise again. Though sympathizing with those who have lost so heavily, we are happy in the knowledge that with a courageous spirit, muscle and brain are uniting to make San Francisco stronger and greater than in the days of former prosperity.

C. E. B.

### **To Our Fellow Students.**

A LARGE number of College journals enter the sanctum every year, and in one and all the prevailing evil seems to be this: in every paper the entire work of running, editing and supplying the

paper seems to rest on a few. Save for a few isolated articles here and there, the same names appear number after number. Even in our own journal during the past year the articles, with a very few exceptions, have been the product of the editors. Unfortunately, the students, as a rule, seem to be under the false impression that their work is not wanted in the paper. Even the contribution box, the idea of our director, failed in its intended purpose of dispelling this mistaken idea, and, save for penances, exercises and scraps of paper, the box remained empty. Let us then once and for all, lay aside this foolish notion. Gentlemen, the paper does want your work, and it wants it badly. Who can tell but that the College contains many Macaulays, Kiplings and Scotts, who only need an awakening touch to arouse their slumbering genius! Let the COLLEGIAN of the future be a paper of the students, for the students, but most of all, by the students. D. A. L.

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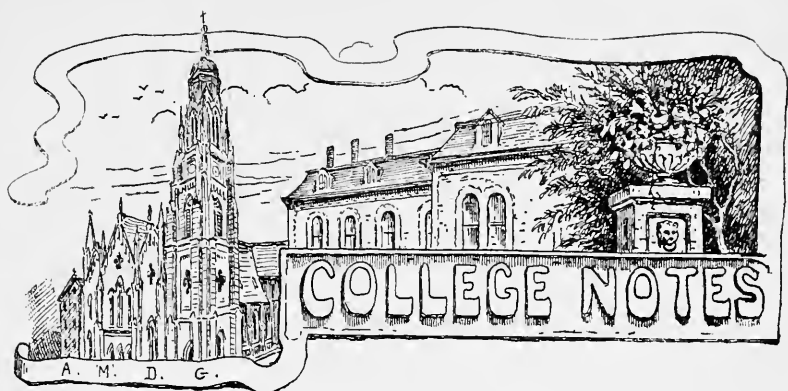
### **Ave Atque Vale.**

It is a sorry task at best, this bidding you, the departing members of the staff, God-speed. You have labored earnestly and well to make this journal a success and a credit to the college, and now, though your work is ended, may the Collegian still live on to keep us all from taking ourselves too seriously.

Then, too, we have been so congenial, and spent so many pleasant hours together, that the parting of our ways is doubly painful. For the present, we may not realize it, because for you there is commencement, with its attendant excitement, and for us examinations, fraught with anxiety. But next year, when there are strange faces in the Sanctum, we will both realize and regret this inevitable separation. Then your brilliancy will be heightened by your absence, and your good-nature exaggerated, for there can be no test of it.

And now farewell. That success may attend your efforts, and that God may bless you, is our prayer. Be true to yourselves, and to your Alma Mater! God-speed you, men of Nought-Six,—and good-bye.

J. P. R.



We were hurrying up La Salle street on the night of May 9th in the face of a fourteen mile breeze, and inwardly abusing the fates in general and in particular those which cause bridges to swing just when street cars get near them, when we bumped into one of the "minims" who was standing in front of the Association Hall. We apologized and then interrogated, being surprised that he would remain away from the elocution contest going on above. The fellow replied that he had been upstairs but had been carried away by the eloquent speaking and found himself on the street.

We didn't stop to wonder whether this remark reflected on the quality of the elocution or on the young man's veracity, but went up into the hall. The third class had just retired and Mr. Joy had taken the stage. No matinee idol ever received the applause that met this student of Shakespeare as he rolled his soulful eyes over the assembly for silence and began to speak one of Hamlet's immortal soliloquys.

When he had finished Mr. Byrne clumped onto the stage in the Falstaffian stride he and a few other Shakespearians have made famous and launched full into the depths of this comedy part. Mr. Murphy was next with a Shakespearian favorite of another kind, Clarence's narration of his too prophetic dream.

Mr. Hoffman, whom we last saw deeply clothed with the archiepiscopal dignity of Ambrose, cast aside beard and mitre and gave us more of Hamlet, this time the grave diggers' scene, and rendered it so well that it seemed new again. Mr. Thometz spoke Wolsey's farewell with such feeling that every auditor could clearly see the sorrowed and broken king's favorite as he tottered toward the grave.

Mr. O'Brien closed the senior class with a sketch from Caesar, wherein all his eloquence and his powerful pathos were allowed full range and in which he never departed from the high standard set by the speakers preceding him. Mr. Hoffman was awarded the medal in this class.

In the second class only three speakers were entered, Messrs. Curda, Lord and Gorman. It is our opinion that Mr. Curda undertook a heavier selection than his years warranted, although he came as near as possible to doing it justice. Mr. Gorman raved admirably in his story of shipwreck, and his acting was very little behind that of Mr. Lord, who captured the medal with a recitation of his own composition, dealing with race track in which the horse of interest departs from the ancient habits of Tiger Lily and Salvatore by losing the race.

Mr. Graham won the third class medal, with a graceful and spirited rendition of "Kissing Cup's Race."

The Inter Collegiate contests in English and Latin awakened quite a little excitement during the spring of this year. These two contests are held every year and are participated in by the Collegiate students of all the Jesuit Colleges of the Province. St. Ignatius won two places in the English contest and four in the Latin. In the English essay, which was written on "Socialism," John Stoesser, '08, took sixth place and J. Emmet Royce, '08, eighth place. The places won by the College in the Latin contest were sixth, Daniel A. Lord, '09; seventh, Patrick Cronin, '07; ninth, John Stoesser, '08, and tenth, Joseph J. Lynch, '08.

The College Glee Club has continued to uphold its reputation as a popular entertainer outside the College walls. St. Finbar's T. A. Society and St. Mel's Y. L. S. were host and hostess respectively of this singing society, the former on April 20th and the latter on June 1st. We dare not elaborate on their success for fear the editor of "Music and Song" lose his forbearance for our encroachment in the domain of Pan and Orpheus.

From a programme that fell into our hands we learn that the COLLEGIAN'S music editor is something more than a mere wielder of the pen. At the Academy of Our Lady in Longwood, Miss Margaret Mary Dargan, assisted by Mrs. P. J. Dargan and Mr. Clarence Dargan (of the COLLEGIAN) gave a piano recital on

June 8th. The programme and our knowledge of the artists' ability assured a rare treat.

When the Art Class opened its first session in St. Ignatius in December it was an experiment, a novelty and a doubtful undertaking. When the Art Class closed its work on May 29th it was a grand success which promised even greater things for the succeeding year. From the time that Professor Vaclav J. Hajny took the class in charge, he led them by successive stages from pencil copies, through charcoal work, through water color and crayon drawings, until when the year closed the class was doing figure work from life. This year's success will be but an advertisement for next session when the augmented class expects to take up oil painting in earnest. To stimulate competition in the class, prizes were offered to the students doing the most successful work during the term. The first prize, a handsome oil painting in gold frame, was won by Clarence A. Kavanaugh, the second, a solid gold pin, by James Emmet Royce, and the third and fourth prizes of books by R. Bremner and C. Tuite. The first two were donated by Prof. Hajny and the others by the College. Prizes will be awarded on prize night, June 25.

When news came to Chicago of the destruction of St. Ignatius College in San Francisco by the earthquake, our Collegian dug deep into her treasury and pulled out from some unknown corner a hundred dollars which she immediately sent to the assistance of our sister college.

Circulars have been distributed in regard to the fifth annual competitive examinations for free scholarships in St. Ignatius College, which will be held in the College, June 30th at 9 a. m. These examinations are open to parochial school graduates; information can be had at the College.

The winners in last quarter's "Kinks" contest were first, Thos. Q. Beesley; second, Jos. L. McLary; third, Anthony X. Goyke.

All the poems printed in this issue are winners of cash prizes awarded by the "Collegian."

The annual violin and piano examinations for gold medals were held early in June.

The "Collegian" bids you a happy vacation and a fond farewell till November 1st.

JAMES EMMET ROYCE.

## Society Notes.

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### THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE night of Wednesday, May 2nd, will long be remembered by the members of the Chrysostomian Debating Society, for this was the first open meeting of this society in the present year. The members of the Loyola Literary Society attended in a body and by their vigorous applause showed their appreciation of the work of their elder brothers. In battle array, the four heroes of the hour, Messrs. Guest, Royce, Stoesser and Thometz, stood ready to do battle. Like the famous heroes of the Iliad, these four were to fight, and the gods knew to whom the fate of defeat was destined. Although they were not armed like the ancients, each used his arms to good advantage. Mr. Guest began the attack in a rousing speech in which he attempted to prove that "high license was for the betterment of the city," but he was ably answered by the mighty Mr. Stoesser, who hurled his arguments from the stone wall of the negative side. In turn the voice of Mr. Thometz held the audience spell-bound, but his arguments were overthrown by the flowery Mr. Royce. When the arguments were cast on the scale of justice, over which presided the able director of the society, Rev. J. O'Connor, S. J., it was found that those on the negative side outweighed those on the affirmative, and accordingly, the negative side was given the decision. On this announcement the Poets, who were represented by Messrs. Royce and Stoesser, gave full play to their delight, while the Juniors walked down the corridor with bent heads and eyes cast on the ground. The winners of the debate received cash prizes.

The society has adjourned "sine die," but when it throws open its doors next year we earnestly hope that it will receive material which will enable it to equal, if not surpass, the high standard attained this year.

### THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

On the evening of May 18th the Loyola Literary Society closed their year with a spirited debate on the subject: "Resolved, that the culture and mental improvement gained from the study of the

classics is superior to that gained from the study of the natural sciences." Mr. Gehant, the vice president of the society, guided it in its business. Each side brought forth many arguments to substantiate its claims, but after the honorable judges, Messrs. Anderson, Murphy and Stoesser, members of the Chrysostomian Debating Society, had weighed the arguments, they decided that the affirmative, which was defended by Messrs. Bowe, Kelly and Reuland, had won the debate. The negative side was championed by Messrs. Asping, O'Connell and Roeder. One of the pleasures of the evening was the recital of "How Salvator Won," by Mr. R. P. Morand. The society intends to give many of its best members to the Chrysostomian next year.

#### THE SENIOR SODALITY.

The Senior Sodality has received many new members during the year. Rev. R. Slevin, S. J., the director of this society, is bringing to a close the series of lectures on the "Rules of the Sodality." The interest felt in these lectures is shown by the large attendance every Friday evening. This sodality will be increased next year, when the members from the Junior sodality will be received into its ranks.

#### THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Friday morning, June 1st, the students of the college gave public testimony of their devotion to the Sacred Heart when twenty-four students received their crosses and diplomas and were raised to the rank of promoters. Rev. T. C. McKeogh, S. J., assistant vice president of the college, and Rev. W. Trentman, S. J., the director of the league, conferred the diplomas. It is gratifying to note that almost every student of the college is an earnest member of the league.

#### THE LIBRARY.

The Library of St. Ignatius College has closed its doors for the year. If appearances count for anything, much good has been done by this society. The sincere thanks of the students are due to Mr. Leahy, S. J., and his assistants.

JAMES E. O'BRIEN. '08.

## Academy Notes.

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Have you seen Joy's new checked suit? It's your move.

Save up your pennies, for the ice cream season is on again.

The loneliest place in town is the College Gym. on a warm day.

The time a friend of mine made a sacrifice hit with no men on bases.

It's funny how many boys get sick about 2:45 during the baseball season.

A moving scene, with Schniedwind as prime mover, and Humanities' boys as scene shifters.

Resolved, that there is more money in poetry than in prose, judging by THE COLLEGIAN'S offers.

Owing to accumulation of matter in the Passim office the editor has allowed me to answer the following letters which have remained unanswered for some time:

Dear Editor:—What is popularly conceded to be the most useful domestic animal?—Jack Ward.

While the horse is generally believed to be the best friend of man, the pony is regarded as the best friend of the school boy.

Dear Editor:—Can you tell me how to remove grease spots from cloth?—George Aspiny.

Take a large sharp butcher knife and cut carefully around the spot. You will find that this method will completely remove the spot.

Dear Editor:—Will you please give me a few practical rules for running an automobile?—Angelo McCunch.

Rule I. Get an auto. Rule II. Learn to say chauffeur without sneezing. Rule III. Get a book on "First Aid to the Injured." Rule IV. Practice falling until you are sure you can break ribs and arms without hurting yourself. Rule V. Get into the auto. Rule VI. Shut your eyes and open the lever.

Dear Editor:—What was the funniest thing you ever saw done?—Edmund Curda.



Honest, boys, you never could tell from my picture that I am an imitation funny man. I look more like a candidate for morgue superintendent.

Professor, to boy who has been sent to the board to explain a geometry proposition: "What are you going to prove?"

Boy: "That I don't know the proposition."

McNulty: "If I ever get an automobile I'm not going to call it Red Devil, Blue Dragon or any common-place name like that. I'm going to name it Bad News."

Healy: "Why?"

McNulty: "Because Bad News travels fast."

Here is a definition that would make Wentworth turn green with envy: "A conical surface is a surface generated by a line which revolves from a point, through a point which is not in the plane in which the other point is."

Augustine Schaf, who is rusticated in Austin, informs me that his garden is progressing rapidly. The onions are growing stronger every day, but the cabbage is still a head. The potatoes are beginning to open their eyes, and he expects most of his vegetables to turnip nicely. Good boy, Schaf, such a garden will truly be hard to beet.

Dear Editor:—Will you please give me some new excuses for being late? I have exhausted my supply.—Charles Doyle.

Try something original, something the prefect has never heard before. For instance, say that your automobile is in the repair shop, and consequently you had to walk to school; or tell how breakfast was delayed, owing to the fact that the cook was preparing "Ready-in-a-Minute" breakfast food. The prefect will enjoy some excuses like these and may then possibly forget to tell you to—"see me tonight."

The Junior Elocution Contest was held Saturday afternoon, May 12th, in the college hall. The program was opened by Emmet Royce playing the part of a hero, and nearly choking the audience with a stream of huge words, which, when translated, was a request that the ladies remove their hats. Unfortunately, many of the boys had chosen pieces, which, to say the least, were carrying weight for age; doubtless the purple and black decorations were to commemorate the revival of so many dead ones. I firmly believe

that if they had elocution contests on the Ark, "The Polish Boy," "McLaine's Child," and "Fontenoy" were spoken. In the fifth class, Alphonse Zamiara, an habitual honor boy, recited the moth-eaten "Polish Boy," and he was followed by Edward Hollowed, with "My Gray Guinever." Louis Norbert (shades of a Clarence Dennis) then recited the "One-legged Goose." The next speaker was Byron McNamara, with a tale of Bonaparte, entitled "The Victor of Marengo." Good boy, Byron, we will look for great things from you in the future. The last speaker was Lawrence Biggio, that clever little speech-maker, with "Kentucky Philosophy." He carried the audience with him, and when the medal was awarded to him, the audience heartily applauded the verdict.

The fourth class introduced many new speakers who, in every sense of the word, made good. Albert O'Grady, a pocket edition of Ed, undertook to uphold the reputation of the family, and succeeded to such an extent that the judges conferred the medal on him.

There is one society which, though it has never received official recognition by the faculty, nevertheless boasts a larger membership than any other society in the College precincts. The Fan Club, it is called, and one rain check is demanded as an initiation fee. It meets in odd corners of the yard, and in the corridors, but its official meeting place is Humanities A. Sylvester McGeever is the acknowledged president, and he certainly deserves the honor. He is a human Spaulding's Guide, Sporting Extra and Baseball Encyclopedia, combined. I remember on a certain occasion asking him who it was that won the battle of Marathon. He replied that it was a one-sided contest, the Greeks having it all their own way; but somehow or other he couldn't remember the score.

The following meeting took place in Humanities about eight o'clock in the morning, while the boys were awaiting the bell for chapel. Pres. McGeever occupies the chair, a score card in one hand and a pink sheet in the other. Secretary Carroll is taking the minutes of the meeting on a block of paper borrowed from absent member Sullivan. Member Morrison is stationed where he can keep his weather eye open for the Prefect, and the meeting is called to order.

The secretary will please call the roll.

The secretary has no roll to call, but he meets the difficulty manfully.

"All who are present please signify the same by saying 'Aye.'"

Chorus of Ayes.

"All who are absent please say 'No.'"

Silence.

"Mr. President, all the members are present."

"The secretary will please read the minutes of yesterday's meeting."

The secretary produces a sporting edition and reads:

"Cubs, 3—Pittsburgs, 2; Sox, 3—Clevelands, 3; New Yorks,  
9—"

"That will do," interrupts the president. "The committee will please report the result of their investigations as to the Cubs' pennant chances."

Member Murphy speaks:

"As far as I can see, the Cubs are the only team that have a Chance, and if they ever get their hands on that pennant, you can rest assured that they will Kling to it. At present we are trying to discover how Steinfeldt, when he knocked that three-bagger Thursday."

"You ought to see McFarland on the ball," says Carroll.

"The speaker is fined fifty dollars, college currency, for mentioning an American League player," cries the president.

And as the bell rings for chapel, the meeting adjourns.

And now, friends of the Academy, farewell. The year has at last come to an end, and with it, the end of my term as Academy editor. Many, no doubt, have read this humble department with the firm expectation of being bored to death; and if I have not done all in my power to make that expectation a realization, then I feel that I have failed. I have tried to prevent my pen from touching sore spots, and since "every knock is a boost," I only "boosted my friends."

To you, my unknown successor, let me give a little advice, gained from hard experience: (1) Don't, above all things, wait for "something to happen; that is if you care to have anything in your department. On the contrary, if you get a bright idea, write it down, then run your finger down the catalogue until you find a name to suit the idea. (2) Don't write jokes about philosophers, for they never see the joke in being called "Freshmen," etc., and (3) When in doubt, write "Answers to Correspondents."

Good luck to you, whoever you may be!

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.



The title "Music and Song" is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic font. The word "Music" is in a large, bold, serif typeface, with a treble clef and a violin integrated into its left side. The word "and" is smaller and positioned between "Music" and "Song". The word "Song" is also in a large, bold, serif typeface, with a lyre integrated into its left side. A large, detailed illustration of a green bay tree branch with many leaves extends across the background behind the text. In the bottom right corner of the illustration, the initials "A. M. D. G." are printed.

During the year 1905-06, the musical organizations of the College have flourished like the green bay tree. The year has witnessed many notable musicals which have shown a great advance in style and conception over those of previous years. Each event called for a different programme involving much serious work and careful preparation. Besides these musicals many other occasions arose, such as elocution contests and informal receptions, wherein each society took an active part. The Glee Club has been in constant demand for socials and entertainments throughout the city, where they have merited the highest praise and received the warmest welcome from their audiences.

Our Academic Choir is the envy of all. The orchestra is remarkable for the smooth and finished way in which it renders its numbers. Many pretentious works have been added to its repertoire and it has given the keenest satisfaction.

All the societies took part in the play and furnished one of the most agreeable features of the drama. Then followed the Washington's birthday benefit for the Belgian church, in which the musicians received a whirlwind of applause and could satisfy the audience only by repeated encores.

Great preparations are under way for the commencement exercises. The orchestra will give several new numbers, the Glee Club will revive some well loved folk-songs and the choir will unite with the others in a grand chorus.

CLARENCE M. DORGAN, '07.



John J. Kelly, who attended from Preparatory to 2d Acad., finishing the latter class in 1890, is now a dentist at 3859 State St.

Edward T. Kennedy, who was a member of the 2d Academic Class in '92-'93, is a physician and surgeon with offices in the American Building, corner State and Monroe Sts., and also at 106 S. Hoyne Ave. His specialty is chronic nervous diseases.

Mr. Corbett, the enterprising manager of the shoe department in The Fair, looks back to the year spent in 2d Academic class under his professor, Mr. Frank Conroy, with the greatest pleasure. Mr. Conroy is now a physician on the North Side. His specialty is the new electric treatment.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of a young man, who should have graduated from college with this year's class, Mr. Charles Kelly. On account of his father's death, Charles was obliged to leave college in Humanities. Last April he succumbed to a short illness of tuberculosis. Father Cassilly attended him during his illness. At the funeral his old classmates acted as pall-bearers. May he rest in peace.

The services of the First Commercial students of the present year are evidently in demand by the business firms of the city, as they have all been offered positions. Among those who are filling positions as stenographers are Emmet Keane, Theodore Tracy, John Healy, Rudolph Wind, Edward McGrath, Robert Leahy, George McCarthy, Walter Mulcahy, Harry Stephens.

The catalogue of this year contains an interesting directory of former students, who afterwards became priests, or who are now preparing for the priesthood in various seminaries and novitiates. According to this directory, 150 students have become priests, and over 100 are studying for the priesthood. In connec-

tion with this directory, Mr. Paul Breen, S. J., writes, "Why not add a special column of those who died while studying for the priesthood? You would have for example, Mr. Frank Suter, S. J., some time during the late '70's, and Henry Thompson about '83-'91, who died at Baltimore. I believe that Mr. William McGinn, S. J., was also an alumnus of St. Ignatius. He died about '87 or '88." To these names may be added, William Coughlin, James V. O'Connell, William H. Punch, John McCarthy, Michael F. O'Dea, Thomas J. Smith, Joseph F. Wallace and Thomas J. Lawlor. Who will send us the names of others?

During the campaign before the April election, the Daily News had the following article editorially on Alderman Finn:

"During the six years of his service in the city council Ald. Nicholas R. Finn of the 20th ward has made a record which entitles him to be classed among the most efficient and capable men of that body. His intelligence and force have been of great aid in the formulation and promotion of desirable measures of legislation and he has been industrious in looking after the needs of his ward. He has shown himself, moreover, to have strong convictions and the courage to act upon them. His stand on the \$1,000 saloon license question is typical of the attitude which this forceful alderman has taken in support of practically all important measures of public policy. The independent voters of the ward should see to it that Finn, who is being fought viciously by the saloon interests because he stood by the citizens on the high-license question, is returned to the council by a safe majority."

During the week beginning June 4th, a retreat before ordination was held at the college. Those who made the retreat were Benjamin Torskey, Sidney P. Morrison, N. J. Wojciechowski, George Heimsath, Christian Rempe and Anthony Hatgus, the first three mentioned being old St. Ignatius students. We have also received cards of invitation to the ordination of Thomas Collins and Michael French.

The latest Commercial graduate to venture on the matrimonial sea is John D. Faber, 1900. John had a good record while at college and ever since. We congratulate him and his life partner, Miss Cecelia Buscher. Mr. Faber is an employe of the Healy Music Co., of which Mr. Edward Fleming, another former student, is the vice-president.

John M. O'Connor, 1st Acad. '93, is city salesman for L. Gould and Co.

Dr. Thomas A. Hogan has established a new office at Devon Ave. and Clark St.

Mr. John J. Priestley is now engaged in the practice of law in the Stock Exchange Building.

We extend our congratulations to Arthur J. Williams, Commercial '01, on his marriage to Miss Gertrude Hemmersbach.

Amongst the graduates of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, who received their diplomas on June 5th, we observe the name of Wm. E. O'Neil. Mr. O'Neil held the honorable position of class president in the Senior year. His brother, John P. O'Neil, and John J. Cronin also graduated in medicine at the same time.

### **The Alumni Association.**

On the evening of May 29th the Alumni held their quarterly reunion. There was a goatless initiation of a dozen new members, and a reception to the class of '06. Mr. Trainor, in the name of the class, responded eloquently to the president's address of welcome.

The appeal in favor of our fallen alumni of San Francisco, who were deprived of house and home by the late catastrophe, was generously answered by contributions amounting to \$128. Mr. And. B. Boughan had opened the list with a donation of \$20, which our worthy president, Mr. McDevitt, promptly covered with another \$20. The pace set was kept up by Naughton Bros., \$15; Rev. Henry Quinn, Messrs. M. V. Kannally, Leo Doyle, \$10 each; Dr. Thometz and Messrs. John Toomey, Edgar Cooke, \$5 each, and many others not far behind. Considering that every alumnus had already contributed to the same object through several other channels, our total will at least testify to the brotherly feeling of the alumni of St. Ignatius, Chicago, for the alumni of St. Ignatius, San Francisco.

The annual meeting of the Federation of Alumni Associations of Jesuit Colleges was announced to be held in Milwaukee June 18th and 19th, in connection with the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of Marquette College. Most cordial invitations were received from the Marquette alumni to attend and enjoy the good time they promise their guests. Mr. Andrew B. Boughan, first

vice president of the federation, and Mr. D. F. Bremner, Jr., and Dr. A. N. J. Dolan, members of its executive committee, will attend in their official capacity. Messrs. Bernard McDevitt, Jr., M. V. Kannally, Chas. F. McKinley were appointed delegates to the convention, at which Mr. McDevitt will make an address on the part of St. Ignatius Alumni. A large delegation from Chicago is expected to be present.

Business being disposed of, Messrs. O'Neil and Ponc surprised the meeting with a short but very entertaining and pathetic play in one act, "My Rose," the composition of Mr. O'Neil. They were followed by some choice musical numbers by the glee club of the class of '06, and a catchy song and dance by Messrs. O'Grady and McGovern. After some refreshments the choruses and humorous declamations were spontaneous and abundant until some one shouted, "First Owl Car!"

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## Passim.

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**I**T was on the ridiculous date, when we commenced grinding out copy for the next issue, that the Spectre appeared. We were in the Land of Day Dreams, recumbent on the green-sward of Fancy, and the Spectre was distinctly a jarring note in Nature's prelude. However, we repressed our irritation, and asked in our very best tone:—

"Who are you, please?"

The Spectre sighed. It may have been a whispering breeze; but why cavil at a mere distinction?

"I," he said, "I am the Source of Inspiration for Distracted Scribes. Beastly title, isn't it?" We assented.

"And," he continued, "I want you to grant me a favor."

"Oh, anything," we gurgled extravagantly.

"Not anything," he said, gravely, "but this. I desire you to apologize to the following for making them the target for both ill-timed and ill-placed shafts of 'near-humor.'"

On the green leaf he handed us was scribbled "Byrne, Joy, Sackley, Stafford, etc., etc."

"We will," we said. "Heaven only knows how much we appreciate the kindness and forbearance of these gentlemen."



But the Spectre of the Source of Inspiration of Distracted Scribes had vanished, or was it the downward swerve of a red-breast? Who can tell? But this we know, in the interim the birds of Wit and Humor have rent asunder their snares, and flown far, probably to Indiana, and so Passim apologizes abjectly, not only to the aforesaid gentlemen, but to all its perusers.

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### Answers to Correspondents.

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Joseph Lynch:—Iodide of Ammonia. No, Joe, we can't inform you how long she was ill. Address your letters to Al Cohol and Ethyl Ene, "General Delivery."

James Emmet Royce:—We are exceedingly grateful for the well wishes of the K. F. M. In answer to your query whether a certain beverage is intoxicating or not, we would say, Pabst it is, and Pabst it isn't.

Millionaire Stafford:—Yes, Garnie, betting on a boat race is a shell game.

Charles Joy:—Your letter, containing your opinion of Latin and Greek received, but don't send another epistle like that through the mail. It might involve difficulties with the U. S. postal authorities. No, playing Hamlet is not a penitentiary offence.

Baron Koslowski:—Your courteous letter of commendation received. We would print it in full, but the compositor sprained his hand setting up the first four lines and was obliged to stop. Smaller words next time, John!

John Sackley:—The only way we could solve your query was to refer it to the society editor. In general we can state that it is not the best form.

Daniel Lord:—Yes, Dannie, we read your story, "The Lawn." It has a corking good plot.

Francis Quinn:—Your question "whether rag-time is made up of whole cloth" is entirely too frivolous. That phenomena about a Joliet prisoner seeing stars and stripes when struck, is very interesting.

Edward Keefe:—Yes, it is *fine* to ride fast in an auto.

Ignatius Doyle:—We are sorry for you, but you needn't Nash your teeth because Hoffmann got the pipe. After all, it was only a chance, you know.

On the afternoon of April 27th, the Sophomores defeated the Juniors in one of the most remarkable games ever played on the College Campus. Mr. Royce, who attempted to keep account of the errors, was reduced to a nervous wreck early in the game, and was discovered some hours later, seated on his door step, humming "I Can't Do That Sum," and weeping bitterly because of his inability to count past the trillion mark. The game itself was a happening, but the playing of Millionaire Si Stafford made it an event. Although long heralded as the champion bean-bag thrower of the North Side, Mr. Stafford entirely astonished the spectators by his playing. His batting was phenomenal, and his base-running—shades of Arthur Duffy! Had he coupled with the aforesaid the sliding propensities of Mr. Cronin, we tremble to think of the ultimate score. It was, however, in the eighth inning that he electrified the bleachers. Catching a long drive of Choinard's in his teeth, he threw the sphere to first with his left hand, and then ran home, and tagged the Umpire out! To say that he was nearly mobbed by the enthusiastic "fans" is only to state the truth.

Passim learned on further inquiry that Mr. Stafford extends his athletic abilities to ping-pong and foot-ball, and that he was the inventor of that famous trick play, in which the full-back swallows the ball and is bounced the length of the field on his abdomen. Passim condoles with the Juniors, and congratulates the Sophomores, and in his heart of hearts wishes he could play ball like that man Stafford.

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Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and Poetry "B" (cries of Teasin', Teasin')—its John Dufficy. The gods of Imp and Jest certainly were good to him. His levity surpasses all bounds, and overcomes all obstacles. His wit and humor are proverbial—"You're as funny as John Dufficy" is the retort when a misguided imitator attempts to become facetious with a jest contemporaneous with Pliny the Elder. Mr. Dufficy is probably funny for the same reason that the animals went into the Ark—they had to.

From time to time we have saved some of his whilom humor, which we present forthwith. Although spontaneity is his chief charm, still his jests well bear repetition.

"Don't write with eloquence, write with a pen!"



STAFF OF ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN—1906.



J. E. O'BRIEN  
ED. O'GRADY

D. A. LORD  
J. G. MIELCAREK

J. P. ROCHE  
CHAS. E. BYRNE

GEO. ANDERSON  
P. J. MULHERN

J. E. ROYCE  
C. DARGAN

"Matches are not valuable. Why keep them in a safe?"

"Don't wear your coat lining out. Turn it in."

The only logical conclusion that can be drawn from the above is that Mr. Dufficy will be honored by the American Humorists' Association.

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### Some Limericks (?)

There was a young man named Wang  
Who played the piano and sang.  
He tried to reach "C"  
Instead he struck "G"  
And went up in the air with a bang.

There was a young lady named Mary,  
Who sang like a blooming canary,  
But when she met Royce  
She then lost her voice  
And now she's a deaf and dumb fairy.

There was a young man named Willie,  
Who was so dreadfully silly,  
He exploded a tire  
And promptly yelled "fire"  
'Cause he was fired from the automobillie.

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### Some Fables with Apologies to Aesop, Aesop and Others.

#### THE FABLE OF THE TWO STUDENTS.

ONCE upon a Time there were Two Students, who were being Steeped in the Sciences and Other Things at a Brains Factory. The First Student's Name was Emerson Browning. Emerson was very Literary, and wore Specs than Ran back of his Ears. He was the Original President of the Deep-Thinkers Club, and Out-Voltaired Voltaire. in his own Estimation. His Forehead had the Flat-Iron building beat a Mile, and all his Fingers wore ink Smudges, except his Thumb. Being all This, it was Natural for Emerson to Study, and he Did.

For four Years he Boned, and scorned Sassiety as Trivial, but just as he was about to Graduate, with All honor and A

Diploma, he was Afflicted with Brain Fever and Turned his Toes to the Lilies.

The Other Student's name was Percival Eustace. Percival's natural Home was a Pink Tea, and He was only Happy when he Was wearing an Open Face suit, and biting the End of a Tailor-made Cigarette. Percy was a Good-Fellow, because his Father had Been a Hard worker. Percival spent all his Spare time, when he wasn't Playing bridge, conciliating the President of the Head Enlightenment Institution with Havanas that Cost his Father 39 Samoleons a Thousand. Just when Percy had the President fixed to Sign his Diploma, because he Was such a Perfect gentleman, the Easy philanthropist refused to Cough, and the President Died of the Shock.

MORAL.

This Fable teaches that all Work and no Play makes Emerson a Dead boy, and that Donating cigars is a Dead Loss.

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THE FABLE OF WILLIE AND BILL.

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Once upon a Time there were two Youths. The first Boy's name was Willie. Willie was too Sweet to Live, and Should have Been killed Off in his Infancy. He was the First and Only Mama's darling, and couldn't be Bad if Tried. When Willie had Reached the age of Wisdom, his Father sent him To school. In about Two weeks Willie was the Teacher's Pet, and the Care-taker of the Flower pots. He also said "Sh-h-h" when anyone Whispered aloud. Whenever Willie's Mama and the Teacher got together they Decided that Willie was Bound to be President if Ill-Health did Not prevent. The Other boy's name was Bill. Bill climbed fences, drank Ginger-Pop, and said Fudge in a most Profane manner. Bill would have Been a bad Man, if he Hadn't been only Nine years Old. Now Willie, the Good boy, avoided Bill as a Burglar does a Cop he doesn't Know, and Bill thought Willie was a Sissy. Now we will jump Into space about 20 years, and what Do we Find? We find that Willie has Been sent over the Road for Signing other People's names to Cheques, and that Bill, Known as William Henry, is the Support of his Widowed Mother, and Carries his Lunch.

MORAL.

This Fable teaches that a Wise Man keeps his Eye on an Angelic Scholar and that Time is the Great Magician.

JOHN PIERRE ROCHE.



Although at the beginning of the baseball season the outlook for a team equal to last year's was not very rosy, still under the watchful eye and careful guidance of Mr. Jos. A. Graber a splendid nine was developed which has won many laurels for itself, and shows Mr. Graber's efficiency as a coach.

There seemed to be a scarcity of pitchers before the playing season began; but during the first few games no less than five candidates were tried, though of these, three were found wanting. The two new successful candidates, Doyle and Roberts, together with Chouinard, one of last year's players, compose the present pitching staff of the team.

For four years O'Grady has covered second base and as this is his last year at College and on the team he was unanimously chosen to captain the team.

Austin High visited the campus Wednesday, April 18, and secured one run to our nine. After Bunton failed to hold St. Ignatius, Whitehouse began to twirl about as effectively as his predecessor. Chouinard still retained his eye and made a brace of two baggers.

The month of April opened up the baseball season for the College. On Sunday, April 1st, the team played against the Spaldings and showed good form, getting the best of the visitors by 3 to 1. The Spaldings did not have their regular battery and after the fourth inning Schmitz, one of the College candidates, was box artist for the semi-pros.

The first game away from home was on April 16 at Washington Park. Hyde Park was beaten 14 to 3. Hyde Park used

two pitchers without much effect as O'Grady and Chouinard had their batting eyes and clouted the ball for two bases; Chouinard twice and O'Grady three times. Young Mowatt, the "Fighting Conductor," a South Side pugilist, umpired the game.

Saturday, April 7th, Damen Council K. C. brought its team to the campus for its first game and was defeated 3 to 1. Roberts pitched a fine game for the College and Damen tried three pitchers.

The first game taken from the High Schools was on April 10, McKinley High losing by one run. The score in the end stood 5 to 4.

On the following day Crane Manual took McKinley High's place on the campus. The cheering by the fans helped the players along and showed that the team could do good work when its efforts were appreciated. Crane bagged seven runs and St. Ignatius eight.

The Knights of Columbus visited us a second time Saturday, April 21, and were shut out. Jimmy Keane, last year's slab artist, umpired. The features of the game were the star catches of O'Donohoe and Kevin, the left and center fielders. Chouinard pitched a fine game, allowing the Knights one hit in the seventh and one in the ninth. The College lads gathered in seven runs while Damen Council failed to score.

April 26th found the team in Austin where the High School was taken into camp by 12 to 8. This game was noted for the variety of umpires, no less than four were used before the game ended. In the seventh inning the High School boys fell on Roberts and captured three runs. Chouinard finished the inning.

A week later Oak Park High came into town and finally reached the College grounds. Roberts won easily for the College from Templeton. Score 9-5.

On the 5th of May we demonstrated that "all high schools looked alike to us," got a strangle hold on the Hyde Park team and rolled them around the campus while the band played a tune something like 13-7. Doyle won his spurs on this date, holding the Parkers to six hits.

The superstitious fans celebrated a holiday and the pessimists scored a victory when on May 17, after thirteen successive victories the College team struck a snag, and even the great and mighty Chouinard failed to down the band from St. Viateur's that attacked the College team. Score St. V. 9, St. I. 1.



The ill luck still clung to the locals when the nine from Armour Institute fell on them on the 19th. Roberts was the victim and the funeral notice read: Armour 8, St. I. 1.

Then the fickle goddess (did anything ever happen yet that she wasn't blamed for?) turned her face again toward us and a string of victories followed. Northwestern Medics, 5-4, Young Men's Sodality, 9-8, and St. I. Alumni, 3-1, were the scalps hung up on the College gates.

The squad from the city fire department looked dangerous when they rattled into the yard on June 6. But the scare proved only a false alarm, although they started off warmly and made six trips over the plate while they quenched every effort of the Collegians to break out of the zero hole. But when the Collegians got started they put Landers down and out and served the same dish to Champion. The report sent to headquarters was St. I. 13, Firemen 6.

The last victory our score book shows was taken from St. Cyril's College on the 8th of June. Roberts and Monahan were opposed on the slab and the record reads, St. Ignatius 5, St. Cyrils 2.

A *resume* of the records shows twenty battles for the season, eighteen of them victories and two defeats. That is certainly a satisfactory result after the rather cloudy appearance of the season back in April. Five slab men have appeared in the box and three of them have proved successful. Roberts carried the heaviest burden, winning eight games and losing one. Chouinard was too valuable a fielder to be spared often from shortstop and the outfield but his box record is nearly perfect: six victories and one defeat. Doyle came through the season with 1,000 per cent, winning his two games, one from Hyde Park and from the Northwestern Medics. McGrath and Smith each started one game but were taken out early.

The infield worked after the old "stone wall" plan, and the outfield gathered in all that came their way.

Eighteen victories and two defeats: that looks like a successful season, eh?

PATRICK J. MULHERN.  
JAMES EMMET ROYCE.



